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ULRICH VON HUTTEN

His Life and Times

By DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS

TRANSLATED, WITH THE AUTHOR'S PERMISSION, FROM THE SECOND GERMAN EDITION

By Mrs. G. STURGE

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PREFACE.

WE recall the memory of departed friends both in good and evil times. In the one case we long for their advice and aid, in the other to make them sharers in our joy. And as with individuals, so with nations: in times of affliction and of prosperity they call up the spirits of their illustrious dead. These are mostly combatants, who have fought for light against darkness, for culture against barbarism, for freedom against despotism, to save their country from foreign aggression; and whether their efforts were crowned with victory, or whether they perished in the struggle, they are equally honoured and beloved by posterity. The nobleness of a nation depends upon its being compassed about by a cloud of witnesses of this sort, and if any nation can boast of it, it is the German.

I once called forth a form out of this cloud in an evil time. It was the time when Germany was lying prostrate after exhausting throes; when oppressors, great and small, had again mastered her, when overbearing neighbours insulted her, and birds of prey were already hovering over her. It was the time of the Concordat; of that servile contract with Rome, with which, after Austria had taken the lead, the other states of Germany were threatened. I then exclaimed —"Is there no Hutten here?"—and as none appeared

amongst the living, I undertook to restore the portrait of the departed, and to exhibit it to the German nation. It was not without effect. Words in season were found in the knight's invectives against Rome—the foe of light and liberty; in his earnest appeals to the Germans to stand firm and united against the insolence of the foreigner.

Meanwhile good times have succeeded to bad. Rome in the spirit of Nemesis of old has fallen to pieces like a rotten idol, just as she madly thought to heap up her measure beyond all bounds. Our insolent neighbour, our oppressor for centuries, has by her most ruthless assault put an end to our disunion; united Germany has hurled her to the ground, and stands at the head of the nations an object of wonder and envy. We have an Emperor again, and for the first time one who is master at home, who seeks nothing abroad, and will, therefore, be better able to foster internal prosperity, security, and independence than any of his predecessors. And now should we not once more think of our Hutten, when we have attained that for which he was striving all his life?—now that he might exclaim: "It is a pleasure to live" in a far more emphatic sense than in his days. We should be very ungrateful if we did not recall his memory.

And it is not merely as a guest at our festivals in honour of victory that we may recall him; he would not consider that the matter was at an end with an enthusiastic speech after a banquet. He would say: "Let us keep holiday to-day, but let us go with redoubled energy to work to-morrow." He would remind us that if it is difficult for a nation to reach an eminence, it is still more difficult to maintain the position. Though it may take centuries to attain, it is often lost in a few years. And are we already at the summit? If we are united, are we therefore agreed? If we are strong

are we also free? The edifice of our new empire is stately to behold, but much is still wanting to make it habitable. The Pope's temporal power is indeed at an end, but his spiritual power is so far from being so, that his gloomy hosts, the foes, now as ever, of intellectual progress and national prosperity, are still in our midst, and even sit in our Diet. We call ourselves the most cultivated of nations, and really are so; but how long shall we suffer that the sources of knowledge, even in Protestant Germany, should be rendered turbid by the jealous administration of priestly obscurantists? Hutten always conceived the power and greatness of Germany, for which he was so enthusiastic, as based upon liberal mental culture, untrammeled by clerical influence or ecclesiastical dogmas; and as, in the war just over, he would have been foremost in the fight against the foe from without, so now he would have been foremost in combating the foes of liberty and culture from within. This is the task I propose for him in this book, and I hope it will be an easier one than it was fourteen years ago, as circumstances are more favourable in a literary as well as in a political sense. There was then no complete edition of Hutten's works; his writings, and still more those of his coadjutors and opponents, were rare and scattered and accessible to but few. I was therefore obliged to make long extracts which encumbered the book and restricted its circulation. Meanwhile Böcking's complete edition of Hutten's works has appeared, which has rendered so much detail needless, as those who wish to verify the quotations, and to test my portraiture, can refer to this edition, which should find a place in every good public library. The diligence of German historians has also elucidated many points in Hutten's career, particularly in his early life, so that

many corrections have been made, though I have seen no reason to alter the ground-plan of the work.

And so the knight sets forth again, this time unencumbered, and he hopes for a no less friendly reception than when he came in an evil hour.

DARMSTADT, *May*, 1871.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the life of Ulrich von Hutten cannot have the special interest for English readers which Dr. Strauss claims for it for his compatriots, it offers sufficient interest in itself to render it worthy of a closer acquaintance than many of them possess; for though his name is frequently mentioned in connection with the Reformation, he is, if I mistake not, little more than a name except to those who have wandered into the more curious paths of literature, and his writings are almost entirely unknown. His life also offers a contribution to the history of the beginning of the Reformation, and from a different point of view from that commonly presented to us.

No words of mine can so well introduce Hutten to the reader as the following quotation from a review of the second German edition of the book* :—"In one sense this is an old book in a new shape, and yet it deserves the title of novelty. In the season of despondency and reaction that followed the miscarriage of popular hopes in Germany after 1848, Dr. Strauss sought, for himself consolation, for his countrymen encouragement, in the study of Ulrich von

* *Spectator*, June 15, 1872.

Hutten, the scholar-knight and free-lance poet of the Reformation period, literary fellow-worker with Reuchlin and Erasmus, ardent ally of Luther, and companion in arms of Franz von Sickingen, that last of the barons—a strange, daring, indomitable man of queerly chequered nature and adventures; buoyant in mind, stout in heart, quick with blows, alike ready with tongue, pen, and arm; a type of dauntlessness in defying might; but above all in every circumstance of life, and to the bitter end, never failing in the unquenchable glow of his passionate desire to see the German Fatherland freed from outlandish trammels, notably those of Rome. In this ever-repeated conviction that Germany only need will it to be able to wrench herself free from foreign influences, lies what marked Hutten out amongst his literary contemporaries, and what made him a suitable subject for Dr. Strauss's purpose of keeping up the failing spirits of his countrymen. Twenty years have passed and Germany is in possession of what Dr. Strauss, when he wrote, entertained no hope of living to see accomplished. And so in the kindlier atmosphere of bettered conditions, he has reverted to the contemplation of that same life from which he had once drawn comfort, and the result is a version which—we are not afraid of saying too much—constitutes a model biography. Those who have heard of Dr. Strauss only as a theological critic of extreme keenness, may be surprised to be told that he is also a master in life-like portraiture, showing men and times as seen, not through the distorting refraction of some prism, be it panegyrical or detractory, but through the medium of a mind eminently unprejudiced in personal matters, but essentially capable of vivid impression. In the manner in which Hutten—a true man in the fulness of his strangely composite qualities, and no whit metamorphosed into a hero of semi-divine perfec-

tion—is kept before our sight, simultaneously with the manifold relations in which he stood towards the great influences of the age, we have a union of faculties rarely to be found in the same individual, of the close analytical thought which distinguished a Hegel, along with that gift of picturesque conception which was Schiller's distinctive quality as a historical dramatist.

"Throughout his career Hutten appeared as a sort of outlaw, always striving hotly at something not within grasp, and so overreaching himself as to encounter fall after fall without yet losing heart or spring. It is to this career that he owes his popularity. The brave failures of the indomitable German man—the terse ring of his plain-spoken German words—survived in the popular memory when the elaborate elegancies of Erasmus and Eoban, Crotus and Mutianus, had all evaporated. Erasmus and Reuchlin, Luther and Melanchthon, all express admiration for his parts, and love for his warm-hearted qualities, and over his grave there arose quite a chorus of lamentations from men of choice though varied natures. Dr. Strauss has traced with admirable clearness the manifold relations of Hutten, and while mingling with the throng of figures which he has evoked into life—the men who in various degrees contributed to make up the Reformation movement—it has repeatedly occurred to us, that more than one likeness suggests itself between lineaments revived in these pages, and features in some important actors in that religious movement now afoot, with what result is yet a problem, in Catholic Germany."

It only remains to say that the book has been considerably abridged in translation; for, notwithstanding the reduction of the work in the second edition of which the author speaks, the abstracts of Hutten's writing were still too long,

and the biography itself went too much into detail, for general English readers; but great care has been taken to omit nothing of importance, and to preserve the picturesque character of the narrative.*

SYDENHAM, *August*, 1874.

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* While the finishing strokes were being put to the translation the news arrived of the death of Dr. Strauss.

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Book I.

TILTS AND TOURNAMENTS.

Sinceriter citra pompam.

CHAPTER I.

HUTTEN'S LINEAGE, AND LIFE IN A MONASTERY.

ON the confines of Franconia and Hesse, between the Vogelsberg, the Spessart, and the Rhön, on the banks of the Kinzig and the Salza, dwelt from ancient times the knightly race of the Huttens. It appears from the family archives to have been so numerous in the tenth century, to which time they go back, that it probably existed at a much earlier period.

The Franconian nobility to which the Huttens belonged was one of the proudest, most powerful, and warlike confederacies in all Germany. After the fall of the house of Hohenstaufen without a duke, though the bishop of Würzburg assumed the title, Franconia, divided as it was amongst various petty rulers, temporal and spiritual, offered an attractive field for the exploits of an independent nobility. They got offices and fiefs conferred on them by the neighbouring prelates and counts, and obtained booty in their raids, with the proceeds of which they built castles, bought estates, acquired mortgages, and sometimes endowed monasteries or founded masses for the dead. They changed masters as they pleased; and frequently joined in a warlike league against one of the greater rulers. They acknowledged no one but the emperor as paramount lord, and how little that signified in mediæval times is well known.

It was under circumstances such as these that the Huttens rose to eminence. They had but moderate allodial possessions, and it was chiefly by the aid of the offices and fiefs conferred on them by the abbots of Fulda, the counts of Hanau, and the bishops and archbishops of Würzburg and Mayence, that they acquired importance. We find them as castellans, chamberlains, councillors, and marshals in the service of these magnates. A few of them entered the Church; we meet with them as canons of Würzburg, Bamberg, and Eichstädt; a Hutten was also abbot of Hersfeld in the beginning of the fourteenth century. But they were more in their element at the tournament and in the field than at the altar. Some of them gained renown in important campaigns, but they are far more often to be found in frays and feuds with their neighbours, and were by no means the least distinguished in burning villages, driving off herds of cattle, and plundering the merchants.

The Hutten family was at an early period divided into several branches, mostly named after the abodes which the scions of the house had built or obtained possession of. We find a line at Stolzenberg, Hausen, Gronau, Steckelberg, Trimberg, Arnstein, Birkenfeld, and Frankenberg. Except the line to which the hero of this biography belongs, only those branches are of any importance to us of which individual members crossed his path.

About the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries the Hutten family was very numerous, and of considerable influence and importance in Franconia. Ulrich von Hutten reckons not less than thirty of the name who had served in war under the Emperor Maximilian; and Louis von Hutten says, in his proclamation against Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg, that he cannot call half so many knights to his aid as he, the simple noble. This Louis von

Hutten, founder of the Frankenberg line, by the purchase of the castle of Vorder-Frankenberg, near Uffenheim, was, together with Frowin von Hutten, Marshal of Mayence, regarded as the head of the family. In his younger days he had visited Italy, Greece, and Jerusalem. He was wealthy enough to advance ten thousand florins to Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg, and the same prince afterwards had proof of his influence to his cost. How Louis assisted his young cousin Ulrich, and how a disaster in his family was an incentive to Hutten in his career as an author, will appear in the proper place.

Frowin von Hutten, of the Hausen line, was in high esteem, first as marshal and then as steward, at the Court of Mayence. He enjoyed the confidence of two successive archbishops, and had gained the affection of the Emperor Maximilian, who conferred many favours on him. Though not learned himself, he was a patron of learned men, of his cousin Ulrich among the rest, and was susceptible of bold and lofty ideas.

About the end of the fifteenth century, Ulrich von Hutten father of the subject of this biography, was living at Steckelberg. This castle, of which but a few ruins now remain, was situated on a steep hill in the district called Buchau, or Buchonia from its beech-woods, not far from the source of the Kinzig, two (German) miles from Schlüchtern, six from Fulda, and about nine from the Maine. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, Steckelberg, as a fief of Würzburg, was a joint possession of all the lines of the Hutten family, and about the middle of the century they resolved to admit thirty-two other joint owners or shareholders, not members of the family, who should have the right, in consideration of a sum of money paid down and an annual tribute, of making the castle, in case of need, a warlike rendezvous. It does

not need much acquaintance with those times to know that this meant little else than to make it a robbers' nest, which the neighbourhood soon discovered to its cost. The nuisance became so great, that the feudal lord, the Bishop of Würzburg, felt compelled to interfere. In 1458 he besieged and took the castle, and only returned it to the owners, under certain restrictions, in the following year. Perhaps this, or at a later period the Internal Treaty of Peace (Landfriede),* spoiled their possession for the shareholders, for by the end of the century, we find that not only they, but the joint family owners had retired; so that Ulrich von Hutten, father of our hero, was left sole owner, and tried in vain to make his cousins contribute to the cost of keeping it up.

We have a picture of these knightly abodes, and what went on in them, from our hero himself, doubtless chiefly taken from the paternal castle. The buildings were crowded together within walls and ramparts, and the space for dwelling-rooms was still further limited and darkened by armouries and powder-magazines, stables and dog-kennels. The poor fields, at any rate at Steckelberg, demanded much labour and yielded but scanty profit, and were tilled by bondsmen. Arms, horses, and dogs were the lord's dearest possessions; mounted retainers, by no means select, some of them mere bandits, his daily companions. Their coming and going, the horses, carts, and cattle, kept up a lively scene at the castle, and at Steckelberg, according to Hutten, was added the howling of the wolves in the neighbouring forests.

Amidst these surroundings, a vigorous but hard and coarse

* The Decree of the Diet of Worms, 1495, by which all independent warfare amongst members of the empire was forbidden, and the "law of the fist" abolished.—*Tr.*

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race grew up. Ulrich von Hutten has left a memorial in one of his works of the ancient simplicity and temperance of his grandfather Lorenz, whom he had known as a boy. The worthy man would have neither pepper, saffron, nor ginger in his house, was clothed only in homespun wool, and inveighed against the growing luxury of the times. He held offices at Hanau and Fulda, but in his younger days had had a share in the plundering expeditions of the joint owners of Steckelberg.

Lorenz Hutten had three sons, one of whom was the father of our hero. He was in office at Hanau and Hesse, had fought in the Imperial army in Hungary, but had been largely employed in more peaceful affairs by princes and cities. His wife, Ottilia von Eberstein, bore him four sons and two daughters. He appears to have been a severe, reserved man, and his obstinate adherence to a resolution once taken had momentous consequences to his son. His mother, whenever her son mentions her, appears in a motherly and womanly light. He wishes to conceal from her the mishaps of his youthful wanderings, that he may not grieve her more than he has already done, and, amidst the bold adventures of his riper years, her tears fell heavy on his heart.

In one of his youthful poems, the son gives a description of his father's wealth, which forms a great contrast to the want and misery he was exposed to himself, the result of their disagreement. He speaks of him as the owner of several villages and castles, of numerous servants and really princely possessions. But later he says, that his share of the patrimony would not enable him to live in suitable style. The elder Ulrich often complained of the burdens of the repairs to Steckelberg, as it was left on his hands; still in 1509 he built the round bastion, which may still be recog-

nised among the ruins, and which bears his name and the date on the key-stone of the arch of the door.

It was on the 21st of April, 1488, that a son was born to Knight Ulrich, to whom he gave his own name. Melanchthon, who had a weakness for astrology, tried afterwards to account for his physical weakness by the position of the stars at his birth: of far greater significance are the constellations of remarkable events and births around him which presaged his historical position. Hutten first saw the light during the latter part of the reign of the Emperor Frederic III., amidst the commotions occasioned by remodelling the constitution of the empire; thirty-three years after Reuchlin was born, twenty-one after Erasmus, eighteen after Pirckheimer, sixteen after Mutianus Rufus, eight after Crotus Rubianus, seven after Franz von Sickengen, five after Luther, four after Zwingli, in the same year as Eoban Hesse, and nine before Melanchthon. Destiny afterwards brought him into contact with all these men; had he not been Hutten, this would have been of little significance; but even Hutten without this constellation would not have been what he was.

Ulrich was the first-born: his parents at once destined him for the Church, which was more often the case with younger sons. There might have been some pious motive or vow, or perhaps the boy's *physique* made him seem ill adapted for the representative of a warlike race, for he was small and weakly. He early showed quickness and fondness for learning, which favoured the idea of an ecclesiastical career; and the relations of the family with the Abbey of Fulda and other Franconian foundations suggested that it might lead him to honour. So in 1499, when he was in his eleventh year, his parents took him to the neighbouring monastery of Fulda, as he himself says, "with devout and

good intentions," not only that he might receive his schooling there, but "with the intent that he should stay and become a monk."

The Benedictine Abbey of Fulda, founded by the celebrated apostle of the Germans, had lost much of its ancient prestige and wealth, and the times were long gone by when its school was the most flourishing in Germany. In the fifteenth century, these ecclesiastical institutions did not keep pace with the progress of the age. The teacher of the youth was also the instructor of the monks, and his duties must have interfered with each other. The abbot, at that time John II., of the family of the counts of Henneberg, was a rigid ecclesiastic who tried to exclude all worldly occupations from his monastery, and to restrict his subjects to devout exercises.

When Ulrich was taken to Fulda, he made no opposition, for, as he says, he "had not then understanding enough to know what was good for him, and what he was fit for." But as he came to know himself and life better, it seemed to him that, "with his nature, he could serve God better and be more useful in the world in some other state." The abbot took great pains to induce him to enter the Order, and held out brilliant prospects to his parents to secure their co-operation. But there was one excellent and influential man who understood the youth's vocation better, and protected him from this importunity.

This was Eitelwolf vom Stein, who not only had so much influence over Hutten's life, but is to so great an extent a representative of the times and of the degree of culture that had been reached, that we must speak of him more particularly. Born of a noble Swabian race, he received his first instruction at Schlettstadt, then went to Italy, as was just becoming the fashion, where Philip Beroaldus, of Bologna,

taught him Latin. He had just begun Greek when his family recalled him, which he always regretted. He took office under the Elector, John Cicero, of Brandenburg, and was employed in important affairs of State both by him and his successor, Joachim I. The founding of the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder was mainly Stein's work. His intercourse with Albert, Joachim's younger brother, had important results, for Stein seems to have given him the taste for humanistic * studies, by which he was afterwards distinguished when archbishop of Mayence, and he at once took his old friend into his service.

Eitelwolf did what was new in Germany—he combined the conduct of affairs in high offices of State with learned studies. With all the weight of his character and position, he set himself to oppose the rough centaur-like life of the majority of the nobles, and their prejudice against learning. He was a patron of learned men, and generously supported many. He once said to one who apologized for coming to him, that a man of learning was never unwelcome to him, and he kept a distinguished courtier waiting while he read over and over again a poem by Hermann von dem Busch, which he had just received. When Hutten once said something about "people of our class," he asked, "Which class? the learned or the nobles, for we belong to both?" He called books "weapons of the other sort," and always had some by him even on horseback. He was acquainted

* "That remarkable mental phase of the fifteenth century known by the name of Humanism: psychologically, the questioning of man's understanding with the awakened sensibilities of his soul; historically, the turning aside of students from the technical ways of thought stereotyped in the learning of the schools to investigate the experience and the taste of classical antiquity under their national conditions." (From article on the Popes and Italian Humanists in the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1872.)—*Tr.*

with all the great contemporary authors; took the keenest interest in Reuchlin's contest with the Obscurantists of Cologne, and when he saw a new work by Erasmus, his hopes rose for Germany. He once heard that Erasmus, Reuchlin, and Hermann Busch were at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. He hastened thither to invite them, and all there who inclined to the modern tendencies, to a Socratic meal, which, however, an attack of illness prevented from taking place. The next morning Erasmus left Frankfort, and Eitelwolf could not for a long time forgive Hutten for not sooner letting him know that he was there.

Eitelwolf set especial value on history. A knight once tried to shame him before an assembly by saying that he was not old enough to remember the circumstance under discussion. "Old man," retorted Eitelwolf, "you may perhaps remember the events of forty years or more; I remember those of two or three thousand years ago."

We shall recur to Eitelwolf vom Stein in Hutten's life; he now first appears as his good genius. While in office at Brandenburg he must have visited Fulda, and have become interested in young Hutten. The abbot's endeavours to persuade him to a monastic life made him uneasy. He warned his parents not to induce their son to take a step which he might afterwards repent, and said to the abbot, "Do you want to ruin such a genius?" a saying which will be remembered in history, as it was by Hutten. The only effect which Eitelwolf's warning had upon his father was to prevent him from urging his son to make his profession in haste, but it did not alter his previous intention. So the son took the matter into his own hands, and conceived the idea of making his escape.

A step of this kind is not easy without the advice and help of a confidant. Camerarius, in his life of Melanchthon,

assigns this part to Crotus Rubianus, a friend of Hutten's in his youth, of whom more presently. If he did not advise his escape, he helped him in carrying it out. So far as is known, Crotus was living as a student or ex-student at the University of Erfurt; he may have visited Fulda, have made acquaintance with young Hutten, and projected with him his plan of escape. Hutten speaks of him as his confidential friend from early youth, but says nothing of him in connection with his escape, perhaps in order not to involve him in any responsibility for it; but merely says, that having arrived at the conclusion that he was not adapted for monastic life, "not being as yet bound or entangled by any profession or vows of obedience," he forsook it in order to pursue other things for which he felt himself to be better suited. He lays special stress on "not having made any profession," because his enemies afterwards stigmatized him as a runaway monk who had broken his vows. Hutten not only strenuously denies this, but expressly challenges his enemies to convict him of the lie,—to name the abbot, prior, provost, or dean, before whom he had made his profession, or who had consecrated him, which would at that time have been quite possible, so that we cannot doubt his assertion. Besides, according to rule, he was not old enough to have taken his vows.

The date of Hutten's escape from Fulda is determined by two circumstances. In one of his writings, published in 1515, he speaks of the toil and trouble which he had undergone, from love of learning, for ten years, amidst the fiercest storms of fate, in Germany and Italy; and these he began to encounter at once on leaving the monastery. Then Crotus was still at Erfurt, in the summer of 1505, for it was on the 17th of July of that year that Luther entered the Augustine monastery, and Crotus speaks of it as if he

had been on the spot. But at the beginning of the winter term, we find the names of the two friends in the matriculation-book of Cologne University, and they took their way thither from Erfurt and Fulda.

An escape like this seems to be a sort of typical event in the youth of various men called to free self-development, and the liberation of others from bondage. Restraint braces the powers; a man of strong will takes his fate into his own hands. The fetters are burst, and the future life and character receive a lasting stamp. Thus it was with Schiller and with Hutten: theirs were kindred souls, and not in this feature alone. On the other hand, an event which was in striking contrast to this was happening in the same neighbourhood. But a few weeks after Hutten fled from the monastery of Fulda, Luther took refuge from the world in the monastery of Erfurt. It was an indication of the character and destiny of each. The one wants to be amongst his fellows; the other to make peace with God. Luther did indeed afterwards perceive that this was a false way, and left the monastery; but his mind and character never lost the impress they had there received. Notwithstanding the breadth and grandeur of his subsequent career, and strictly self-contained as he was, still his mental horizon was limited and obscured by it; while Hutten's was a worldly, chivalrous, unconstrained nature, cheerful even in misfortune, but certainly unstable, and prone to undertake more than he could perform.

CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSITY YEARS. EARLY FRIENDS. 1505—1509.

WE do not know whether the two youths travelled together to Cologne. The name of Adelricus Hotten, our Ulrich von Hutten, is found in the university lists under date of 28th of October, while his friend's name appears, first, on 17th of November, 1505.

Camerarius gives as the object of Hutten's journey to Cologne, the study of "the best arts and sciences." Humanistic studies were then thus designated, as distinguished from the old scholasticism; *bonis literis operam dare*, meant to learn Latin and Greek from the classical authors, instead of as before, not learning Greek at all, and Latin from the fathers of the Church and scholastic writers, and forming taste and style on their model. It may excite surprise that these two young men should seek these better sciences at Cologne, where, as was shown a few years later in the Reuchlin contest, scholasticism and mediæval darkness were most securely ensconced. It was here that Albertus Magnus and Duns Scotus slumbered in their graves. The scholastic method of teaching was still employed by an Arnold von Tungern and a Conrad Köllin, supported by the Grand Inquisitor, Jacob Hochstraten, and Ortuinus Gratius had placed his philological learning at

their service. But even at Cologne, just then, the new intellectual life was stirring, though it could not prosper at a place where ecclesiastical interests were so supreme. One after another the representatives of humanistic tendencies were driven away; Johann Cæsarius, Hermann von dem Busch, Peter of Ravenna, Rhagius Æsticampianus, though the latter was probably then still at the university. Strange to say, the scholasticism of Cologne had an attraction, at any rate for the elder of the two students, whom we must now mention more particularly, for the thread of his life is henceforth interwoven with that of our hero.

The real name of Crotus Rubianus was Johann Jäger. He was born at Dornheim, near Arnstadt, in Thuringia, probably about 1480, and his parents seem to have been obscure people, for he speaks of having herded goats when a child. In 1498 he went to the University of Erfurt, where, two years later, he took the bachelor's degree. He studied scholastic philosophy and theology. The first seeds of humanistic tendencies seem to have been sown in his mind by Maternus Pistoris, and fostered by intercourse with Mutianus Rufus, at Gotha. Connected with this is his change of name, and as it is the first instance of the kind in our story, we shall not grudge the time spent on a short episode on the subject, especially as it is characteristic of the time and tendencies of which we write.

The custom of latinising German names did not originate at this period, but in the Middle Ages, because Latin was the language of the Church and the learned. But now that people considered themselves masters of real Latin, and Greek as well, these changes were made to a much greater extent, and with more taste and method, even if the taste was not always the best and the method sometimes little better than madness. The Humanist felt himself to be a

citizen of ancient Rome and Greece, and thought he had a claim to a Latin or Greek name which he was very ingenious in inventing. The real or supposed meaning of personal names was translated, and the many German names derived from trades or callings easily lent themselves to this. Thus Fischer readily became Piscator; Müller, Molitor; Kürschner (furrier), Pellicanus. But some of these translations are not so easily guessed. Few will see at first sight that Fœniseca was in German Mader (Mähder) Mäher (mower, reaper). When we come to the end of these easily translated names, the system becomes more complicated. We may recognise Köpflin in Capito, but Kohlburger and Spiesshammer in Brassicanus and Cuspinianus less easily, while no one nowadays would recognise Resch (Rasch, quick) in Velocianus. Sometimes names had to be well strained and twisted before anything could be made of them. Thus the name Schwarzert, though in the lawless orthography of the times often spelt Schwarzerd, had no more to do with mother earth than the cognate names derived from colours, Weissert, Grünert, or Gelbert; yet Schwarzert's great uncle, Reuchlin, prided himself upon having thought of the name Melanchthon for it. It was Greek too, and of course Greek names were the most distinguished. In the case of Reuchlin himself, the Latin translation of his name, Fumulus, was used only by his adversaries; while the Greek, Capnion, was used by his friends. He himself preferred his German name. Instead of translating a name, they often contented themselves with giving it an antique sound, especially when a German name had the good fortune to have a Greek or Latin sound. Thus Oehmler sounded something like the noble Roman name Æmilius; Maier was made into Marius; Joachim von Watt was called Vadianus; Johann Rack, as Rhagius, acquired a

touch of a Greek sound. Such a name as Krachenberger seemed to mock all Humanist efforts, and the bearer of it implored Grand-master Reuchlin to help him, and the ugly grub was metamorphosed into Gracchus Pierius. Besides the personal names, the names of the birthplace or neighbouring rivers were often employed and added to the personal names. Thus Rhagius was Rhagius Æsticampianus from his birthplace, Sommerfeld; and George Tannstetter, of Rain, in Upper Bavaria, was called Tannstetter Collimitius. More frequently the real name is quite superseded by that of the place of abode. Thus George Burkard, from the little town of Spalt, now famous for hops, became known as Spalatinus; Henry Loriti, from near Glarus, as Glareanus; Peter Schade, from Bruttig, on the Moselle, as Petrus Mosellanus; Beat Bild, from Rheinau, in Upper Alsace, as Beatus Rhenanus. Among the nobles and the city patricians we do not so often find these transformations. The Humanistic Count Hermann von Nuenar was styled by his friends Comes de Nova Aquila or Neætius; in the case of Eitelwolf vom Stein they went beyond the Latin, de Lapide to Ololycus (Ὁλόλυκος) for the first name; but Hutten and the Pirckheimers and Peutingers left their names unaltered except the Latin terminations.

To return to the man from whom we have made this digression, and whose name was typical of these Humanistic transformations. As Johann Jäger, of Dornheim, he was, in 1506, called Joannes Dornheim Venatorius; but in this case the birthplace was not translated at all, and the name only in an ordinary manner. Jäger was indeed Venator, or Venatorius: but a Jäger was also an archer, and was to be found not only in the woods but amongst the stars, and the name of the archer, a constellation, was Crotus: he was the son of Eupheme, the nurse of the Muses, by Pan, had played on

Helicon with his foster-sisters, who had therefore prayed Father Jupiter to place him among the stars. Could there be a more select name for one about to enter the service of the muses? In order also that the birthplace might not be left in its thorny original, it was added to Johannes Crotus as Rubianus or Rubeanus, though it was not a precise translation, and thus the notion of the Arch-Humanist Conrad Celtis was complied with, that a poet, like the old Romans, must have three names.

Meanwhile, at the time when he was pursuing his studies with Hutten at Cologne, the transformation had not fully taken place either in his name or his mind. He still held Arnold von Tungern and his scholastic masters in esteem, learnt with his younger friend, as he afterwards jestingly reminded him, to dazzle with syllogisms, to oppose, assume, respond, to argue pro and contra—in short, to practise all the dialectic arts of the philosophy and theology of that period. But these things soon became sport to Crotus; he learnt to mimic his teachers admirably, and was thus practising for the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum."

Crotus was a talented and amiable man; his great gift was wit, and he loved to make himself merry over the follies of mankind. This must have met with a response in young Hutten's mind, in whom a German Lucian also lay concealed. With Hutten however, afterwards, a laugh at wrongs was not all, it turned to indignation; he saw in them not only folly, but ruin. Crotus loved fun for its own sake. His hair did not turn grey over the evils of this foolish world; his unfailing gaiety must have made him the pleasantest of companions.

Being about eight years Hutten's senior, and having in the main completed the academical studies which Hutten was beginning, Crotus was on many points the teacher and

mentor of his friend. We can only conjecture who were Hutten's other instructors, but he afterwards called himself the pupil of Rhagius.

A few years later Count Hermann von Nuenar or Neuenar, the ruins of whose ancestral castle are still to be seen in the neighbouring district of the Ahr, appears as the support of the Humanist party at Cologne in the quarrels with Reuchlin and Hermann Busch. He was first canon and then provost of the cathedral, and appears to have been on friendly terms with Hutten.

The question now arises, where did Hutten get the means of living during his student years? After his flight from Fulda his father renounced him. This wilful step thwarted his plans and embarrassed him in his relations with the abbey. We do not know whether at first he even knew what had become of his son, and Ulrich might think it best to remain concealed for a time lest he should be forcibly brought back. The father thought he should most effectually compel his return by leaving him without means. Hutten afterwards extols the liberality of his cousins Frowin and Louis in aiding him in his studies, and he was certainly in great need of help.

It is generally believed to have been in 1506 that the intrigues of the Dominicans compelled Rhagius Æsticampianus to leave Cologne, and as Crotus and Hutten vanish thence in the same year and appear elsewhere, it has naturally been supposed that the expulsion of the teacher was the cause of the departure of the scholars. But they did not, as might have been expected, follow him to his new sphere of labour, for while Rhagius accepted the professorship offered him at the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, opened this year, Crotus, attracted by the reminiscences of

his earlier student years, took his young friend with him to Erfurt.

The University of Erfurt, founded towards the close of the fourteenth century, enjoyed at the beginning of the sixteenth such a reputation in Germany that, as Luther once said, all the others were but infant schools compared with it. At the time of the great schism, it took the side of the Council of Basle and the Reform party, and was afterwards distinguished among the other universities by its liberal spirit. Teachers like Maternus Pistoris and Nicolas Marshalk and their pupils had made it the nursery of Humanism in Germany. Its most flourishing period was from the middle of the fifteenth to the first decade of the sixteenth century, when it was injured by disturbances in the town and the ecclesiastical difficulties. The university had just recovered from the first blow, a town and gown quarrel in 1505, a precursor of the more serious one that followed, and the lectures were going on again. Crotus, a talented fellow-student, and a learned private gentleman whose acquaintance he made, were of more importance to Hutten than the professors.

Two years earlier than Hutten, Eoban Hesse, then sixteen years of age, had come to Erfurt from Frankenberg in Hesse, and with him Hutten formed the second of those academical friendships which lasted through his life. Eoban was born in the same year as Hutten at Bockendorf in Hesse. His father's name is uncertain, but the son derived the name of Eoban from some saint revered in the neighbourhood. Instead of the surname he added to this the name of his home, Hessus, and in order that the three names proper for a poet should not be wanting, in reference to the Sunday on which he was born, as well as to the god of the sun and of poets, whose servant he was, he prefixed the name of Helius. The boy early betrayed his poetic talent; once

when Horläus gave him and some advanced pupils the task of putting the text from the gospel of St. John into Latin verse: "Ego sum lux mundi, qui sequitur me, non ambulat in tenebris;" the young Eoban at once detected the half pentameter in the last three words, and soon made so spirited a translation of the text that the master was astonished, and from that time entertained great hopes of his pupil. He was afterwards always writing verses and tormenting his teachers by asking them to correct them. In Erfurt also he soon made himself known by his poetry; he described in verse the dispersion of the students on account of the plague in 1505, the students' row of the same year, sang the praises of the university, and attempted idylls, epics, heroic, elegiac, and lyrical poems of all sorts. Even then Crotus said of him that though a boy in years he was old in the poetic arts, and Mutian addressed some verses to him which he prized all his life, in which he predicts that he will be the pride of the sacred spring.

In short, not only in Germany, but abroad he was considered the first poet of the age. If revived Latinity had produced its prose writer in Erasmus, it had now a poet in Eoban. If Erasmus was the modern Cicero, Eoban was Virgil and Ovid; and the last comparison is not an empty phrase, for Eoban had Ovid's facility in throwing off verses; he was said to be the only poet who composed and wrote his verses at the same time. He was not, however, merely a successful poet, but a diligent man of learning; his lectures at Erfurt, and afterwards at Marburg, attracted students from afar. He learnt Greek from Johann Lange and Joachim Camerarius, and translated Theocritus and the Iliad into Latin hexameters, and, at the suggestion of Luther, the Psalms into Latin distichs.

Eoban was a man of rare good nature; he was tall, hand-

some, and well built, had a splendid beard and martial look; Albert Dürer used to say that he should have taken him for a soldier; he excelled in fencing, dancing, and singing, and unfortunately also in drinking; arts which a residence of some years at the court of Bishop Job at Riesenburg-on-the-Weichsel had given him ample opportunities of practising. He was hasty and blunt, but guileless as a child. With a scanty income and an increasing family (though now we are anticipating), and the carelessness of a poet about economy, his circumstances were always straitened and sometimes wretched; but he never lost his cheerfulness. "Patientia!" he would exclaim amidst the most adverse circumstances.

But the real chief in this circle was not Eoban, and lived not at Erfurt but at Gotha. This was Conrad Mudt or Muth, who Latinised his name as Mutianus, and added that of Rufus, perhaps from his red hair. He was born in 1472, at Homburg in Hesse, where his father was a Government official. He had passed through the school of Alexander Hegius at Deventer, the most fruitful Humanist nursery-ground of that time; had then studied at Erfurt, and gone, as was the custom, to finish his studies in Italy. He was made doctor of laws at Bologna, became acquainted with many Italian Humanists, and gained patrons and friends amongst the cardinals at Rome. After his return in 1502 he was for a time in office at the court of Hesse, where his brother was chancellor. But this soon became irksome to him. Another brother was commissioner for the archiepiscopal court of Mayence at Erfurt, and he procured for him a canronry at Gotha. Here, after 1503, he lived in learned leisure which nothing ever enticed him to give up. The more uncongenial his colleagues were, the more attractive was the society at the neighbouring University of Erfurt; the most distinguished professors were his friends, and the

most talented students, Crotus, Eoban, Eberbach, Spalatin, and soon Hutten also, were his pupils. We find that about this time the matriculation fees were remitted to several students "out of respect to Dr. Mutianus." His sovereign, Frederic the Wise, soon learnt to know and value him. Upon Mutian's recommendation, the young Spalatin was appointed, in 1508, to the important post of tutor to the electoral prince, John Frederic. At Mutian's intercession, condemned persons were pardoned; projects for legislation were submitted to him for approval. When the important office of provost of All Saints' Church at Wittenberg became vacant, the Elector offered it to Mutian. He recommended Justus Jonas, who accepted it. He would accept nothing for himself but a small benefice which involved no work, to enable him to buy books. For the cost of books and hospitality to literary friends consumed his moderate income. It was just at the time when the printed editions of Greek and Latin classics were being published by Aldus at Venice and other places in Italy, and they were costly. Mutian could not afford to buy all that he wanted, and some of his friends shared their purchases with him. Once when he received from a friend, Cicero, Lucretius, Curtius, &c., at once, he wept for joy.

With all his learning and superiority, Mutian had an aversion to authorship; but he wrote many letters, and a considerable number, some of them unprinted, are preserved.* If Eoban's letters are the most genial, those of Erasmus the most learned and elegant, Mutian's are the most intellectual. His concise style sometimes makes them obscure; even in the learned digressions in which he indulges he is never diffuse. He often sends his friends an

* Most of them are in the MS. Codex of the City Library at Frankfort.

epigram or some other little poem, but is very angry if any one has them printed. When asked what was his objection to publishing, he said that his productions were never good enough, and that he preferred amusing himself with the follies of others. He thought it noteworthy that neither Christ nor Socrates had left anything written. He said that our best knowledge was not for the multitude. He therefore did not seek, like Erasmus and Reuchlin, to influence a miscellaneous public by printed works, but a smaller circle by letters and word of mouth. Nothing gave him greater pleasure, says Camerarius, than to hear that young people were zealously devoting themselves to Humanist studies, and he used to do all in his power to help them, and invited them to his house, however little he had to spare.

His house stood behind the cathedral at Gotha; he had had it built after his own fancy. Over the entrance there was a tablet with the words, BEATA TRANQVILLITATAS. When he had freed himself from office at Hesse, he wrote over the door of his office, VALETE SOLLICITVDINES. When the door was opened a second inscription, BONIS CVNCTA PATEANT, invited to self-examination whether the visitor was worthy to enter. On the walls of the room were the arms of proved friends—the stork of Spalatin, the horns intertwined with straps of Crotus, Eoban's swan soaring from a laurel-bush into the clouds. The visitor beheld in his host a noble and manly form; his manners were a mixture of dignity and suavity; his conversation displayed profound knowledge, and ripe insight interspersed with pleasant jest.

When the young people who came to visit him from Erfurt were acquainted with the classic forms of the ancients, Mutian tried to introduce them to their mind and spirit, just as he sought to give them a deeper insight into religion.

In order to prove them, as well as to spur them on, he sometimes proposed questions to them, either to be solved at once or answered in writing. Thus they once had to write verses in turn upon the deceased poet Conrad Celtis. At another time he gave Henry Urban the task of writing in praise of poverty; to Spalatin he proposed the question: "If Christ alone is the way, the truth, and the life, how was it with those who lived so many years before his birth? Had they no part in truth and salvation?" He then gave him a hint for his answer. The religion of Christ did not begin when he became a man, but is as old as the world, as his birth from the Father. For what is the real Christ, the Son of God, other than, as St. Paul says, the Wisdom of God, which did not dwell with the Jews alone in their little Syrian country, but also with the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, various as their religious customs might be?

Mutian had clear views of the Bible, particularly of the gospels, but they were mixed up with odd fancies. On the principle of the difference between the exoteric and esoteric method of teaching, he considered that the authors of the gospel histories had hidden many secrets in riddles, enigmas, and parables. Apuleius and Æsop wrote fables, and so did the sacred writers of the Jews, among which he reckoned the book of Job and the history of Jonas.

There was something Neo-Platonic in the ideas of these Humanists which, as well as their skill in languages, they had brought from Italy, where Mutian, especially, had become acquainted with Count Picus of Mirandula.

"There is but one God," he wrote at another time to Urban, "and one Goddess, but there are many forms and many names: Jupiter, Sol, Apollo, Moses, Christ, Luna, Ceres, Proserpina, Tellus, Mary. But do not spread it abroad; we must keep silence on these Eleusinian mys-

teries. In religious matters we must employ fables and enigmas as a veil. Thou who hast the grace of Jupiter, the best and greatest God, shouldst in secret despise the little gods. When I say Jupiter, I mean Christ and the true God. But enough of these things, which are too high for us."

It may be imagined how the Church of that day appeared to Mutian from these somewhat misty heights. He wrote, "I do not revere the coat or the beard of Christ; I revere the living God, who wears neither coat nor beard." He called Lenten food, fool's food; the begging friars, cowl-wearing monsters; rejected confession, and masses for the dead, and regarded the hours spent in serving at the altar as so much lost time. It was in his house that Crotus used to give vent to his keenest wit on these topics.

It was not mere criticism or philology, nor mere knowledge that Mutian tried to impart to his young friends. "We are pursuing," he wrote, "a narrow and steep path: narrow because few are striving with us after better knowledge and more gentle manners; steep, because no one can acquire the Latin language and all that is connected with it, to real mental profit, without labour. We aim at righteousness, temperance, patience, concord, truth, and friendship." Mutian exercised nearly as salutary an influence over the youths who were attached to him in morals as in learning. He would not suffer any dissensions among them. They were not to take it amiss if he found fault with them. "You can only offend me," he would say, "by not taking the right way when I point it out." He kept them around him like magic. In the Humanist circles a "Mutianic host" was talked of, and they were not the least considerable part of the "Latin army."

The friends of progress, however, had good reason to

band together to defend themselves against the party of the old school, for they were suspected as dangerous free-thinkers. "He is a poet, he speaks Greek," it was said; "and therefore he cannot have much Christianity." In ecclesiastical circles a poet was a term of reproach, which a man would not wish to incur; it was a stigma, like Pantheist or Materialist nowadays. "Poets ruin the universities," said the old gentlemen; they were not looked upon as good Germans, but as Bohemians and Frenchmen. They were also called philosophers, but in a malicious sense. There were all sorts of intrigues to prevent the promotion of these feared and hated people. "Who can believe," wrote Mutian, "that these priests have the true religion and a good conscience? And how much more holy these poets are who harm no one by secret intrigues." And again: "The theologians bid us hope, in order to deceive us: while we are waiting for the heaven that they promise us, they take possession of all the earthly goods."

We know, from Hutten's own testimony, that Mutian influenced him as well as others. "Not far from Erfurt," he says in the elegy before mentioned, "Rufus lives peacefully to himself, though he is second to none, and need not fear to measure his strength with any one."

> "Crotus takes counsel of him, and Hessus elects him as leader:
> And to myself how often profit has come from his teaching."

Mutian admired Hutten's talents, but his vehemence and irritability were unpleasant to the lover of *beata tranquillitatas*.

It is not surprising that neither Hutten nor Crotus was acquainted with Luther, for he had only just entered the monastery. Besides, Hutten was but a short time at Erfurt. He spent the summer of 1506 there, but during the follow-

ing winter we find him at the newly opened University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, whither he had probably been preceded by his revered teacher, Rhagius Æsticampianus.

The Elector John Cicero had intended to found a university in his territory, and his son and successor, Joachim I., aided by his tutor, Dietrich von Bülow and Eitelwolf vom Stein, carried it out. The new institution was solemnly opened in April, 1506. Von Bülow was its chancellor; Conrad Wimpina, who was afterwards Luther's opponent, the first rector; Johannes Lindholz, first dean of the philosophical faculty; Publius Vigilantius Bacillarius Axungia, the first professor.

Besides Hutten's two cousins, the young Margrave Albert of Brandenburg may, at Eitelwolf's instigation, have contributed to his support, for Hutten afterwards said that he helped him before he was cardinal archbishop. According to usage, it was not too early for Hutten to take his B.A. degree, though he afterwards denied that he took any. Yet we know that he did so, for Lindholz says that Hutten was the fourth on whom he conferred it at Frankfort while he was dean. The subsequent denial had a purpose. These academical degrees were despised by the Humanists as part of the apparatus of ancient scholasticism. It is one of the accusations against the poets in the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," that they prevented their followers from taking degrees. In disclaiming the lowest of these dignities, Hutten displayed the most withering contempt for the old order of things.

Hutten seems to have been content to stay at Frankfort rather longer than either at Cologne or Erfurt, for he was there a whole year. Rhagius did not remain longer. The university took a course which was not in unison with the intentions of the man who had been most active in founding

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it. Hutten tells us that more than once Eitelwolf vom Stein said that he repented of his co-operation, for instead of the professorships being filled by Humanists, they were filled by ignorant men of the old school. Trebelius and Vigilantus remained, but Rhagius went to Leipzig, and Hutten followed him. In the Leipzig matriculation-books of the winter term of 1507-8 we find the names of Æsticampianus, professor of rhetoric and crowned poet, and Ulrich Hutten from Buchen. During the same half-year Veit Werler, who wrote the "Memorial of Hutten," of which we shall have only too soon to speak, took his M.A. degree. After him the young B.A. lectured with approval at Leipzic, but we find no mention of any fees in the university records.

The first of Hutten's poetical attempts that have been preserved to us, date from about this time, when he was eighteen or nineteen. There are four of them: an "Elegy to Eoban," written at Erfurt; a poem in praise of the Mark, written at Frankfort; a few verses in praise of a printed collection of epigrams by his tutor Rhagius; and a poetical exhortation to virtue. They were all small additions to larger works of friends or teachers, as was then customary. They display great facility in Latin expression and construction, though there are some awkward lines. The young poet had a large store of classical names and examples at command. The ideas are skilfully expressed, but without any marked tendency; they are mere schoolboy work, and do not bear the peculiar stamp of Hutten's mind.

The youth had made good use of his student years, but before he could mature into the man and master-spirit, it was necessary that he should set out on his travels and bring the full force of his mind and will into play by battling with the difficulties of life.

CHAPTER III.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN GERMANY. 1509—1512.

HUTTEN was, as we have seen, a restless spirit; a love of travel was deeply ingrained in his nature. It was also characteristic of the spirit of the age, and of the party with which he had associated himself. The travelling scholars of the latter part of the Middle Ages are well known. Among the German Humanists of those times, Celtis, Rhagius, and Busch were travelling teachers. Hutten wanted to see the world, that he might know it not from books alone. He had an irresistible desire to observe and associate with all sorts of people, to measure his powers with theirs. Even the difficulties and dangers of such a life had the charm for him of an adventurous game; the possible gains attracted him, and the possible losses did not alarm him. Then he was ambitious; he wanted to be somebody, and saw plainly that he must not shun the world. What was blessed peace to Mutian was to him intolerable dulness.

Hutten more than once speaks of this impulse with pride. While others would not leave their parents or cross the threshold of home, he sacrificed the comfortable life that he might have lived to the wish to visit foreign lands and to achieve a name. He had the example of the wisest of

the ancients, a Pythagoras and a Plato. And what could be more attractive to an energetic youth? He says: "There is nowhere I like so well to live as everywhere—my home is in every place." There was something of the knight-errant in Ulrich Hutten.

He could no longer be content to sit upon the academic benches, often as he had changed them. We do not exactly know how long he remained at Leipzig. He inscribed himself there for the winter term of 1507-8, and late in the summer of 1509 he was on the coast of Pomerania, ill and in distress; and in a poem of the following spring he says that it is a year since he disappeared from amongst his friends, so that he probably left Leipzig in the spring of 1509. But we cannot even conjecture what took him to the shores of the Baltic, nor do we know much more of the particulars of his journey up to the time of an unfortunate voyage, but whether he encountered shipwreck or merely a storm we do not know.

Our young knight cuts a pitiful figure when we meet him here. He was quite destitute, and very ill. He begged his way through the country, knocked at the doors of poor peasants' huts to beg for bread, was often repulsed, and had to lie on the ground in the open air. His increasing illness prevented him from making detours, after the manner of travelling students, to obtain the means of subsistence from learned men. He soon afterwards describes his miserable plight in one of his elegies, and contrasts this restless and wretched life with the domestic comfort and happiness of his friends. Hutten speaks of this illness in the following year as a quaternion fever, from which he was still suffering, and which weakened and emaciated him to the last degree.

The sick and helpless traveller at length dragged himself

to Greifswald, where the university gave him hope of succour. He addressed himself to the professors, who were but modest lights; and the rector inscribed his name in the books without fees, in consequence of his destitution. There is no date, but it was probably in the autumn of 1509.

Before long he received further assistance. One of the chief families in the town interested themselves in him. Henning Lötz, professor of jurisprudence, and canon of the collegiate church of St. Nicolas, received him into his house. He was a wealthy man. His father, Wedeg Lötz, was burgomaster, and used to attend the Frankfort fair, probably as a merchant. The professor clothed Hutten, most likely from his father's stores, and lent him money. At first he was treated with great kindness, but by degrees there was a change: the guest became less welcome, the host was overbearing, or made sport of his literary efforts. A friend whom Hutten had found in the town warned him to beware of the man, but Hutten hoped to conciliate him by patience.

If we had any version of the story from the Lötzes, we should be better able to form an opinion. Hutten was not at any time of his life the lamb that he represents himself. There may have been many things in the conduct of the young poet which vexed the professor. Hutten represents his wrath as caused by jealousy of his superiority. He was a jurist of the old school, and seems to have been unacquainted with Humanistic culture. But it is very doubtful whether the young poet always treated his weaknesses tenderly. At all events, Hutten saw that he had better take his departure; but the Lötzes wanted their loans returned. If the needy youth had with pardonable pride spoken of the wealth of his father and relations, they might at first have

reckoned not only on the return of their gifts, but on valuable presents. Hutten tried to make them understand that, if they required repayment, the best thing they could do was to let him go. He might elsewhere succeed in making his fortune, he should never do so there. If it then first came to light that his father had cast him off, and that nothing was to be expected from that quarter, it was not likely to improve his host's feelings towards him. At last Hutten tells us, he prepared to leave with his host's knowledge and consent. But Henning Lötz denied having ever given it.

It was in mid-winter, December 1509, that Hutten left Greifswald for Rostock. The cold was very severe; all the rivers, even the sea on the coast, were frozen. It was no light thing for Hutten still in ill-health to undertake this journey of twelve miles (German) on foot. But in the hope of meeting with a better reception at the Mecklenburg University, he plodded cheerfully along. But when he was crossing a frozen marsh some horsemen appeared, and cried halt! They were servants of the Lötzes; they ordered him to submit at once, and to give up all that he had. Resistance was vain, entreaties useless; they stripped him of his warm clothing, and one threatened him with his halberd, if he did not keep quiet. Old Wedeg wanted the clothes back, for which he had probably furnished the materials. But this was not enough; the poor son of the muses carried a little bundle, containing some books and a few poems. They will not get rich out of that, he thought, and was going to keep it, but the villains took even that from him, and, adding insult to injury, told him that he had only to sing to people and they would soon give him more clothes. So Hutten says in his poetical account of it.

Half naked he journeyed on. In what state he reached

Rostock may be imagined. He sank upon a sick bed in miserable quarters, and had no means to procure nursing or food. By degrees he let the professors and students of the upper classes know of his condition, and presented them with specimens of his talents. Attention and kindness were soon shown him. Ecbert Haarlem, so called from his birthplace, professor of philosophy, sought him out, and received him into his house. He was a bachelor, a learned and upright man, who aided others besides Hutten. He was no Lötz, and so treated his guest that Vadian compared Hutten's quarters with him to those of Ulysses with Calypso. He furnished him with medicine, nursing, and money. In his house Hutten began to revive. Other professors showed him favour, and a circle of students gathered round him, to whom he gave lectures on polite literature. He was quite the fashion at Rostock, and was called merely the new poet; it was even then worth while to envy him.

He now felt in possession of his powers again, or rather he was for the first time fully conscious of them. The short period since he set out on his northern journey had been fruitful in experience. At two-and-twenty he had emerged from the youth into the man. But it was significant that the culminating point of this experience was an outrage which called forth his indignation and his powers also. Indignation was the nurse of Hutten's genius. His writings increase in importance in proportion to the importance of the subjects which called it forth. It was the treatment Hutten had received from Wedeg and Henning Lötz, or the Lossier, as he calls them in his Latin verses, which now incited him to take the pen.* This work is on the lowest

* "Ulrici Hutteni equestris ordinis poetæ in Wedegum Loetz Consulem Gripesualdensem in Pomerania et filium eius Hennigum, etc. Iuris doctorem Querelarum libri duo pro insigni quadam iniueria sibi

grade of the scale just indicated, but is important, as being the first that bears the stamp of Hutten's mind. His previous attempts might have been the work of any other gifted son of the muses of those days; the "Querelen" against the Lossier could only have been written by Hutten himself.

The work consists of two books, each containing ten elegies, some of them of great length. They are preceded by a prose dedication to sixteen professors at Rostock, dated 15th of July, 1510.

In the first elegy, the poet complains to the gods, especially to Christ, who was acquainted with suffering, of the inhuman treatment he had received, and calls upon them to avenge him; the second contains the narrative of the outrage of Lossius (facinus Lossii) from which our account is chiefly derived. The third and fourth are appeals for help, one to the young Count Eberstein, of Naugarten, who was studying at Rostock, the other to the professor of philosophy, Joachim Nigemann. These two poems, though they may have been improved afterwards, were doubtless sent to them when Hutten was lying helpless at a public-house. We know that the latter, at any rate, was not without result. In the fifth elegy, Hutten accuses the Lötzes to their ruler, Duke Buslav X., and demands their punishment. The sixth is an accompaniment to the fifth, and is addressed to his friend Valentine Stoientin, now secretary to the Duke of Pomerania, and he prays him for the sake of their former friendship to hand his elegy to his master, and to plead his cause. In the seventh, the poet sends his muse to his

ab illis facta." On the other side, "Excussa sunt hæc Francophordii cis Oderam per Joannem Hanaw, 1510." Hutten's Schriften, vol. iii. Compare Böcking's "Index Bibliographicus Huttenianus." This Index will not hereafter be quoted for every work of Hutten's, but is here referred to, once for all, for everything relating to titles and editions of Hutten's works.

cousin and benefactor Louis von Hutten, with the news of the ill-treatment that has befallen him. He indicates the way to his castle near the Maine, describes the chivalrous pursuits in which he will be found engaged, and the sympathy he will feel with Hutten's misfortunes. He makes his cousin speak of his muse as the pride of the Huttens. His special request, however, is truly characteristic of Hutten, and of a knight of those times. He describes Frankfort-on-the-Maine :

"Thou knowest the beautiful town, the city so long ago founded,
First built in the wars of the Franks, and bearing the name of its founders.
Through its streets runs the stream of the Maine, and gurgleth under its bridges,
Hasting to meet with the Rhine, and join with the might of its waters.
Lofty the height of its walls, and splendid the show of its buildings.
Yet more than of either of these it boasteth the fame of its people.
Sought for by strangers afar, who throng in the streets of the city,
Finding the wares of the world displayed in its turbulent mart."

Then comes the charge—

"Lossius the Father will come at the fair-time to visit the city;
Then with a troop of thy horsemen, do thou I pray thee, waylay him;
Seize him and hold him in durance—it may not be better to slay him;
Thou may'st his punishment leave safe in the hands of the poet."

The eighth elegy is addressed to the friend at Greifswald who had warned him against Henning Lötz; the ninth to Nicolas Marshalk, who had advised him, if his enemy kept quiet to abstain from further hostilities. But he says that Lossius was still pursuing him, and would like to kill him. The tenth is a concluding elegy addressed to the reader, in which the poet gives an account of his ancestry, character, and plans. He describes his father's prosperity, the pleasant life on which, for the sake of learning and travel, he had turned his back, and contrasts it with that of the

Lötzes. Just now fickle fortune had deprived him of everything except his mind and courage, and Lossius would have robbed him of those if he could.

The first elegy of Book II. is a preface; he cannot keep silence, for Lossius, incensed that Hutten is honoured at Rostock, impugns his talents and reputation, and attacks all who show him kindness. In the third elegy he says that Lossius is specially enraged at the approval his lectures find. His hearers must not heed it. The second is addressed to his old patron, Bishop Dietrich von Bülow—in the fourth he expresses his gratitude to his host, Ecbert Haarlem—in the fifth he holds up the warning example of Lossius to an envious opponent, whom he calls Philopompus—the seventh is in memory of a benefactor who had just died, Jacob Paver (Bauer)—the ninth is addressed to Johann Lobering, an advocate who had taken up Hutten's cause—the sixth to Crotus Rubianus, the eighth to Eoban Hesse; to the first shortly and to the second in detail he describes the outrage by Lossius, and begs them to write against his implacable foe, or at any rate not to blame him for what he has done. Finally, in the tenth elegy, addressed to the poets of Germany, he makes his quarrel with Lossius the common cause of all the German Humanists. In conclusion, he sends his elegiac muse to make the tour, already mentioned, of all the men of learning of the modern school, to enlist the sympathy, if not the aid, of masters and scholars for the persecuted member of their order.

This sympathy, this solidarity among the choicer spirits of that age, really existed, and was not merely a fancy of Hutten's. Reuchlin's quarrel with the Dominicans of Cologne, a few years later, afforded striking evidence of it.

Hutten appears to have sent the MS. of these poems to his former teachers, Vigilantius and Trebelius, at Frankfort-

on-the-Oder. They had them printed, and, according to the fashion of the time, appended some smaller poems of their own in which they took up the cause of their pupil with great warmth. The gist of their additions is that it is dangerous to offend a poet whom the gods take under their special protection, and who has all the rest of the poets to aid him. In this case, however, it does not seem to have been very dangerous. The Lötzes, even if they were so bad as Hutten painted them, were protected by wealth and family influence, and were so little injured by his poetic darts that the son was promoted from being canon to provost, and the father rose to be first burgomaster instead of second. They also appear to have escaped to a remarkable degree the ignominy with posterity which Hutten intended for them. Whether only a few copies of the work were printed, or whether the Lötzes bought them up—at any rate after a slight notice of them at this period, all mention of them disappears for two hundred years. In 1717, the learned and accurate Burckhard wrote about Hutten without mentioning this work or his stay at Greifswald at all. It is not until after 1722 that we hear of it again; a copy haunted Silesia, which however never came to light till about the close of the century, when it fell into the hands of Meiners; and finally, in 1816, Mohnike, who had meanwhile discovered a second copy at Wolgast, completed from the Göttingen copy, brought out a new edition. Since that time it has come to light that there is a copy in the British Museum, which possesses the advantage of having been corrected by the poet's own hand, and it has a dedication in verse to the lawyer at Wittenberg, Kilian Reuter.

While Hutten was passing through these adventures in the north, his friends in central Germany lost sight of him. They first learnt the particulars of his fate from the printed

"Querelen." Crotus received the book as a present from Mutian. Towards the end of 1510 it was said that Hutten intended to be a professor at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and Johann Weiger went there on purpose to attend his lectures. It was true that he had left Rostock, and thought of going to Frankfort, but at the end of the year we find him, at Wittenberg, and soon afterwards he sent to his friends the Ostens, at Frankfort, instead of coming himself, his poem on the Poetic Art, which he had written at their desire.

Hutten's "heroics," namely, this poem in hexameters on the art of versification, had a much wider circulation than the elegies.* However little a poem of this sort containing nothing but technical rules is to our taste, it was very much to the taste of those times. It passed through a number of editions at Leipzig, Nuremberg, and Paris, and became a school-book. It treats of the alphabet, vowels, consonants, diphthongs, syllables, and feet; then of metres, but he mentions only pentameters and hexameters. But rules cannot comprise everything: they must be supplemented by the reading of the poets. The intending poet must study philosophy, natural history, history, &c. He must be conversant with the laws of rhetoric, and be able to distinguish between poetical and rhetorical expressions. Finally, he treats of poetic figures of speech and ornament—of epithets and anaphora, metaphor and metalepsis, transposition and diæresis, allegory and irony. The prose dedication to the brothers Osten is more attractive than the work itself. Let them not be led away by those who would withdraw them from Humanist studies, and attract them to what are assumed to be higher branches, for nothing can be done in the latter

* Ulrici Hutteni de arte versificandi liber unus heroico carmine ad Jo. et Alex. Osthenios Pomeranos equites (1511). Hutten's Schriften, iii.

without the former. He hopes they will give the poem written at their request a friendly reception. Though scarcely older than themselves, he did not hesitate to write it for them—for young readers a young poet is appropriate.

This poem was finished in February, 1511, in the house of Balthasar Fachus, or Phaccus, at Wittenberg, whose guest he was. About this time Hutten must have been again in communication with his father. But the tone of his letters was not friendly, and he appears to have made his son's return to the monastery the first condition of help. Hutten turned to his old friend Crotus for advice and mediation. Crotus was then at Fulda, where he filled the twofold office of teacher of the monastic school and instructor of the monks.

He wrote a long answer to Hutten, first assuring him of the continuance, nay, increase of his friendship and esteem. He had neglected nothing since he has been in the solitude of Fulda that could advance his friend's interests; had often spoken honourably of him to his father and the black brethren, the Benedictines of Fulda, and pleaded his cause. It was difficult to understand his father. He spoke of his son with the utmost contempt, despised his productions, and said he was not worth a farthing. On the other hand, it was evident that he liked to hear him praised, and therefore Crotus often turned the conversation on him. He was inclined to think that old Hutten was not in earnest in blaming his son and urging his return to the monastery, but that it was a mask to prevent the monks from suspecting that he had been a party to his flight. One night lately, after the departure of other guests, he had spoken freely to Crotus and two others over a sleeping-cup. First he said he would have given anything if his son had not spent so many years in the monastery; he very much doubted

whether he would ever have made a good monk. A relation of a cousin who lived in Italy, and had risen as a lawyer, had told him that if his son would give up his fooleries (the *bonas literas*), and devote himself to the study of law, he would send him to this cousin; he had better be a petti-fogging lawyer (*rabula forensis*), who might be of some use to the Hutten family, than a monk in bad odour with his superiors. Considering these expressions, Crotus advised Hutten to return, not to enter the monastery, but to acquaint himself with his father's intentions. If he could not venture to do this, he might go for a time to trustworthy friends and relations, let his father know where he was, and beg him to communicate his wishes. If he could not comply with them, he could do as Pomponius Lætus did when his friends recalled him from Rome: he wrote back, "Pomp. Lætus to his relations and friends, greeting. What you desire cannot be. Farewell." Then the world would be before him. But let him make this attempt first.

To help himself out of his pressing poverty, Hutten, who knew his father's obduracy, had boldly addressed himself to the monastery from which he had fled. He sent a young man named Zonarius (Gürtler) to Fulda with letters, from which it must have appeared that he would return to the monastery if the fathers would effectually help him. They sent him, through Crotus, a very friendly answer, assuring him that the monks, especially the abbot and the coadjutor, were well disposed towards him, but no money was sent. The wary fathers had no mind to be cheated; they told him he must first fulfil his promise, and then they would provide for his studies.

But Hutten was not more disposed to fall in with the views of his friend Crotus and apply to his father than the monks of Fulda were to fall in with his. After he had

finished his poem on the art of versification at Wittenberg, in the summer of the same year, we find him in a most destitute condition on his way through Bohemia and Moravia to Vienna. It appears that he had not consented to study law, which both he and his friend Crotus thought a miserable study. However, his destitution only lasted till he reached Olmütz, in Moravia. Here the learned provost, Augustin, introduced him to the bishop, Stanislas Thurzo. Like his brother John, Bishop of Breslau, he was an admirer of Erasmus, and promoter of the revival of learning; he hospitably received the knight-errant of Humanism into his palace, presented him on his departure with a horse, and money for travelling, which lasted until he reached Vienna, and the provost added a valuable jewelled ring.

Humanism had taken root in Vienna, especially through the instrumentality of Conrad Celtis, who was summoned thither by the Emperor Maximilian in 1497, and remained there until his death, in 1508. Celtis was the founder of the learned associations in Germany, and the advocates of the modern tendencies were living partly in free communities at Vienna. At that time Joachim von Watt (Vadianus), of St. Gall, a certain Marius (Maier), and Peter Eberbach, of Erfurt, were living in such a contubernium. Hutten, who had probably known Eberbach before, joined them on his arrival at Vienna, and on the very first evening related to them the perils and adventures of his journey. They listened with sympathy and admiration, and looked upon him as another Ulysses. In the midst of such converse Hutten took some papers out of his bosom on which some verses were written; he said it was a poem addressed to the Emperor Maximilian, which he had written amidst the fatigues of travel. They must judge of its merits. The friends liked it so well as they read it together from the Sibylline leaves,

that they copied it and had it bound, and in the following year Vadian had it printed.*

This poem, calling upon the Emperor Maximilian to make war upon the Venetians, is an important point in Hutten's career. He now turns from the partly personal, partly literary interests to which his authorship had been devoted, to the affairs of his country. He no longer feels and acts merely as a member of the republic of letters, but of the German nation. Instead of venting his indignation on his private wrongs, he vents it on the political ignominy which his country and its head had suffered from the Venetians. Maximilian, in whose lofty but unstable mind the ancient idea of the Roman Imperialism of the German nation had flickered up, had desired, in accordance with ancient usage, to make an armed march to Rome and to be crowned there. But the Venetians had refused him a passage through their dominions (1508). He had augmented his forces in order that he might at the same time settle the affairs of Italy in the spirit of the ancient Imperial supremacy, but after a successful beginning he was repulsed. Ill supported by the States of the empire, mocked by the faithless Italian-French policy, and vacillating himself, Maximilian continued his contest with the Venetians with transient successes, but all hope of regaining a part of the Imperial territory had to be given up. To insure peace the rich republic was ready to pay a sum of money, or even to promise an annual tribute. The States were for accepting the offer, but the chivalrous Emperor, supported by Louis XII. of France, would not hear of it.

* "Ad divum Maximilianum Cæs. Aug. F. B. bello in Venetos euntem Ulrici Hutteni eq. Exhortatio." At the end, "Viennæ Pannoniæ apud Hieronymum Vietorem et Joannem Singrenium. Mense Januario, anno 1512." Hutten's Schriften, iii.

It is at this point that Hutten's poem comes in. The main idea is this: success has made the Venetians supercilious, and after having repeatedly offended the emperor, they now want peace. It ought not to be granted them, for they only want time to recruit. The rise and progress of the Venetians is placed in an odious light, partly from the prevailing dislike to them for their haughtiness, partly from the aversion of our needy knight to a republic of wealthy merchants—a feeling which he never entirely got over, even towards the German imperial cities.

The chivalrous poet beholds the empire in all its mediæval glory, though he does not ignore the changes that have taken place. Properly and legally speaking, the whole world is subject to the emperor, and it would certainly better become him to march against the Turks, to conquer Asia, Egypt, &c.; but since fate has restricted him to narrower limits, let him win the humbler fame which victory over the Venetians would promise. He wants no foreign aid: if the German races, which are proudly enumerated, stand by him, he is a match for any foe. Let him not therefore allow himself to be mocked any longer, but strike the final blow.

In a prefatory epigram Hutten calls the poem a juvenile production, which he hopes will be followed by more mature fruits. He carefully revised it six years later. It is too diffuse, and is not without repetitions, but it is permeated by patriotism, and is in parts very successful in form. The metaphor of the eagle (with reference to the Imperial arms), which often flaps its wings as if considering, and stretches its claws as if to prove them before it takes flight, is truly poetical, and the conclusion rhetorical. All the reasons for the war have been enumerated, and the pens of an Erasmus and Crotus, Busch and Eoban, are engaged to

celebrate, in prose and verse, the victory which is to be. At last, as if his persuasions had been successful, let all rejoice, for

"See, Maximilian takes against Venice the field."

When Hutten began to take an interest in these subjects he must have been struck by the contrast between the literary condition of his country, to which his attention had been previously directed, and its political situation. In the first Germany was making rapid progress, in the second it was certainly at a very low ebb; in the one case there was everything to hope, in the other much to fear.

A poem, which seems to have originated about this time, and in which Hutten tries to show that the Germans are by no means degenerate, shows how he tried to reconcile this contrast.* He calls attention to that law of history according to which a period of warlike exploit is followed by one of peaceful culture. Germany was now in the latter stage. Learning, the arts, commerce, and industry were flourishing, land formerly unfruitful was brought into cultivation, and morals, with the exception of some infection from Italy, and especially from Rome, still untarnished. The previous period of strength was, to say the least, very one-sided. Posterity had to become acquainted with the great deeds of their forefathers through the works of foreign historians, for our martial ancestors knew how to perform great deeds, but not to record them. If the Germans of the present day could record but not perform them, it was but reversed onesidedness. If, with all their culture, they were not still a warlike people, how was it that no one ventured

* "Quod Germania nec virtutibus nec ducibus ab primoribus degeneraverit, Heroicum." Afterwards revised under the title, "Quod ab illa antiquitus Germanorum claritudine nondum degenerarint nostrates, Ulr. de Hutten, eq. Heroicum." Both in Hutten's Schriften, iii.

to attack them within their own territory? Why did other nations seek them as teachers of the art of war and companions in arms? It was no sign of degeneration or torpidity that in these later times the Germans have made two discoveries unmatched by antiquity or modern Italy, that of gunpowder and printing.

Vadian added another little poem to his edition of the address to Maximilian—Hutten's "Greeting to Vienna," where he hoped to find rest and refreshment.

From this, and from a story in the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," which probably refers to Hutten, it appears that he intended a long stay at Vienna. Magister Johann Krabacius, from Nuremberg, remembers that when he was at Vienna, a fellow had arrived from Moravia who was said to be a poet. He had written verses, and wanted to give lectures on poetry, yet he was neither B.A. nor M.A., had in fact taken no degree at all. The rector at the time, Magister noster Heckman, from Franconia, an enemy of all poets, objected; but the fellow was so assuming that he would not give it up. The rector then forbade the students to attend his lectures. The fellow went up to his room, gave him high words, and even "thoued" him. He came like a soldier, with a hat on his head, and a long knife by his side. The rector sent for the sergeant to have him arrested, but friends, whom he had in the city, interfered. Johann Heckman was really rector of the University in 1511, and in the fellow who makes *metra*, wants to lecture on the *artem metrificandi* without having taken a degree, who makes as if he were going to fight, and thous the rector, we think we recognise our Hutten.

Whether these difficulties cut short his academical labours, or whatever it might be, he vanishes from Vienna in the autumn of 1511, and in the following spring we find him in Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST VISIT TO ITALY, AND RETURN TO GERMANY. 1512—1513.

HUTTEN could hardly consider himself a true member of the order of Humanists without following the example of his predecessors in making a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Humanism. Besides, he could there best pursue the legal studies which his father urged upon him.

We know nothing of his route, but about the middle of April he arrived at Pavia, where, according to his father's desire, he began to study law. He attended the lectures of the learned Jurist, Jason Mainus, and also took lessons in Greek. But his health was very bad; in consequence of swellings and ulcers on his legs, he was lame; indeed the left leg was almost useless.

The French still held Lombardy, but a few days before Hutten's arrival, the French general, Gaston de Foix, had fallen victoriously, April, 1512, and now twenty thousand Swiss, asked for by the Pope, and sent by the Emperor, were entering the country. In July they advanced to Pavia. The French tried to hold it, and kept the young knight, whom they might suspect as an imperial subject, besieged for three days in a small room. Suffering as he was from fever, he thought himself a lost man, and composed the following epitaph on himself:—

" He who was nurtured in grief, ever pursued by misfortune,
He who by land and by sea was ever by danger surrounded—
Here lieth Ulrich von Hutten. He who no crime had committed,
Was by the sword of the Gaul cruelly bereft of existence.
He was appointed by fate only to seasons of sorrow.
Ah, it was well for him then early to rest from his troubles.
He amid danger and pain shrank not from serving the muses,
And with the gifts that he had, poured out his spirit in song."*

At last the French were compelled to evacuate the city, and the Swiss entered it, but this did not improve Hutten's situation. The Swiss, who took him for an ally of the French, plundered him and dragged him about until, with the little that remained to him, he managed to buy himself off. He could no longer stay at Pavia, now the scene of bloodshed, famine, and pestilence, and in July he went to Bologna, where he found a nice circle of learned men. But he needed medical aid, and his means were soon exhausted. These melancholy details are derived from a pleasant, sometimes even humorous, letter to his hospitable Wittenberg friend, Balthasar Fachus. He writes shortly to him, not because he wants a short letter from his friend, but because the bearers of letters think themselves overladen if you give them a large one. Fachus must tell him everything that will interest him. As for himself, he was more like Vulcan than ever, and much worse than when his friend saw him, whether it was to be ascribed to fate, or that he had taken so little care of himself. But he congratulated himself on having found many things that he was not looking for in the pursuit of polite literature. And how was it with his friend? Had he decided to take a wife, or to adopt the tonsure? or was he still simply Fachus? Then follows the story of his adventures in Italy.

* Given in this form in the letter to Fachus, about to be mentioned. Schriften, i. Expanded, but, as often happens in these cases, not improved, in Hutten's Epigrams to the Emp. Max. Schriften, iii.

This is the earliest of Hutten's letters that we possess, the others being merely dedications. They are an essential and valuable part of his literary productions, for they are genuine letters, never like those of Erasmus, and sometimes of Mutian also, mere exercises in style and displays of learning. In spirit and humour they are nearly equal to Eoban's, but superior to them, as we shall see as we advance further, when they begin to bear the stamp of his force of character and power of persuasion.

About this time, Matthias Lang, Bishop of Gurk, one of the Emperor's most confidential advisers, came to Bologna as ambassador to Pope Julius II., who wanted to negotiate peace with Venice. The Italians, after their fashion, loaded the intended envoy of peace with addresses and poems. The Germans in the city did not wish it to appear that they had no one among them who could produce things of the same kind, and challenged Hutten to write something. Hutten accordingly wrote an adulatory poem, which was copied, handsomely bound, and handed to the Imperial ambassador. He received it with an indifference which deeply hurt the young poet. Nevertheless, supported by strong recommendations, he tried to gain a post in the retinue of the bishop, whom the Pope immediately afterwards made cardinal, but in vain. The bishop appeared not to notice him when he met him in Bologna, though the mere appearance of the poor son of the muses might have moved him to acknowledge the homage he had received. Hutten never forgot this treatment from Cardinal Lang.

Extreme necessity at length induced Hutten to enter the army, although it was but a poor means of helping himself It was a sad interruption to his studies, and with his continued ill-health a life of torment. But there was no position

from which this man of genius did not seek to gain something for himself and the world. Thus, I will not say from his service in the army, but from what he saw of the tumult of war while he was in Italy, arose one of his most spirited and charming works, his book of epigrams to the Emperor Maximilian.*

They originated, as he says, in a preface added later, at different times and in different places in events in which he took part, or heard of from others. Part of the book is similar to and of the same date as the admonitory address to the Emperor written in Germany; parts might have been written in Bologna and Pavia before and after he entered the army, and some parts appear to have been added during his second stay in Italy. Thus the book follows the vicissitudes of the war, and gives us a lively picture of victory and defeat, hope and fear, the loss and conquest of cities and territories, the conclusion and dissolution of alliances.

After two introductory poems on the book and the writer, he begins by representing the long inaction of the imperial power as only the preparation for great deeds. Maximilian is endowed with more humane and peaceful virtues than his warlike predecessors; but his love of peace is only forbearance, not cowardice, as his onslaught at length proves.

We are then conducted to Padua into the midst of the conflict. The Venetians within the city, the Imperialists without. Hutten, who is vexed that his lameness prevents his taking part in the conflict, at first gives out in jest that he is only a curious traveller; then he says he longs for death. At another time, when he is too near the walls, and the shots of the besieged whistle round him, he retreats as fast as his lame foot will allow. The Venetians are rejoicing

* Ulrĩci de Hutten eq. Germ. ad Cæsarem Maximilianum Epigrammatum liber unus. Schriften, iii. Preface to the Emperor. I.

too soon over a slight repulse they have given the Imperialists; the Eagle will soon soar aloft again. At Cremona he served the frogs (the Venetians) out.

This, as well as sundry others of these epigrams, is illustrated with woodcuts. The rapacity of Venice is everywhere hated. Her commander, Bartolomeo d'Alviano, is a pattern of treachery and godlessness. Then as a contrast he writes a memorial to the German general, Jacob von Ems, who fell in the battle of Ravenna, and celebrates in two epigrams the bravery of the young Saxon nobleman, Joachim von Maltzan.

Proud Venice will fare worse than Troy or Babylon, Carthage or Corinth. The vicissitudes of fortune which Venice has undergone are the theme of a number of epigrams.

The poet then turns more against the French, who, at first the Emperor's allies, are now his enemies. There was an epigram near the beginning bringing forward remarkable instances to show how nations retain the same peculiarities for centuries. The pride of the cock who thinks himself above the eagle, but who will some day be plucked and beat a retreat is made sport of in various ways. The epigrams still follow the vicissitudes of war. The French have taken Milan; are repulsed and evacuate Lombardy amidst terrible tempests. Here is an epigram which might have been written yesterday:—

FLIGHT OF THE COCK FROM ITALY.

Why is he flying away, comb bleeding, and feathers dishevelled,
He, the proud cock and the valiant, the dread of the birds all around him?
Why but because he preferred the din and the clamour of battle,
Thinking to win o'er the eagle a victory easy and sure.
Little he measured his foe: he bore it awhile and was patient;
But when his rage was aroused he defended himself with his talons.
Truly, ill fares it with those who rashly dare to offend him.
Better to make him a friend than be crushed by the might of his anger.

The most noteworthy point, however, is that towards the end the epigrams are directed against the pope. The year before Hutten went to Italy, Julius II. had personally conducted the siege of Mirandola, and entered the town, sword in hand, on a scaling-ladder. If not the instigator, he was the director of the wars of those times, and the contrast between the spiritual office and the worldliness of the Papacy was never more glaring. It was of great importance that Hutten saw with his own eyes the devastation caused by this war. Pope Julius and his doings opened his eyes about the Papacy. Instead of a shepherd he was a wolf; instead of the key of Peter, he was armed with the sword of Paul, not like the Apostle to fall by it, but to cut down others. Next, Hutten attacks the pope's morals, the traffic in indulgences and bulls, and the gain made of Germany by the Papal Court. Clad in steel, so he describes the pope, terrible to behold, with his wild eye, brazen front, and threatening mien, he slays the people by sword and bullet, by land and sea, and involves rulers in war; pest of the world, scourge of mankind, his work is death, his recreation shameless excess; unlike Christ and Peter in every respect, what is there to make him worthy of the name of pope?

The eyes of others had also been opened about Julius. A prayer appeared for him in Germany, apparently during his lifetime.* Christ, who by his almighty power can turn a devil into an angel of light, is prayed to turn Pope Julius from one of the worst of his titles into a saint, from a tyrant into a father—"Grant that he may henceforth be drunk only with the Holy Spirit, be ashamed only of shameful things, love nothing but heavenly things," &c. When he

* Oratio ad Christum O. M. pro Julio II. Ligure P. M. a quodam bene docto et Christiano prescripta. Printed in Hutten's Schriften, iv.

died, in February, 1513, satire was let loose. Hutten wrote an epitaph on the shepherd who was a wolf, the dealer in bulls who was himself but a bubble (bulla).* There was also a "Dialogue of the Dead," in which the deceased goes to the gate of heaven, accompanied by his genius. He tries to unlock it, but has only the key of his cash-box about him, not that of the gate of heaven. The noise and knocking bring Peter. The assumption of his pretended successor makes no more favourable impression upon him than his appearance and escort. Julius relates his exploits with pride, and exhibits the glaring contrast between Church and pope, as they actually were, and what they were intended to be. Since Peter seems less than ever inclined to open the door, Julius declares heaven to be in a state of siege, and hopes with the sixty thousand martial souls who will soon arrive from the wars he has occasioned, to be able soon to take it.† Luther liked this, and Erasmus, to his great chagrin, was taken for the author. Both Dialogue and Prayer have also been attributed to Hutten, but both pieces have a smoother rhetoric than his writings. The probable author is also indicated on the title-page of the Dialogue, namely, a certain Faustus Andrelinus of Forli, a poet who was under the protection of Louis XII. of France; and the polemics of the Dialogue are rather from the French than the German point of view.

In 1513, probably while Hutten was in Italy, there appeared a poem with the title, "The Good Man,"‡ accompanied by a curious allegorical picture, of which the poem

* Julii II. Liguris P. M., Epitaphium, Hutteno auctore. Schriften, iii.

† F. A. F. Poetæ Regii, libellus de obitu Julii P. M. Anno Dni. 1513. Hutten's Schriften, iv.

‡ Ulrici Hutteni ex equestri ordine adolescentis, carmen emunctissimum. Vir bonus. 1513. Schriften, iii.

is the interpretation. The picture represents a man with a head with long ears, set upon a serpent's or swan's neck, to indicate that the good man is more ready to listen than to talk. Out of his mouth proceed a lily branch and a sword, the former to indicate the beneficial effect of his words, the latter the force he will use in case words fail. Upon his breast is a lion's head, symbol of strength; one foot is a bear's paw, symbol of stability; the right hand holds a closed purse, while with his left he scatters money abroad, to indicate frugality and generosity, each in their right place. These allegorical features, and the moral common-places, remind us of the youthful poem on virtue, and considering the word "adolescens" on the title-page, which does not occur after that time (in 1513 Hutten was twenty-five), we may suppose that this is a relic of earlier days, now printed by his friends at Erfurt.

A little while before this, "Nobody"* had appeared in print. We do not know whether the poet made this lucky hit when in Germany or Italy. That such it was he knew very well, and he afterwards brought it out again in an enlarged form. We postpone more on this subject till we have accompanied Hutten back to Germany.

We know nothing of the particulars of his return, except that it was probably in 1513. There is a letter of the end of that year addressed to some German prince, probably Albert of Brandenburg, from which it would appear that the writer was not far off; also two notes to Ulrich's cousin Dietrich, from which he seems to have been at Steckelberg. He describes the reception he met with from his family as by no means cheering. Instead of bidding him welcome after his long absence and many misfortunes, they appeared,

* First ed., Ulrici Hutteni Nemo. With the later form in Hutten's Schriften, iii.

with few exceptions, among whom we may reckon his mother, to regard him as a prodigal son who deserved to be fed on swine's husks. As he brought no title with him, they considered that he had been wasting his time. They excused themselves for having left him to himself so long, and for doing nothing then to promote his objects, on the pretext that he had learnt nothing and was nothing.

But favourable prospects seemed to open from another quarter. The Margrave Albert of Brandenburg, brother of the Elector Joachim, had just been elected archbishop of Magdeburg, administrator of Halberstadt, and archbishop of Mayence. He had attracted Eitelwolf vom Stein, Hutten's patron from the time he was at Fulda, from the service of Brandenburg into his own. Eitelwolf intended to take advantage of his new position to promote the revival of letters. In the service of a young prince whom he had interested in learning, he hoped to accomplish on the shores of the Rhine what he had failed in achieving on the banks of the Oder. He intended to reform the University of Mayence, founded by Archbishop Diether von Isenburg in 1477, and to make it a match for any in Europe. The incompetent professors were to be dismissed, the most able men attracted from all quarters. Means would not be wanting, considering Eitelwolf's influence with the generous Elector, and he did not mean to spare his own. Mayence, with its university, was to be the scene of the learned leisure of his old age, when, having renounced all political offices, he should live for study and learned men alone. He was fired by the example of Mutian, and used to speak of him with great admiration.

He at once thought of Hutten. Hutten appears during the following summer and autumn to have been engaged in executing official commissions for the Elector at Erfurt and

Halle. He exercised the functions of a judge, and, to use Böcking's expression, was now "rigidly the man of law." But Hutten had by no means the temperament for a judge, and was not so far wrong when he declined the study of law. If we may trust a confused old Erfurt chronicle, once, when a prisoner was being conducted back to prison without having been convicted, the Commissary of Mayence, "Ulrich von Hotten," exclaimed, gnashing his teeth with rage, "Thou must die according to law, even if thou wert as tall as a tower!" Another case occurred in the course of the same summer, in which Hutten gained no laurels either as poet or judge. He appears to have taken part at Halle in the trial of a baptized Jew, which resulted in his being burnt in September, 1514. The delinquent had played the priest without consecration, as well as doctor, and now under the rack confessed to all sorts of things, possible and impossible; not only to sacrilege and insulting the host, but he asserted that he had seen the host bleed when pricked; that as a doctor he had poisoned Christians and slaughtered Christian children, and had taken bribes from the Jews to poison all the peasants in the dioceses of Magdeburg and Halberstadt. It is not that we blame Hutten for helping to sentence this man to death, for, according to the notions of the age, he richly deserved it. But he wrote a poem of one hundred and nineteen hexameters, on Joh. Pfefferkorn, in which he recounted the bleeding of the host, and such like things, as if he believed in them, whereas he would have treated them, under other circumstances, as priests' fables.*

It was high time to give the new official some employ-

* In sceleratissimam Jo. Pepericorni vitam Ulrici ab Hutten eq. exclamatio. Schriften, iii. Together with the documents relating to the trial.

ment better suited to his powers. An opportunity now occurred which his patron did not fail to take advantage of. In November, the new Electoral Archbishop was to make his solemn entry into Mayence, and Eitelwolf thought that Hutten should give him a specimen of his talents, and thus ensure his favour. He advised him to write a panegyric on the occasion, which Hutten speedily accomplished.* He was not quite so ready to have his poem printed. In the dedication to Eitelwolf he assigns his scruples to the shortcomings of his performance, and it is plain that he feared to incur the reproach of flattery.

The poem represents the festal joy of the Mayencers on the entry of their new ruler, to make way for whom two archbishops have died within a short time. At the death of the old Elector of Brandenburg, Albert Achilles, Mars consoles Germania, by pointing to his three grandsons, Joachim, Albert of Brandenburg, and Casimir of Anspach. At the inauguration of Albert's reign, Father Rhine has invited all the river gods to a festival. He advances up the river in festal array to meet the prince; a costly mantle is suspended from his shoulders, in which the nymphs have woven the history of Germany. The address from Father Rhine to the new Elector contains some good advice as well as fine speeches, which is received by the young prince with blushes and good resolutions. The poet then portrays Albert's character, representing him as a Hercules making choice of virtue, and a pattern to all the bishops of his time.

The prince, whose praises were sung, gave the poet a gracious reception, and made Hutten a present of two hundred gold gulden, through Eitelwolf vom Stein, and

* In laudem reverendissime Alberthi Archepiscopi Moguntini. Ulrichi de Hutten Panegyricus. Schriften, iii.

promised him an office at his court, as soon as with his aid he should have completed the studies broken off in Italy.

Hutten remained some time at Mayence, where besides Stein he had a patron in his relative, the Marshal Frowin von Hutten. They emulated each other in appropriating the promising young man. When Frowin once said in a company of learned men, "That is my Ulrich," Eitelwolf rejoined, "He is mine too!" His relations with the latter were the most intimate, for Frowin, though a patron of learning, was not learned himself. But with Eitelwolf he could talk of what was his forte, and sometimes when Hutten feared to intrude on the busy statesman, he would say, "Come, I will snatch a few hours for our studies." Such men were indeed exceptions to the general rule; most of the cathedral chapter cared far more for dogs and falcons, money and pleasure, than for books and learning. But if one of them had been at Rome, even had he been only in the stable of one of the prelates there, he was unbearable; he wanted to play the connoisseur in learned matters, even though he knew nothing at all about them. In such cases Hutten could not be quiet, and now and often afterwards this involved him in difficulties.

It was at Mayence also that Hutten made the acquaintance of Erasmus, who, in the summer of 1514, was on his way from England to Basle; he returned to England in the following spring, when Hutten again met him at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. For Hutten the meeting with Erasmus was a great event, as it was for Eoban and every other Humanist. He was considered, and really was, the head and leader of the whole party, to which Hutten, as he says, was devoted with religious enthusiasm. Of the personal amiability and the charm of the conversation of Erasmus, Hutten could not say enough; Reuchlin and Busch were

nothing to him. A correspondence was begun, and master and scholar were well pleased with each other, not foreseeing the collision which was one day to take place between them.

Meanwhile Hutten was compelled to do something for his health. In the spring of 1515 he went to Ems, and it seems to have been his intention, if the warm springs restored him, to proceed again to Italy, where he hoped to meet his friend Jacob Fuchs, canon of Bamberg and Würzburg. But while at Ems he received a twofold blow. On the very same day he heard of the death of Eitelwolf vom Stein, and the murder of his cousin, Hans von Hutten, by Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg.

Eitelwolf had for some years suffered from stone. The only advice the doctors could give him was to spare himself, and being an active man he was but little inclined to follow it. He was under fifty when he died. Hutten deeply felt the loss of so wise and revered a patron, and wrote an interesting memorial of him in a letter to Jacob Fuchs, from which we have taken most of the particulars we have given.

CHAPTER V.

MURDER OF HANS HUTTEN BY DUKE ULRICH OF WÜRTEMBERG, AND ULRICH HUTTEN'S AGITATION AGAINST THE DUKE.*

1515—1517.

THE other misfortune, the murder of his cousin, was communicated by the canon of Mayence, Marquard von Hatstein, to his friend Ulrich at Ems. The reader will remember Louis von Hutten, of whom we have spoken as one of the heads of the family, and who was one of Hutten's benefactors when cast off by his father. He had one daughter and four sons, one of the younger of whom he sent, after he had served under the Emperor in the field, to the court of Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg, with whom he was on friendly terms.

Hans was the favourite of his old father; he was a spirited young man, handsome, well-built, and foremost among his comrades in dancing, fencing, and swimming, and always in good humour. He was a treasure to a pleasure-loving prince like Duke Ulrich, who made him master of the horse. In forest and field, over his wine and play, he was always at his side. But they came in contact on a point in which collision is perilous.

* The chief sources for the subject of this chapter are in Böcking's edition of Hutten's Schriften, i., iii., and iv.

The young Franconian's good fortune seemed complete when the fair Ursula Thumb became his bride. Her father, Conrad Thumb, was the first man at the Court of Würtemberg. The duke had created for him the office of hereditary marshal, and given him first a house at Stuttgard and then the castle of Stettenfels, with the village of Gruppenbach from his conquests in the Palatinate. As a young man, the duke had often strolled into the marshal's house; had been fond of visiting the ladies' apartments and joking with the daughter. These visits had not been discontinued after his marriage; for his proud and querulous wife Sabine, who had been forced upon him from political motives, neither could nor cared to gain his affections. Three years after his own marriage, the charming Ursula became the wife of his master of the horse. The young couple lived in the house of the bride's father, where the duke continued to direct his steps. This was hazardous. He became intrusive. The young husband remonstrated. The passionate duke so far forgot himself as to fall at Hans Hutten's feet, and to entreat him, for God's sake, to permit him to love his wife, for he neither could, would, nor should help it.

It is difficult for a prince to forgive any one before whom he has humbled himself, and made himself ridiculous. It was of no use to request silence about this scene; it was soon no secret at court, and the duke found himself exposed to derision. In his perilous position young Hutten needed good advice and turned to his father. He advised him to relinquish his post and come home, and let his father-in-law send his wife after him. But that would give rise to gossip. Another way would be for his father-in-law to put him into some office away from the court, when it was to be hoped the duke might forget it. But Urach, where he pro-

posed to send him, was an occasional ducal residence, and Hutten declined it. His father-in-law, who wished to avoid a breach, advised him to wait and see how the duke would behave; but meanwhile scenes took place between them. Hans had spoken of the matter not only to his father and father-in-law, but to the duke's brother-in-law, Duke Henry of Brunswick, with whom he was not on the best of terms, and to brothers, cousins, and friends. The duke took him to task for this treachery, as he considered it, and called him a faithless wretch, who had treated him as Judas treated the Lord. Hutten then thought best to ask for his dismissal, but this was refused. He would have taken his wife with him, and have talked against the duke. The father now sent his eldest son, Louis, to the duke with a request that his brother might be allowed to ride to Franconia to a family conference. The duke said neither yes nor no. According to the Huttens, he prevailed upon Hans to stay.

On the following day there was to be a ride to Böblingen, and, according to the Huttens, the duke graciously invited Hans to go, while the duke asserted that he went uninvited and in spite of warnings. This does not seem likely, as he was not in armour, had no other weapon than a dagger, and was "on a little insignificant horse," while the duke was clad in mail and well armed. On the way, he sent his retinue forward, and while they were in a wood, desired the servants to stay behind, and then turned upon his former favourite. Whether, as the Huttens said, he took him by surprise, or warned him to defend himself, makes but little difference, considering the duke's advantage over an unarmed adversary. It certainly was not an ordinary duel; the victim attempted to fly; his hat was found at some distance from his body, and five of the seven wounds by which he fell were behind. The duke added insult to the murder;

he wound a belt round Hutten's neck, and fastened a sword to it, which he stuck into the ground. This was to denote hanging, which his knavery deserved. The body was found by the retainers. Duke Henry of Brunswick had it buried, and warned Hans's brother to ride quickly home. The family afterwards wished to have the body disinterred to be buried in the family vault, but the duke refused.

This blow aroused all the family feeling of the Huttens, and they felt themselves to be members of a powerful class. A prince had murdered and insulted a noble;—this inflamed all the bitter feeling of the nobles against the growing power of the reigning princes. Eighteen counts and nobles who held office under the duke relinquished their posts; they grasped the sword and the pen; and for Ulrich von Hutten it was a fine opportunity to distinguish himself as an author. The family held a conference, but Ulrich was not present; he wrote an elegy on the melancholy end of his relative, and sent a letter of condolence to his father.*

Both these compositions show how thoroughly Hutten had profited by his Humanistic studies. The one shows how his mind was imbued with his Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch, including the letter of condolence from Servius Sulpicius to the former; the other, his intimate acquaintance with the poet who sang the early deaths of Daphnis and Marcellus.

The necessity that the Hutten family should hold together as one man, and Ulrich's usefulness when the pen was required as well as the sword, seem to have caused his father to relent towards him; for in July he was riding about near

* Ulrichi de Hutten eq. Germ. in miserabilem Joannis Hutteni gentilis sui interitum deploratio. Schriften, iii. And Ulrichi de Hutten, &c., ad Ludovichum de Hutten eq. auratum super interemptione filii consolatoria. Schriften, i.

home collecting debts. During these rides, or while he was at the paternal castle, Ulrich composed his first oration against the Duke of Würtemberg. The Huttens had issued an address to the Würtemberg Diet, calling upon it to avenge their duke's act, otherwise they must publish it everywhere, and call upon every one to help. In order to give emphasis to this attempt, they convened conferences of the different branches of the family at Spire, Windsheim, Friedberg, and Anspach. Whether Ulrich was present we do not know, nor what share he had in drawing up Louis von Hutten's "Proclamation to the Empire," which, though not published till later, was written at this time. His first oration, however, is only a rhetorical version of this document.

It was expected that Duke Ulrich would be cited to appear for trial by the Emperor, and Hutten composed his oration in the character of counsel for the plaintiff against the duke before the Emperor and empire. He afterwards apologized for the imperfection of his work by saying that he had had no practice in preparing indictments, and was without books. It is plain that he was deeply versed in Cicero's Orations and the Philippics, and he clothed them as it were in flesh and blood. When he wrote elegies and letters of condolence he was not in his element, and adopted a scholastic style; but invective was his forte, and he produced works which are worthy to take their place by the side of the classic models. The Roman naturally has the advantage in purity of language and the art of rhetoric; but in spirit and flow of words, in the art of turning every item to account, in lashing and crushing his foe, in carrying his readers along with him, Ulrich von Hutten against the Duke of Würtemberg is not behind Cicero against Catiline or Clodius.

In the first oration,* after a somewhat playful commencement, in which he says that no expression exists appropriate to the crime which is to be his theme, Hutten bespeaks the sympathy of the judges while he describes, as if they were before his eyes, the grey-headed father, the mourning brothers, the weeping sister, the desolate wife, behind them the Hutten clan, and the Franconian nobles. He then describes the criminal as if present; on his hands and face may be seen traces of the blood of his victim, and from his wild look you may picture to yourself his terrific mien when he perpetrated the crime. The deed for which he is arraigned is the most horrible, the most cruel, the most inhuman, that has ever been committed. The accused is the most reprobate creature on the face of the earth; his crime the quintessence of all other crimes; words fail to characterize it.

The narrative then begins. The friendly relations of Louis Hutten with the duke are described; the sacrifice he made in sparing his son; the son's good conduct and faithful service, acknowledged by the duke himself; their intimacy; the confidence his father had shown in allowing him to choose a wife in the duke's country. But now comes a curious gap in the story; there is not a word about the duke's relations with the wife, and it is just the same in Louis Hutten's proclamation. It might have been in the interests of the wife, whose cause the Huttens then identified with their own, that they thought it best to be silent on this delicate point; but it makes all the rest inexplicable. Still he goes on, the duke had shown no disfavour to young Hutten. (Why should he?) When he refused him leave of absence, it was taken to mean that he could not

* "Ulrichi de Hutten eq. Germ. in Ulrichum VVirtenpergensem oratio prima." Vol. iv. of Hutten's Schriften.

spare him. Louis Hutten also allowed himself this untruth, though he confessed that there had long been correspondence between him and his son about the duke's passion. Then the duke made believe that he would allow Hans to ride home with his brother, only he must first ride part of the way with him; he need not be armed, he was not going far, the road was safe, &c.; of which, however, we must only accept as actual fact that there was nothing in the duke's previous conduct to excite alarm. The vivid and powerful description of what followed is a masterpiece of rhetoric. We are told how the duke sent away one after another of his retinue, how he sought a place for the deed, rode straight across the fields, selected the wood for it, had his spurs and bridle buckled tighter by his servant, while his victim held his horse; then the attack, the unequal combat, the maltreatment of the corpse; how he looked, after the deed, like a criminal pursued by furies, the amazement of his retinue until the riderless and blood-sprinkled steed solved the enigma.

The object of the second part of the oration is to persuade the judges to convict the accused. An extraordinary crime demands extraordinary punishment; life for life, and the law should be alike for all—rank should confer no privilege. Besides, there was the public good to be considered. Before this crime, Ulrich had shown himself to be a mischievous ruler; had excited a popular outbreak by his extravagance (that of poor Conrad), and had put it down with cruelty; the brave Swabians deserved to be delivered from such a tyrant. If his crime went unpunished, order and morality would be at an end, and Germany would forfeit her good name among the nations. The orator then goes off into hyperbole against his foe; he might have painted him black enough if he had kept to truth, but that did not

satisfy him; he apostrophizes his enemy as "Thou blot on the Swabian name! eternal disgrace to thy people, thou monster of cruelty, rage, treachery, &c. Thy sole desire was to outdo all the villains that have ever lived by summing up every crime in one." Duke Ulrich was like any other young prince of reckless character and scanty education, who begins to reign at sixteen, but he was not the monster that Hutten painted him any more than any other man. Had our orator lived twelve years longer, he might have found the prince whom he had helped to depose by the sword of his mouth, after his restoration, a champion of the Reformation from conviction, and fighting in the ranks which Hutten himself finally joined.

As a contrast to this caricature of the duke, the murdered Hans is described as a pattern of perfection. No wonder that his reputation extended throughout Germany, and that his friendship was sought by all. The greatest effect, however, is produced when he makes the shade of the murdered man speak; he gently reproaches his murderer, to whom he had been so attached; petitions that his corpse may be restored to his sorrowing family; breathes a farewell to his country, for which to live and die had been his highest ideal—to his father, his brothers, and the Franconian and German nobles.

One remark must be made, for it is one which will often recur in noticing Hutten's larger, and especially his rhetorical works. In the second part of the oration, after the thread of the story is broken off, there is a want of arrangement. Exhausted points are taken up again, and we sometimes feel as if moving in a circle. There was much passion and power in Hutten's style; words and ideas crowded upon him, and though they were made to subserve a certain general plan they were not sufficiently reduced to order.

His mode of thinking was rhetorical, not logical; he abandoned himself to his feelings, and, carried away himself, he carried his readers along with him. But he never fails to draw up at last, and to conclude with a powerful peroration. So in the case before us; a short summary is given of all the facts of the case, and the Emperor and princes are called upon to convict the criminal; or rather he is convicted already, it only remains to pronounce in words the sentence which has fallen upon him in fact. Every one avoids him, all hate and despise him. Hutten suggests sentence of death, but appears disposed at another place to be satisfied with imprisonment for life.

Neither this nor the following orations were then printed, but Hutten and his fellow-nobles circulated copies of them. They produced an effect, however. The duke heard of them, and the orator would have fared badly if he had fallen into his hands; but it was scarcely to be expected that the Emperor would take steps against the guilty prince. It is well known with what difficulty the imperial power then maintained itself in Germany. Without adequate resources of his own, dependent on the good-will of the states of the empire, and involved in foreign wars, it was Maximilian's policy to hold each class in check by means of the others; not to let any grow too powerful, nor to allow any to sink too low; to lay some under obligations in order to turn them to account against others. Thus he had made Duke Ulrich one of his creatures by consenting to the deposition of his uncle and the exclusion from the throne of his insane father, by declaring him of age prematurely, by confirming his conquests in the Palatinate, and by giving him his niece Sabine, of Bavaria, to wife. He naturally did not want to forfeit the prince's gratitude for these favours by proceeding with severity against him. So when the duke came to him

at Augsburg, not long after the murder, he not only assured him that he would not desert him, but invited him to Vienna to the approaching betrothal of his grandchildren, Ferdinand and Mary. He appointed the Palatinate and Würzburg mediators in the affair, and they were to seek to effect a reconciliation. A declaration was to be made of the innocence and uprightness of Hans von Hutten, and his murder declared to be a misfortune which the duke's hot temper had brought him into, and he was to pay ten thousand florins to the father for the loss of his son, and two thousand for masses for his soul. The Huttens might perhaps have accepted this, or some similar arrangement, had not a further misfortune befallen the duke which made their position more advantageous.

In November, 1515, Duke Ulrich's wife fled, and took refuge with her brothers, the Dukes of Bavaria. The loose nuptial bond had been broken by the commotions which followed the murder of Hans Hutten. During Ulrich's absence at the festivities at Vienna, Sabine had taken measures to inform against him before the Würtemberg Diet. It was suspected that she was conspiring with her brother, Duke William, to depose him and constitute herself regent for her son Christopher, then six months old. After his return, therefore, Ulrich ordered her, as he said, for the sake of economy, to give up her separate court at Urach, and to come to him at Stuttgard; but she did not trust him, and no wonder, if, as the Emperor afterwards wrote, his commands sounded like a threat to hang and quarter her. Her flight was fortunate for the Huttens for two reasons; they might hope to have the dukes of Bavaria with them against the Würtemberger, and that the Emperor would also turn against him for the sake of his niece.

Ulrich von Hutten took advantage of this circumstance,

though not until a year had elapsed, for another rhetorical attack upon the duke. The contents, in a few words, were as follows:—The Emperor and princes will now see what comes of their delay. To one outrage the criminal has added another—the threat upon his wife's life, and so he will go on unless they render him harmless. If they hesitate much longer, he will defy their tribunal at the head of an army, for he was already negotiating with Switzerland and France. The criminal was indeed self-condemned already; for, so says the orator, he is the most miserable of men, suspects everybody, trembles at every sound, sleeping and waking his crime haunts him. The billows of care flow over him, remorse consumes him. But this does not absolve the judges from their office. If the Emperor and princes delay, the subjects of the criminal must bestir themselves. "Up, Swabians, grasp the liberty you long for. You will not suffer a robber and an assassin to be your ruler; you, whose forefathers would not have a king. Put an end then to the tyranny of the bloodthirsty monster; deliver others from terror and yourselves from ignominy; it will be deemed a meritorious act." In another place Hutten says, "He is no longer prince nor noble, German nor Christian: nay, he is no longer a man; for morals and the life, not the bodily form, make the man. He has put off the garb of humanity, and put on that of barbarity, cruelty, and inhumanity."

In the previous oration the contrast to the dark figure of the duke was the murdered Hans; now it was the fugitive wife. "Nothing can be more distinguished than her form, more gentle than her manners, more charming than her society. She has been all grace and sweetness in order to gain her husband's affections." If we only imagine that Hans Hutten was idealized, we know that it was so in this

case. Her form was distinguished certainly, for she was taller than her husband, but she was anything but amiable. She was a masculine woman—hard, proud, and violent. Her husband's complaints of her are credible, for in her fifty-third year she was so furious with her brother about an inheritance, that he had her shut up, and kept her in confinement for some months. Hutten acknowledges to having availed himself in these orations of the usual rhetorical license.

But it was not only for the sake of contrast that Hutten painted Sabine in the brightest colours, but on account of the relations in which her flight to her brothers had placed them and the Huttens. The union between the parties took place in February, 1516. The Huttens now felt themselves to be supported by an adequate power; their orator, therefore, contemptuously rejects all offers of reconciliation; they want not the assassin's gold, but his head and life. Louis von Hutten did not appear at the meeting appointed by the Emperor to arrange the business at Augsburg in August, neither would the Bavarians agree to any settlement. By their advice, Louis von Hutten now published the proclamation about his son's murder, which runs parallel to Hutten's first oration, and it was illustrated by a woodcut. The Huttens and Bavarians prepared to take the matter into their own hands. In September they had nearly one thousand two hundred horse near Wemdingen, in Riess. But Duke Ulrich was not idle. He had a refutation of the Hutten's proclamation drawn up, called out his subjects, and wrote to the princes, nobles, and cities in alliance with them, for help. Thus everything was tending towards war; and now Hutten's third oration comes in, for though, like the second, not written until afterwards in Italy, it assumes to have been delivered at the beginning of September.

What the orator had foretold had come to pass; the criminal now confronts his foes in martial array. Like a true Catiline, he was seeking to smother the firebrand he had ignited in the ruins of the fatherland. It was still in the power of the Emperor and princes to disarm him by their sentence. If once pronounced, the bandits who had joined him would take flight, and he could be led away to his doom. Not that the Huttens could not avenge themselves in case of need. They are thirsting for revenge; and as for the speaker, the endeavour to punish every assassin will only end with his life. But let the princes consider the mischief of intestine war of this sort—the disgrace to the German name if it was said that there was no right in Germany except by might. The Huttens once more addressed them that all might see that they had only taken it into their own hands because they could not get legal redress.

In order to avert the threatened war, the Emperor at length cited the duke to appear before his court at Augsburg in the middle of September, on account of the murder and the quarrel with his wife. Ulrich sought to gain time, and published a proclamation to contradict Louis von Hutten's account of the deed. Although immediately after the murder, he had confessed in writing to the Count Palatine that he was sincerely sorry for it;—although friendly princes had tried to effect a reconciliation on the ground that "it was only an accident occasioned by the Würtemberger's hot temper," now, sixteen months after the event, he retracts all this, and defends the deed as not a murder, but the execution of an evil-doer. Among young Hutten's misdeeds, he had been faithless to the duke after pledging him his word. It is not stated on what subject. Further, he had slandered the duke to persons of high and low degree, and

had fabricated a story that he had sought to dishonour a lady of good repute, of honourable race and name. The duke also mentions having repeatedly remonstrated with the young knight about his undutiful conduct, when he was sometimes penitent, sometimes defiant. But the author of this proclamation, feeling how little all this justified the duke's act, alludes to "several important points in which Hans von Hutten had acted maliciously and treacherously towards the duke, but which he would pass over in order to spare persons of high and low degree."

It was a strange device by which the duke sought to get out of his difficulties. Even if Hans Hutten had been guilty, how could the murder be called an execution? As has been related, after dispatching his victim, he stuck a sword into the ground at the foot of a tree, and fastened it to a belt round the neck of the murdered man. He could scarcely have had any other motive for this than to insult him as one who deserved hanging. But it now occurred to him, or his advisers, that it was the usage of the Westphalian Vehmgericht * to stick a knife in the tree on which a criminal was hung, as a sign that it was a legal proceeding. Ulrich had been like many princes of his time, a judge of the Vehmgericht. But six years before he had induced the Emperor to release him and his subjects from its jurisdiction.

* The Vehm- or Fehmgericht was a tribunal instituted by Charlemagne to maintain some kind of order in his newly conquered dominions. A kind of jury, generally of eminent persons, met in the open air at fixed intervals, and heard complaints against persons too powerful to be dealt with in the ordinary way, and especially against the robber knights. The proceedings of the court were recognised in Westphalia as legal. The criminal was cited four times; if he appeared, he was tried according to the ideas of the time. The Vehm inflicted only one punishment, death, and in only one way—by assassination. Its agents waited till the criminal was off his guard, and then hanged him to the nearest tree, leaving his sentence in writing stuck to the tree with a dagger.—*Tr.*

According to its laws, the criminal must be taken in the act; the execution had to be preceded by a sentence of the court, and three judges had to be present, to say nothing of a man's being plaintiff, judge, and executioner in his own person. But, in defiance of all this, Duke Ulrich now declared that he had intentionally acted towards Hans Hutten as judge, in accordance with the laws of the Vehmgericht.

The prevarication of this vindication was so palpable that the Huttens were soon ready with a rejoinder. It is dated 22nd of September, 1516. They had hitherto been silent as to the relations of the duke with Hans Hutten's wife. The duke had only mysteriously hinted at it, but now the Huttens came out with it. They produced a correspondence between Hans and his father-in-law with old Hutten, which placed the duke's conduct beyond a doubt, and disclosed the fatal scene when he fell at Hans's feet. It was for no other reason, they said, than that he might the better carry out his base designs that he had murdered an innocent man.

Meanwhile the old Emperor seemed at last to be in earnest. When cited to appear at Augsburg in September the duke did not come, and the negotiations with his ambassador were fruitless, as the duke refused to comply with the Emperor's demands that he should retire from the country and government for six years.

On the 11th of October the Emperor pronounced the ban over him, which released his subjects from their allegiance. But at the instigation of the councils of the Palatinate and Würtemberg, the duke made a humble apology to the Emperor, and prayed to be allowed to remain amongst his people. Cardinal Lang interceded in his favour. So ten days after the proclamation of the ban, a treaty was entered

into at Blaubeuren, by which Ulrich was released from it, on condition of the cessation of hostilities on both sides, and that Ulrich should abdicate for six years in favour of a government to be arranged between the Emperor and himself. The Huttens were to be quietly appeased by a sum of twenty-seven thousand guldens, to be paid by Würtemberg into the Emperor's hands.

How this treaty incensed Ulrich von Hutten may be imagined. He entirely ignored it in the third oration, which was written after it took place, and even in the fourth, which was not written till 1517. He could do this with the more propriety as it appears only to have altered the state of things for the moment. The duke broke it immediately, attacked the castles and villages of Dietrich Spät, his wife's adviser, and of Zeisolf von Rosenberg, son-in-law of Louis von Hutten. The country refused to pay the compensation, the Emperor renewed the ban, the parties their preparations, and everything was just as before.

As Hutten's first oration runs parallel to the first proclamation of the family, the fourth runs parallel to the second, and contradicts the duke's vindication. It is the most comprehensive of them all, though hastily composed in a few days. The duke's manifesto was made to be cut up by Hutten. He calls it a document full of contradictions. First, the duke says that young Hutten was oppressed by the consciousness of his misdeeds, and more than once wanted to kill himself or to flee; then, that he mocked at and defied the duke. That he had been warned before the fatal ride, yet had ridden out with the duke unarmed. He had said that Hans was faithless and perjured. What about? Let him state plainly. Then, if Hans Hutten were a criminal, why did not the duke have him publicly tried and condemned? Why a lonely wood and a personal

attack? If it was an execution, why challenge his victim to defend his life? An execution is not a combat, nor a combat an execution. Finally, if he had legally put Hans to death, why did he offer an apology and compensation money to his father? The appeal to the Vehmgericht could on other grounds be very easily refuted.

In their second manifesto the Huttens only briefly alluded to the real cause of the murder, and it is not stated whether the wife favoured the duke's attentions. But in his fourth oration Hutten calls her the Helen of this war, applies the most insulting epithets to her, and says that she had an understanding with the duke before her husband's death. The circumstance that she remained at court afterwards, sufficiently condemned her.

To appear before the Emperor and princes with so inconsistent a defence, amounts, in the orator's opinion, to madness. The duke was relying, not upon his arguments, but upon his preparations for war. Let him make the onslaught; he will find himself deceived. The Swabians are weary of his cruel and corrupt government, and in the rest of Germany he is abhorred. The common people call him the Würtemberg hangman. While he trembles with fear, Ulrich Hutten, whose life he seeks, confronts him fearlessly, and openly declares him to be his irreconcilable enemy. The tyrant pretends to despise him, but he fears his pen, and would give anything if he had never learnt anything. By means of Hutten and his literary friends, he and his deeds will live as they deserve to do. "I envy thee thy fame, thou hangman," says the orator. "A year will be named after thee; a day will be named after thy foul deed. Posterity will read that such a one was born in the year when thou coveredst Germany with shame. Thou wilt have a place in the calendar, thou villain; thou wilt enrich

history. Thy deed is immortal; thy name will be handed down to all times: thou hast attained thy desire." Truly an Eratrostatic immortality, but very appropriate for a monster.

"Thou vilest of bipeds," he once addresses him; "thou delightest in all that is bad, and in nothing good. Thou art utterly depraved. One would think that nature wanted to make in thee a masterpiece of evil."

In a spirited peroration, he challenges the Emperor to proceed against so dangerous a criminal. "Give ear to us, O Emperor! give ear, thou protector of innocence, upholder of justice, guardian of liberty, lover of virtue! Listen, thou successor of Augustus, rival of Trajan, lord of the terrestrial spheres, chief of the human race! Put an end to the universal fear; save what can yet be saved of Germany. Justify thy age, thy reputation, thy renown. Avenge the good, punish the bad. The plaint of the orphan, the blood of the innocent, cries to thee. Let him who has murdered many, and is scheming to murder more, who has robbed wives of their husbands, fathers of their sons, friends of their second selves, Germany of its hopes; who has plundered sanctuaries, laid hands on priests, and robbed temples; who has sold Germany, and sacrificed the lives and property of honest citizens; who has kept his victim from the family grave, and forbids us to mourn for our dead; who is ingenious in cruelty, active in inhumanity;—this murderer, bandit, executioner of the good, this foe of innocence, enemy of gods and men—let him be torn in pieces, crushed, put to death, annihilated, given up to fire and sword, the gallows and the rope. And you, princes and men of Germany, draw out from its scabbard the sword of justice. Let not your arm be weak. It is unworthy, shameful, ruinous to let such a scoundrel escape. Your posterity

will be ashamed of their fathers, who have so degenerated from the virtue of their ancestors. Well, then, either let not posterity know (which is impossible) what crimes have been committed, or (and this depends on you) let it know that they were avenged."

During the rest of the old Emperor's life, he allowed himself, as he once gloomily remarked, to be outwitted by the manœuvres of Duke Ulrich, and his new chancellor, Volland. How Hutten continued his contest with the duke, and saw the day of vengeance at last, we shall see by-and-by.

CHAPTER VI.

HUTTEN'S SECOND JOURNEY TO ITALY. 1515—1517.

IT has already been mentioned that Hutten met with a very chilling reception from most of his friends on his return home. Instead of being honoured he was ridiculed and despised. The times had so far changed that the nobles now recognised the legal profession as one that might be tolerated in a member of their class, besides the usual chivalric, military, and clerical careers. Besides the canon law, they studied the Roman or imperial law, which at that time was more and more introduced into Germany, took the doctors' degree, and made their fortunes as councillors, chancellors, &c., at the imperial or princely courts. This was the career which the elder Hutten had in view for his son after he declined the Church. But now, after a short time, Ulrich had again taken to his nonsense (*nugæ*), as the old man called it, even before he left Italy, and instead of coming back doctor or master of arts, had come back as nothing and nobody. He had cast off his nobility by his ignoble studies, and had not gained any other distinction. The family availed themselves of his pen in the feud with the Duke of Würtemberg, without altering their opinion about his studies in general.

This "nothing and nobody" which Hutten had so often to hear and feel, reminded him of the poetical jest which

he had thrown off during his first Italian journey. He looked up his "Nobody," worked it up, and added a prose dedication to his friend Crotus. The Nobody is as the Greek word * on the title-page and an epigram prefixed to the first edition show, the Homeric Οὔτις with which Ulysses mocked the Cyclops. It figures in the second part of the poem as the standing excuse of good-for-nothing servants; whatever they break or spoil, Nobody has done it. But this part, even in the first edition, is preceded by another, more epigrammatic, the wit of which consists in the ambiguity with which Nobody is at first represented as a real person, of whom incredible things are said, and then gives place to the mere negation. Nobody was before the creation of the world; nobody can do nor knows everything, nobody lives for ever, nobody is exempt from errors and mistakes, nobody is wise when in love, nobody can serve two masters, &c.

The second edition is improved and enlarged; verses are inserted which have a moral or political sting, such as: "Nobody gets up in the world by means of pure morals; nobody puts the public good before his own; nobody can be both a good man and a courtier; nobody can make one hat cover all the Germans; nobody can keep off the Turks; nobody comes to the aid of the groaning Italians and frees the city of Quirinus from the dominion of the priests; nobody ventures to find fault with the luxury and idleness of the clergy or the Pope." This is no longer the harmless wit of a young scholar, but the ideas of one who has seen the world and thought over the affairs of men.

The only allusion to Hutten's personal affairs in the new edition is that nobody gives the student his deserts. He met with this nobody, he tells his friend Crotus, on his return home. Then in allusion to the common opinion of

* "Οὔτις, Nemo." Schriften, iii. "Dedication to Crotus," i.

him, he calls himself nobody. His friend complains that he has not written to him for a year; how can anything be expected from one who is nothing? The multitude are ruled by those who think of nothing but rank and title; they do not care what a man knows, but only whether he is Doctor or Master of Arts. He, for his part, will sooner remain "nothing" for ever, and now and then make merry with his friend over the follies of men, than be turned a span from his purpose.

But the old lord of Steckelberg would not give up his purpose of one day seeing his son an influential lawyer. He opened his coffers to him on condition that he would go again to Italy and Rome and resume his legal studies. The Archbishop Albert of Mayence also gave him assistance for the journey. Among the older generation of Humanists the combination of legal and philological studies was not unusual. The latter gave a man no position as a citizen, so he called in the aid of the former. Thus Reuchlin was at first Assessor of the Würtemberg Court of Justice, then Judge of the Swabian Confederation, and called himself even on the title-pages of his philological and theological works Legum Doctor; and Wilibald Pirckheimer was considered as great a lawyer as a philologist. But the younger men would no longer consent to this combination. They wanted to base their lives on Humanist studies alone, of which however they often had to repent. Thus one fine morning Eoban Hesse sold the law-books with which his bishop had furnished him for his studies at Leipzig, and went back to Erfurt to devote himself entirely to the *belles-lettres*. But in order to get bread for his family he was before long compelled to study medicine.

It went sorely against Hutten to comply with the wishes of his friends, but he set out with several companions in the

autumn of 1515. He would have liked to go by way of Basle, where Erasmus then was, in order to see him again, but his companions preferred another route, and he wrote a letter to him from Worms, amidst the noise of the guests at the inn, in which he enthusiastically expressed his admiration for the sublime master. It was unfortunate that circumstances had kept them apart when he would have liked to attach himself to him like Alcibiades to Socrates. Erasmus was, in fact, the German Socrates, and had done as much for the culture of the Germans as Socrates for that of the Greeks. Whether he would have been so fortunate as to please such a man he did not know, but he would not have been quite unworthy to serve him, and it would have been no dishonour to Erasmus if a German knight had devoted himself to him. He would especially have liked to study Greek at his feet; he had thought of going to him, and perhaps of accompanying him to England, and would greatly have preferred it, not only to the court life which was unfortunately to be his calling, but also to the journey to Italy, where the troublesome generosity of his friends had sent him for the sake of legal studies. Should Erasmus come to Italy, nothing should prevent him from breaking his legal prison to come to him. He then asks for an introduction to a learned magnate at Rome, for whom, however, he wished to perform literary services, not those of a stable-boy. This was not seldom the career of the "courtezans,"* as Hutten called them, and to whom he was afterwards so strongly opposed, namely, German ecclesiastics who went to Rome in early youth, put up with the most menial offices about the court, to return with the expectation of German benefices and the most ultramontane views.

* The term "benefice-hunters" has been subsequently adopted in the translation.—*Tr.*

We do not know what route Hutten took to Rome unless we conjecture that it is preserved in one of the letters in the second part of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," of which, as we shall presently see, he was the chief author. The one or two points we know of Hutten's route agree remarkably with what Magister Wilhelmus Lamp reports of his in the "Letters of Obscure Men." Starting from Steckelberg, Hutten must have gone through Mayence as well as the Magister from Cologne. We know from his letter to Erasmus that he passed through Worms, and since he did not go to Basle, Augsburg would also be his course, and the time given in Lamp's letter agrees with that of Hutten to Erasmus. From Augsburg, Lamp went by way of Landsberg and Schongau to Innsbruck, where he fell in with the Emperor with a numerous retinue; then over the Brenner, already covered with snow, to Trent, where he witnessed the Imperial preparations for war, which Hutten mentions having seen, in an epigram written at Rome. Between Verona and Mantua the Magister was detained by the Venetian forces, and Hutten may have arrived at Bologna about, if not precisely, at the time of the meeting of the Pope with the King of France in December, 1515, which Lamp professes to have done. It is also very probable that, like his "obscure" counterpart, he pursued his way through Florence and Siena. Considering the bad roads and various hindrances, Magister Lamp can hardly have reached his journey's end before the spring, which agrees with Hutten's arrival at Rome during Lent. He spent there part of the summer of 1516.

Hutten has given us the impressions made upon him by papal Rome in several epigrams in hexameters, which he sent to his friend Crotus Rubianus in Germany. The first concludes with the words, "Renounce thy desire to see

Holy Rome, my friend; what thou seekest at Rome is to be found there no longer."

In another he expresses himself very strongly about the way in which everything, especially indulgences, is to be bought at Rome: "You may live from plunder, commit murder and sacrilege, break the laws as you will; your talk may be shameful, your actions criminal; you may revel in lust and deny God in heaven—but if you do but bring money to Rome, you are a most respectable person. Virtue and heavenly blessings are bought and sold at Rome. You may even buy the privilege of sinning in future. You would then be crazy to be good; sensible folks will be wicked."

In reference to Mayence, where the finances were severely trenched upon by the purchase of palls in consequence of the deaths of several archbishops in quick succession, he exclaims: "Your bishop is dead. Now, my countrymen, you must have a new pall; only bring gold enough, and Simon of Rome will give you one. And thou, Simon of Rome, mayest sell palls in peace so long as Germany has no brains and shuts her eyes to the scandal."

By degrees Hutten made many literary acquaintances at Rome. The reverence which he expressed for Erasmus, the new editions of whose works he took with him and exhibited, brought him many friends, as he afterwards wrote to Erasmus, and it need not be taken as a mere compliment.

But annoyances were not wanting. From an allusion in Hutten's fourth oration against Duke Ulrich, an ambassador from the Court of Würtemberg at Rome was plotting against him; and afterwards, when he was at Bologna, Wilibald Pirckheimer thought it necessary to warn him against assassins in the duke's pay. It is difficult to discover how much truth there was in this, but a real danger soon arose connected with changes in the political world.

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Since Maximilian, now no longer young, had been confronted by a fiery and younger monarch, Francis I. of France, instead of Louis XII., the affairs of Italy had been getting more critical. In the very first summer of his reign Francis had crossed the Alps in order to regain Milan, lost by his predecessor; he had succeeded at the battle of Marignano, September, 1515. But now the Emperor began to arm. Hutten (taking the route of Magister Lamp in the "Epist. Obsc. Viror." as his) had found everything in commotion at Trent and Verona, and heard the firing of the Venetians at Mantua. If the present Pope, like his predecessor, fanned the flame of war, there were terrible times in store for Italy. This is the gist of Hutten's "Prognosticon" for the year 1516, a little poem in hexameters addressed to Pope Leo X., which must have been written at this time. Astrologically and politically, it is stated, everything portends war and ruin for Italy; the Emperor, France, and Venice in arms again; let the Pope pray the gods for peace that Christendom may spend its forces against the Turks, and be able to reconquer the Holy Land and Sepulchre.

In the spring of 1516 the Emperor advanced into Lombardy, but soon retreated, deceived by the French, and, as usual, in want of money. The Italians made fine sport of him. There were jests about him at the theatres, pasquinades and caricatures appeared about him; he was represented riding on a crab, with the motto, "Tendimus in Latium." Candles were lighted at mid-day to search for him. The French in Italy were greatly elated at the success of their young King. Hutten wrote two epigrams on the subject, which he seems to have sent to Eoban Hesse, but they were afterwards incorporated in his book of epigrams to the Emperor.

The boastfulness of the French on the one hand, and

Hutten's German heart and hot head on the other, were sure to lead to some collision. One day he was riding with an acquaintance to Viterbo just as an ambassador from the King of France to the Pope was passing through. Five Frenchmen, perhaps part of his suite, were making fun of Maximilian. Hutten took up the cudgels for his Emperor. From words it came to blows; the five fell upon their one opponent, whose companion left him in the lurch. Hutten drew his sword, stabbed the one who was nearest to him, and put the rest to flight. Not without reason, he thought this a valiant exploit, enshrined it in six epigrams, which he sent to Crotus, boasted of it to the Emperor in the third of his orations against Duke Ulrich, and related it to his friends when he returned to Germany, who had already heard of it from his letters and epigrams. The more Hutten devoted himself to study, the more desirous he was to be esteemed also as a knight and a soldier, and none of his portraits afterwards pleased him so well as the one which represented him in arms.

This chivalrous exploit, however, naturally brought upon him the enmity of all the French in Rome, and he found it advisable to remove to Bologna, where he had made some valuable acquaintances during his first stay in Italy. Here he lived with the canons of Würzburg, Jacob Fuchs and Frederic Fischer.

Hutten had devoted himself chiefly to legal studies at Rome, and, though very unwillingly, gave most of his time to them at Bologna. He afterwards looked back on these studies as a bitter potion, and reckoned the four years nearly which he spent in Italy as almost lost time.

But while thus conforming to the wishes of his family, he did not lose sight of his own schemes. He found his knowledge of Greek imperfect, and at Bologna he and some other

young Germans took lessons from a Greek named Tryphon, with whom he read Lucian and Aristophanes. The imitation of the Roman bad habit of interspersing letters and even poems with Greek phrases and stanzas dates from this Grecian zeal. The study of Lucian and Aristophanes, however, was an epoch in Hutten's authorship.

The impression made by Hutten on Johann Cochläus, who was tutor to three young Germans at Bologna, is worthy of note, for while he could appreciate Hutten, the difference in their characters kept them at the distance which favours observation. This man, whose real name was Johann Dobneck, from Wendelstein, and Latinised the latter as Cochläus, was one of those who originally belonged to the liberal Humanistic party, and were at first favourable to Luther, but were soon repelled from the contest; frightened by danger on the one hand, and enticed by advantages on the other, they turned more and more away from the Reformation, and at length, without breaking their ties with the Humanists, became its most zealous opponents. Cochläus blamed Germany for neglecting a man of Hutten's talents and patriotism. He specially admired his sparkling wit and talent for satire, and saw in him, even before he had written one of his Dialogues, a second Lucian. But still the young noble did not altogether please him. He was too sharp and bitter, and wanted repose and gentleness. He feared that his German plain-speaking would bring him into danger, and thought that his friends should try to moderate him. In personal intercourse he disliked his vehemence. For the sake of peace he would pocket an affront; but after Hutten's departure he confided to his patron, Pirckheimer, that he and Hutten would be better friends at a distance. It was just the same as we have seen with Mutian, and as we shall see with Erasmus; so also with Melanchthon. So it is to

this day with Erasmic and Melanchthon-like characters; they admire but do not like Hutten; he is uncongenial to them. The mediocre portraits which we have of him do not show it any more than they indicate his mental powers; but contemporaries assert that there was something austere and even wild in the pale face of this slim, insignificant-looking man, with light hair and dark beard, and that his conversation was often cutting and repellent.* This was not incompatible with a winning pleasantness sometimes, and in some moods. But it required a vigorous and somewhat martial nature to find Hutten as Eoban Hesse did, "altogether lovable." But we must return to our knight's studies at Bologna. He found time for writing poetry, as well as for perfecting himself in Greek. In July, 1516, he sent his poetical epistle from Italy to Maximilian to his friend Nicolas Gerbel, at Strasburg. In September Cochläus sent Hutten's satirical poem, "Marcus," to Pirckheimer, and the poem on the fishing of the Venetians dates from the same period. These poems are of the same nature as the "Exhortation to the Emperor" and the epigrams before mentioned. "Marcus," and the poem on the fishing, are directed against Venice, which is threatened with the Emperor's vengeance, while the Epistle is an appeal to him to restore German honour and supremacy in Italy.

The two first of these poems † treat of one and the same thing—the rise and pride of Venice, and were suggested by

* There are various woodcuts of Hutten in his works; for instance, in the "Phalarismus," the "Gesprächbuchlein," the "Conquestiones," and "Expostulatio." That in the last is probably the best. Böcking thought he had found a genuine portrait of Hutten in the Museum at Berlin by Albert Dürer, and reproduced it in his edition of Hutten's works. But the picture and the whole collection are now said to be spurious.

† "De piscatura Venetorum," heroicum, and "Marcus," heroicum. Schriften, iii.

Venetian vain-glory in a poem by Sabellicus. Both are in a different form from the usual one, and it may be conjectured, that after Hutten had treated the subject in his usual style, it had occurred to him, perhaps in reading the Homeric "Batrachomyomachy," that they would be more effective in the form of allegorical parody on this Greek model.

Hutten confesses that he stole three days from his legal studies to write the poetical epistle from the Lady Italia to Maximilian.* In vain did France and Venice woo her with brilliant promises, she would fain be made great and free by the Emperor, as of yore. She is a bride worth fighting for, but how is she neglected! (Then follows a caustic description of the state of Rome.) By the renown of his race, by the dignity of the empire, by the gods who have assigned him his exalted position, by the bones of his father, and the welfare of his grandson Charles, she adjures him to tarry no longer. Hutten sent this poem to Gerbel, and wrote to Richard Crocus, an Englishman who was teaching Greek at Leipzig, that he had better get a copy of it, and, if he could find time, answer it in Maximilian's name, for he wished that some one else should do that. Hutten's old friend Eoban Hesse undertook it, and before long had the Epistle and the Reply printed together. Her letter, the Emperor tells the beautiful Italia, has quite inflamed him.

"Murmur no longer: impatient my steed paws the ground till we start."

But he did not come, and before long had to give up Verona to the Venetians for a sum of money.

These three poems were not the only occasional labours for which Hutten found time at Bologna. It was there

* "Epistola ad Maximilianum Cæsarem Italiæ fictitia," &c. Schriften, i. "The Emperor's Reply," by Eoban, the same.

that he composed his third and fourth Orations against Duke Ulrich. And now the writings of Lucian which he read with his master incited him to a new work. In Lucian's works he made acquaintance with dialogue, and it must have specially commended itself to his lively, social character. It afforded scope for the poetic element in his nature, yet concealed his shortcomings as a poet. He eagerly adopted it; and it was in this form that he produced his best and most effective writings.

As far as form is concerned, Hutten's authorship may be divided into three periods. First, the poetical, from his earliest epigrammatic and elegiac attempts in 1506-7, to the "Epistle from Italia," in 1516. The process against Duke Ulrich induced him, after 1515, to throw himself into the rhetorical form, and he cultivated also the epistolary style. After 1517 he adopted the dialogue, though he sometimes recurred to invective. Latin poems become more rare, but we find not a few German rhymes after he began to write in German. Of this by-and-by.

Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead" have often been imitated, and Hutten had not far to seek for a subject. His murdered cousin and his father, who had died not long before; the princely assassin, who unfortunately was not yet in the other world. In one of his dialogues, Lucian represents a tyrant who was dead brought into the nether regions; Hutten makes the living tyrant descend thither to ask the advice of Phalaris. This is the situation in the Dialogue "Phalarismus,"* which was printed in 1517, while the Orations were only circulated in manuscript.

The dialogue consists of two scenes, the first of which takes place on the shores of the Styx, between Charon,

* "Phalarismus," dialogus Huttenicus. Mense Martio, 1517. Schriften, iv.

Mercury, and the "tyrant." Upon Charon's astonished inquiry how he came to bring a living man there, Mercury explains that Phalaris, who had long been dead, animated by the desire to see tyrants in Germany, where they had hitherto been unknown, had appeared to this Swabian prince (real names are avoided), and given him the necessary instructions. Charon then asks, "Can this, then, be the tyrant of whom lately the shade of a young Franconian noble, and soon after, that of his father, were complaining?" "This is he," answers Mercury; and then a contest arises between Charon and the tyrant, who, with his accustomed pride, refuses to take an oar, which however they compel him to do.

Conducted by Mercury, the tyrant arrives at the second scene, in the Valley of Rocks, where his exemplars are assembled. Phalaris, whom he greets as his master, is delighted to see his pupil, who tells him how he has profited by his instructions, and finally relates the murder of Hans Hutten. Phalaris congratulates his pupil, for he had not himself gone so far as to murder friends, but had confined himself to those whom he suspected. The tyrant goes on to say that he had escaped vengeance for this murder by a treaty, which he did not abide by; but under pretext of recovering his wife, who had fled to her brothers, made preparations for war. In case of victory, he intended to give vent to his animosity, and he was come to ask hints from his master. Phalaris recommends his brazen bull, and other classical contrivances. It is a pity that he cannot read the histories of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, in the original, but he might have them translated. Quartering, flaying, and putting salt or vinegar on the flesh, cutting off hands, feet, tongues, &c., were not bad methods. Some of these he had already practised, answers the

scholar, and had had his arms, the stag's horn, burnt in upon the cheeks of some persons. Not to believe in any gods, to persecute the most worthy people, suggests Phalaris. That he had long done, was the answer. After such discourse, Phalaris introduces his visitor to the tyrants around him, from Astyages and Cambyses to Domitian; shows him also his uncle, Eberhard II., who is amusing himself with a pet monkey, and Mercury conducts him back to the upper world.

As may be imagined, this biting satire on a still-powerful prince gave great offence in many quarters. At Würzburg, where the bishop was on friendly terms with Duke Ulrich, the "Phalarismus" was torn to pieces in the market-place by the canon, Peter von Aufsäss, for which the aggrieved author sharply reprimanded him in a printed letter.

The consciousness of the hazard involved in publishing such a work caused Hutten to exchange the tame Humanistic motto which he had hitherto employed, with sundry variations, for those words of Cæsar's which have since been connected with Hutten's memory. Conscious of the purity of his aims, he had previously loved to subscribe his writings, "Sinceriter citra pompam," to which he sometimes added, "Zelo virtutis." On the title-page of the "Phalarismus" stands, for the first time, "Jacta est alea." At first he sometimes went back to his old motto, but after 1520, when he had entered upon the great contest with Rome, the cast die had acquired significance, and was henceforth, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in the German form, "Ich hab's gewagt"—"I have ventured it"—the standing motto of our hero. It was now and then strengthened with other words of similar import.

But we must return from this digression to Hutten at Bologna. He was not delivered from his usual plagues,

illness and strife. He had scarcely recovered from an illness in 1516 when disturbances broke out among the students. He was chosen spokesman for the Germans, and thought he had spoken with moderation, but the stadtholder thought otherwise, and Hutten found it best to leave the place. An incautious word had also brought him into trouble from another quarter. He spoke of Francis Maria, whom Leo X. had deposed in favour of a nephew, as the Duke of Urbino. But this was forbidden by the Pope, and so Hutten had practically fallen under the ban.

He first went to Ferrara, where he made acquaintance with Nicolas Leonicenus, then in his eighty-ninth year, the last of the race of the great Italian Humanists of the fifteenth century. Hutten did not long remain here, for two of his cousins, who were intending to sail for the Holy Land, summoned him to Venice. Here it was shown that the bond between the Humanists in all countries was stronger than national and political animosities. Hutten had expressed himself in his writings as most unfriendly to Venice; but it was then a centre of Humanistic aspirations, and he met with a more flattering reception there than anywhere else on his travels. On the news of his arrival, young men from the best families showed him about the city, and introduced him to their acquaintances. His collection of books was also enriched.

The cousins who had summoned him to Venice tried to persuade him to accompany them to the East, for these pilgrimages were not yet out of fashion, but he was dissuaded from this fantastic expedition by Crotus Rubianus. His position at Fulda had been by no means brilliant, and he had undertaken the office of tutor to two young nobles, and accompanied them to Italy, where, as it appears, they met with Hutten at Venice. Hutten returned to Bologna,

remained there for a few days in privacy, in order to avoid being waylaid, and at the end of June set out for Germany.

Cochläus gave him letters to Pirckheimer at Nuremberg, and to various acquaintances at Augsburg and Ingolstadt. It is noteworthy that it was at the house of Cochläus, just before his departure, that he saw the work of Laurentius Valla on the fictitious gift of Constantine, with the publication of which Hutten began his campaign against Rome. Cochläus, though timid about the publication, fully agreed with the contents of the work. To this subject we shall recur. We must now no longer delay to give a connected account of the Reuchlin contest in which Hutten had taken part, and especially while he was in Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

REUCHLIN'S CONTEST WITH THE COLOGNE THEOLOGIANS, AND HUTTEN'S SHARE IN IT. 1511—1517.

AMONG those who helped to raise men's minds out of the mists of the departing Middle Ages into a purer air, and combated ignorance and scholasticism by opening up the new sources of culture in thorough knowledge of the ancient languages—in a word, among the Fathers of Humanism, Johann Reuchlin,* or—as his name was Grecianised—Capnion, took, about the close of the fifteenth century, a prominent place. Hutten only expressed the general opinion when he called Reuchlin and Erasmus the two eyes of Germany, and said that it was due to them that the Germans had ceased to be a barbarous nation. They were revered almost as supernatural beings. Those who were intimate with Mutianus Rufus and his more retired labours were disposed to connect his name with those of these two great men, but with his somewhat ironical modesty he declined the honour.

Reuchlin was born in 1455 at Pforzheim, and was twelve years older than Erasmus. His fame not only preceded that of Erasmus, he took the position of a pioneer, of a

* "Joh. Reuchlin, sein Leben and seine Werke." Leipzig, 1871, by L. Geiger.

venerabilis inceptor. He was the first learned man in Germany of the modern school, and was also the first who mastered the whole range of the erudition of those times. In this respect, even among those who afterwards surpassed him, he had few followers. Even Erasmus was only "the marvel with two languages," while Reuchlin was the marvel with three.

Besides Latin, which he helped to purify, he learnt Greek from learned Greeks, and Hebrew from Jews. He helped to naturalise the study of Greek in Germany, but he founded that of Hebrew in modern Europe. His work "De Rudimentis Hebraicis," 1506, dictionary and grammar in one, although mainly derived from old Judaic grammarians and lexicographers, was the first system of the Hebrew language which had originated on Christian soil, and he was fully entitled to say, with Horace, at the end of the work, "Exegi monumentum," &c. Then these feats of learning were only the fruits of his leisure hours. He was only an amateur philologist, for it was by the law that he gained his living, and he did not always speak of it with respect. Erasmus was more favourably situated. He was brought much more into contact with princes and great men than Reuchlin, and managed to live by his studies and authorship without any special calling. No wonder, then, that he surpassed his elder comrade in fertility, and therefore in influence and fame. In fame also, because his study of the two classic languages fell in with the Humanistic tendencies of the age, while Reuchlin was singular in his fancy for the barbaric Semitic tongue, and Erasmus wrote Latin with an elegance very different from Reuchlin's inartistic style.

Besides this, the two men, who are often regarded as representatives of the same principles, were even on this common ground a contrast to each other. First, in externals; the

slim, insignificant-looking Erasmus, always careful of his delicate health, was a striking contrast to the stalwart form of Reuchlin, who, temperate as he generally was, could stand an occasional outbreak. He once sat up far into the night with his friend Johann Wacker, of Heidelberg, in order to taste all his wines, and was nearly changing clothes with him in the mental fogginess of the next morning. Straightforwardness and openness were as conspicuous in Reuchlin as adroitness and reticence in Erasmus. The one could storm and scold, and in these moods overstep the bounds of justice and propriety, but his thrusts and blows were innocuous compared with the pricks and stabs dealt out in polemics with all politeness by the other. In courage Reuchlin was no hero; he was by nature timid, and more than once succumbed to threats of danger; still, on the main point, it was his firm attitude which gave rise to the contest in which he appears as so tragic a figure. We cannot conceive of Erasmus involved in any such conflict; he would have adroitly contrived to avoid it. They also differed intellectually; the younger man was a cool, ironical spirit; his way of looking at things, if the expression will not be misunderstood, was rationalistic, and he aimed at perspicuity; the elder, with equal powers of mind and not inferior learning, was a mystic soul with a subtle attraction to hidden depths. His liking for Hebrew and for the Jewish books was connected with this, and it involved him in the conflict we are about to describe.

Reuchlin's interest in Hebrew was in the first place a philological one in the peculiar construction of the language. The necessity of a knowledge of it for the study of the Old Testament added the theological interest. But Hebrew was also for Reuchlin the language in which God himself and the angels had spoken, the sacred language

above all others. And in this tongue God not only spoke that which is open to all in the books of Moses and the rest of the Scriptures, but there was also a hidden teaching by angels to Adam, the patriarchs, and Moses, preserved in the later Jewish writings. Reuchlin was prepared for this mysticism. He had studied the systems of Greek philosophy, and had been especially attracted to the Pythagorean system in its later form. In a work of 1515, he says that he, Capnion, intends, with the assistance of the angels, to present to Germany the Pythagorean philosophy, as Marsilius Ficinus founded the Platonic philosophy in Italy, and Faber of Étaples had restored the Aristotelian in France. Reuchlin had had a forerunner in this project in an Italian, Count John Picus, of Mirandula, and although they came but cursorily into personal contact, he greatly influenced Reuchlin's ideas. Picus was a mystical eclectic, who, in Neo-Platonic style, sought to combine, not only Platonism and Pythagoreanism, but also the Jewish mysticism, the so-called Cabbala, and to turn the combination to account in favour of Christianity.

In this attempt Reuchlin trod in the footsteps of Picus. In his work "On the Miraculous Word" ("Vom wunderthätigen Worte"), 1494, are the words: "God is love, man is hope, the bond between them is faith. By an indescribable union they can be so combined, that the human God and the divine Man are to be henceforth considered as but one Being. This union is effected by the miraculous Word, the mystic names, Jehova and Jesus." Reuchlin evolved the most complicated phantasies out of this pure mysticism. In the Pythagorean system numbers, in the Rabbinical letters, play a great part. Reuchlin beheld mysteries in every word, every letter, and even every point, in the Old Testament. He taught Laurenz Behaim, canon of Bamberg,

at Rome to find the seventy-two unutterable names of God in a single verse of Exodus. In the three letters which compose the Hebrew word in the first verse of Genesis which indicate the divine act of creation, he found the Trinity. In Proverbs xxx. 31, a prophecy (which was certainly not fulfilled) that after Maximilian, Frederic of Saxony would be Emperor. Erasmus assigned such attempts their right place in his "Praise of Folly." But it is plain that Reuchlin must have placed a great value on the later Jewish writings in which this sort of wisdom is to be found.

Apart from this, however, Reuchlin's philological studies of the language of the Old Testament were intended to be entirely in the interests of religion, directed not only against scholasticism, but also against the profane direction which Humanism had taken, especially in Italy. But it was impossible to avoid collision with traditional interpretations. Reuchlin honoured his predecessors, but would not be bound by any authority. "St. Jerome," he wrote, "I revere as an angel, and esteem Nicolas of Lyra as a teacher, but truth I adore as a god." It may be imagined that Reuchlin had a very poor opinion of the translation of the Bible called the Vulgate, made with such scanty knowledge of the original languages. But the Vulgate had long supplanted the original in the Western Church. The knowledge of it had been lost in the Middle Ages; the clergy only knew the Bible through the Vulgate; dogmas and usages had been based on its errors. In attacking the Vulgate, therefore, Reuchlin seemed to be attacking the Church itself; and as he derived his emendations from the instructions and writings of Jews, it was easy to suspect his Christianity, even without the occasion for it which we have to narrate.

Reuchlin had passed his fiftieth year, and began to long for repose. He had gone through a good deal; in his younger days he had resided in France and travelled in Italy, had been employed in important affairs of State, been ennobled by the Emperor Frederic III., and had been honoured by the friendship of one of the best of German rulers, Duke Eberhard of Würtemberg. He had been obliged to flee from his unworthy successor, had returned after his deposition, but could take no pleasure in the noise and riot of the young Duke Ulrich's court. So, as the office of judge to the Swabian Confederation, which he had held since 1502, only claimed his attention occasionally, he retired to a little property not far from Stuttgard, where he pursued his studies and indulged his fancies, such as rearing white peacocks.

In the summer of 1509, a baptized Jew from Cologne came to Reuchlin at Stuttgard with a singular project.* After trying in vain to persuade his brethren in the faith to be converted, he had hit upon another plan. In a number of addresses (he must have got help from the theologians of Cologne in the Latin ones) he called upon rulers and people either to convert the Jews by force, or to banish them and burn their books. As this also failed, in 1509 he rode to the Emperor Maximilian, then in the field, and in the camp before Padua extorted from him and his corrupt secretaries a mandate to all the Jews in the empire, requiring them to exhibit all their books which are contrary to the Christian religion, or to their own laws, "to our and the empire's faithful Johann Pfefferkorn" (this was his name), "as one well versed and grounded in their faith," and he was empowered, with the concurrence of the priest and two magis-

* The Chronicle of the contest is to be found in Böcking, "Hutteni Operum," Supplem. ii.

trates in every place, to take away these books and suppress them.

Pfefferkorn now showed this mandate to Reuchlin, and requested him to ride with him to the Rhine and to help him to carry it out. But Reuchlin did not admire either the man or his project. He pleaded that he was too busy, and, besides, the mandate was wanting in some formalities, which as a lawyer he pointed out, and as the Jew wanted to have what was wanting in writing, he tore "a scrap off a piece of paper" and wrote them down.

The fellow then departed; but Reuchlin was not to be let off so easily. In August, next year, he received an imperial mandate through the Elector Uriel of Mayence, to give his opinion "whether it would be good, praiseworthy, and beneficial to our holy religion, to destroy such books as the Jews used, besides the books of the Ten Commandments of Moses, the Prophets, and the Psalter of the Old Testament?" It was desired, therefore, to consider the subject more maturely, Pfefferkorn having set about it too fiercely in Frankfort and the neighbourhood on the strength of the first mandate. But it was no longer a question of destroying pernicious books, but all the books of the Jews except the Bible, to such an extent had the scheme been carried by the intrigues of Pfefferkorn and the Dominicans of Cologne. Besides Reuchlin, the Dominican prior and inquisitor, Jacob Hochstraten of Cologne, Victor von Carben, formerly a rabbi, now a Christian priest, were required to give an opinion, as well as the universities of Cologne, Mayence, Erfurt, and Heidelberg.

Reuchlin's opinion, or "advice whether all the books of the Jews shall be taken from them and burnt," given at Stuttgard, 6th November, 1510, is a proof of the clearness of his understanding, the integrity of his character, and the

moderation of his views. It is obvious that he desired that the Jewish books should be preserved, not only on account of their literary value and the rights of their owners, but also on account of the mysteries he assumed that they contained; which is only to say, that, as is generally the case in human affairs, some illusions were mixed up with the good work which he did.

Reuchlin said that much might be said on both sides of the question, but in order to arrive at a conclusion the Jewish books must be divided into classes. Firstly, there was the Old Testament, which was out of the question; secondly, the Talmud, a collection of expositions of the Mosaic law of various periods. No one who did not understand the language in which it was written could say that this ought to be burnt. This was aimed at the Cologne theologians and Pfefferkorn. He had not been able to get a copy of it, and knew it only from refutations. To judge from these, there may be many things in it contrary to Christianity. But it was the very faith of the Jews that Christ was not God, and it cannot be considered any insult to us; and many good things had been preserved in the Talmud which it would be a wholesome exercise to separate from the bad. Thirdly, the Jews possessed the "great mystery of the speech and words of God," called the Cabbala. This was Reuchlin's special favourite, and he agreed with Count John Picus of Mirandula that "there was no art which so assured us of the divinity of Christ as Magia and Cabbala." A fourth class consisted of the various expositions and commentaries on particular books of the Old Testament, which were as necessary for the right understanding of it as Servius and Donatus for Virgil. Fifthly, the sermons and ceremonial books; these belong to their worship, the right of which had been conceded to the Jews by papal and im-

perial laws. Sixthly, books on arts and sciences, which should only be destroyed so far as they taught forbidden arts, such as witchcraft, treasure-seeking, &c. Seventhly and finally, poetry and fables; among these there might be some, though very few, which contain insults to Christ, his mother, the apostles, &c. The writer is only acquainted with two, Nizahon and Tholdoth Jeschu, and these most of the Jews consider to be apocryphal and fictitious. "If any book be found in the conscious possession of any Jew that with express words insults, mocks, or dishonours our Lord God, Jesus, his worthy mother, the saints, or the Christian ordinances, let it be burnt, in accordance with the imperial mandate, and the Jew punished, but not until he has been properly tried and sentence pronounced." The opinion concludes with the advice "that the books of the Jews should not be burnt, but that by reasonable discussions they should be gently and kindly, and with God's help, persuaded to embrace our faith." And, in order to gain something out of the affair for the cause of learning, he suggests that the Emperor should decree that every German university should institute two professorships of Hebrew for ten years, for which the Jews shall supply the books.

The other opinions were different. All except Heidelberg, which suggested that a commission should be established, proposed to take away the Jews' books, that they might be investigated, except the Old Testament. The Mayence opinion did not even except this, until it should have been ascertained that the copies had not been tampered with to the prejudice of the Christian religion. Reuchlin sent his opinion sealed by a sworn messenger to the Elector of Mayence, who was to send all the opinions with his report by Pfefferkorn to the Emperor. The three men to whom the Emperor submitted them decided in

favour of the majority; but the Emperor, being doubtful, postponed the subject for consultation with the States of the empire, and as the meeting of the Diet was delayed, the matter rested. But Pfefferkorn thought it intolerable that the Jews should meanwhile have the books back again which he had taken from them, and he attributed this frustration of his schemes to Reuchlin's opinion. He had, no doubt, an official right to read it, but none whatever to make use of it in a public print. But this he did in his "Handspiegel" (hand-glass), in which he declared that Reuchlin had been bribed by the Jews to draw up his opinion in their favour. He also spoke contemptuously of Reuchlin's knowledge of Hebrew.

Reuchlin asserted that at the Frankfort fair of 1511 "Pfefferkorn himself hawked about this libel on him for sale, that his wife offered it to every one in an open booth, and that he also gave it away." Not long after the Emperor came through Swabia, and at Reutlingen Reuchlin showed him Pfefferkorn's libel; he was displeased with it, but being in haste he dismissed the doctor, saying that he would refer the case to the Bishop of Augsburg. This, however, appears to have been forgotten, and Reuchlin felt obliged to write an answer for the next fair, as he expresses it, "as a wounded man, to cure and physic himself."

This was the origin of Reuchlin's "Augenspiegel" (eye-glass), of which there was a drawing on the title-page. He relates the whole story from the beginning; gives his opinion verbatim; adds a scholastic discussion in Latin, in which he adduces and refutes a number of objections to his opinion, and shows that the baptized Jew has told no less than thirty-four lies about him. He repudiates the reproach of having been bribed with all the disgust of an honourable man. He was also highly incensed by Pfefferkorn's accu-

sation that he did not construct his Hebrew Grammar himself. Others might have given isolated rules, but no one had reduced the Hebrew language into rules in a book; "and if envy breaks his heart," he says of his opponent, "still I am the first." It was nothing but a speculation of the baptized Jew, "to get money out of me by selling me behind my back at a book-stall. He has made more gulden out of me than Judas made pence out of our Lord God."

This was Reuchlin's retort to Pfefferkorn's imputations; but shameful as it was to cast them on a man of Reuchlin's reputation, still his accusations against Pfefferkorn are not proved. The fanaticism of a convert combined with a fiery temperament partly account for his conduct; but nothing can make him appear otherwise than a malicious, revengeful, unbearable man.

Pfefferkorn was again at Frankfort at the autumn fair, and persuaded the priest, Peter Meyer, to preach against the Jews and their patron Reuchlin, if only outside the church-door. Meyer looked through the "Augenspiegel," issued a manifesto against it, and sent it as a dangerous book to the theological faculty of Cologne. They handed it over to Doctor and Professor Arnold von Tungern to investigate its orthodoxy.

When this came to Reuchlin's ears, he thought it advisable to try to avert the storm. He had been previously acquainted with one of the Cologne theologians, Professor Conrad Köllin, from Ulm, and to him and Arnold von Tungern he wrote complaisant, or rather obsequious, letters. He said that he had drawn up his opinion in obedience to a high command, without thinking that others might differ; he had no wish whatever to forestall the opinions of the faculty of Cologne. He had no legal precedents in relation to the Jewish books by him, and had discussed the subject

freely as if he had been speaking, and had taken the lenient side. He had only interfered in theological matters just as a country priest practises medicine. He affirms that he entirely agrees with the faith of the Church, and that if he has said anything contrary to it, which he does not believe, he is willing to retract it. "Have patience with me," he writes to Tungern, "and I will pay thee all. Give but the command, and I will sheathe my sword; when the cock crows I will weep; thunder first before thou lightenest."

Reuchlin might think it prudent thus to humble himself; but it is never wise to humble yourself before priests. They think they have intimidated you and double their audacity. This is shown in the answer of the faculty of Cologne, whose dean was the grand inquisitor Jacob Hochstraten himself. Reuchlin had tried to frustrate the praiseworthy project of the Emperor, by which he not only rendered himself open to the suspicion of favouring Jewish unbelief, but gave the Jews fresh occasion for mocking the Christians. Besides this, he had adduced arguments which could not be proved, distorted the meaning of passages from Holy Scripture, and interspersed them with assertions obnoxious to pious ears, which threw doubts upon his orthodoxy. Out of pity for the sick member, before proceeding to extremes, they have sent him a list of his misapplications of Scripture, that he may explain himself, or recant them after the example of the wise and humble Augustine. Köllin accompanied this address of the faculty with a private letter, which was meant to be friendly, but was really only calculated to intimidate Reuchlin, and to drive him into the trap. It is written in the barbarous Latin, and with the theological conceit over which the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" afterwards made themselves merry.

In his reply, Reuchlin extolled the piety of the faculty,

and thanked them for their forbearance in first hearing him before they condemned him, as God did Adam. He says that his powers of mind are small, and, as a twice-married layman, he does not presume to have any judgment on theological questions, and is quite willing to be corrected where he has been in error. Let them send him the declaration they desired from him by their own messenger at his expense, and restrain further proceedings until they have received his answer. But Reuchlin indemnified himself for his forbearance in a letter to his pretended friend, who seems to have been the stupidest and lowest of the whole set. Reuchlin criticizes his bad Latin; then says he has neither frustrated a praiseworthy project against the Jewish books, nor favoured Jewish unbelief; he had only given an opinion when he was asked for it in accordance with his convictions. It was not he who was guilty of any offence, if offence there was, but the traitor who had made public a sealed opinion intended for the Emperor. He deserved to be hung; God help the fellow.

The faculty then came out with what they wanted. Reuchlin was to prevent the sale of any of his books at the Easter fair, to withdraw all those that were already in circulation by a public proclamation, and to beg all the possessors of them to believe that he in all things agreed with the Catholic Church, and rejected the Jews and their profane books, especially the Talmud. If he refused they would be compelled to summon him to appear. They were induced to ask this from affection; and not only duty, but prudence dictated that he should comply; otherwise, as he could easily imagine, after his death, when he could no longer defend himself, people would pull the dead lion's beard, and speak of him as one condemned to the lowest hell.

The shameless Köllin again added a friendly letter, but

Reuchlin's patience was exhausted, and he confronted the Obscurantists as he ought to have done at first.

He had hoped that they would have been humane and Christian enough, after his explanations had satisfied learned men, to give him an opportunity of satisfying them also by showing him in what form they wished him to make his declaration, for even had he a double portion of Daniel's spirit he would not be able to interpret every man's dream. But as they had not done so, in order to please them, he will for the next fair give in an enlarged form, in German, the explanations which he had given to his opinion in the "Augenspiegel" in Latin. He cannot stop the sale of the "Augenspiegel," for it is the property of the printer.

On this his friend Köllin received a commentary. If he had exerted himself for him, he had done no less for his faculty. Reuchlin was well advised in this matter, and was backed by such powerful friends that any illegal measure would be likely to turn out worse for his opponents than for him. It was easy to raise strife; not so easy to allay it. "For what a commotion will it make," he writes, ... "when an orator with the power of a Demosthenes unfolds the story of this quarrel from beginning to end, who cared for Christ and who for the bag. . . . . And believe me, the poets and historians, of whom there are now a great number, will join themselves to this host of the strong ones who revere me as their former instructor; they will perpetuate to the end of time the memory of this great wrong which my enemies have done me, and describe my innocent life to the everlasting shame of your university."*

The negotiations were now broken off. Reuchlin published his "Clare Verstentnus," namely, his German expla-

* This correspondence is to be found in the collection "Clarorum Virorum Epistolæ ad Reuchlinum," of which more presently.

nations, and the faculty of Cologne published the result of the investigation of the "Augenspiegel" ("*Articuli sive propositiones*," &c.), by Arnold von Tungern. It was prefaced by a poem by Ortuinus Gratius, who taught *bonas literas* at the university, and was put forward by the theologians to show that they also had a poet on their side. The book is dedicated to the Emperor, and written with all the pomposity of a scholastic theologian, all the scent for heresy of a priest, and all the narrowness of a man who was ready to take the field with the authority of an Albertus and a Thomas, against Reuchlin, whose line of argument was of a totally different nature. The faculty of Cologne also contrived to effect that an imperial mandate should be issued to the members of the empire, and especially to the Council of Frankfort, ordaining that the "Augenspiegel" should be confiscated wherever found; and Pfefferkorn put forth a libel against it, the very title of which, "Brandspiegel" (burning-glass), sufficiently characterized it.

Reuchlin now felt himself released from all restraint, and gave full vent to his irritated feelings. He wrote "A Defence against his Cologne Calumniators," which was also dedicated to the Emperor. It is prefaced by the following declaration as a *summarium*: "Whoever says or writes that I, the aforesaid doctor, in my opinion about the Jewish books, have acted otherwise than as a Christian, pious, honourable gentleman, lies like an unbelieving, wanton, dishonourable villain, and I challenge him for the sake of right and honour to come forward." If there was anything wrong in his opinion, the right way would have been to have accused him before the Church or his bishop. The grand inquisitor had no authority to judge of controversies within the Church, nor of merely suspected heresy, only to proceed against it when pronounced. But even suspected heretics

should be leniently dealt with to help them to regain the right path. But this was not the object of the Cologners; they wanted to ruin him. They were not true *theologi*, but *theologistæ*, who spent their time in mere quibbles. He was no more a patron of the Jews than the Emperor or the Pope. In Tungern's book he found more insults than arguments, and the latter were mostly taken out of his own writings. In the Latin appendix to the "Augenspiegel," and in the "Clare Verstentnus," he had adduced objections that might be made to his opinion and refuted them; the author of the Cologne treatise had adopted the objections, but omitted the refutations, and replaced them by a lot of theological stuff.

One of the chief accusations against him was, that he had given to passages of Scripture a meaning that did not belong to them. This he denied; but if he had, it was allowable. The Church itself gave to many passages of Scripture, the New Testament to passages from the Old, a sense different from the original one. Thus, the Song of Solomon was applied to Christ and the Church, or the soul of man. Paul gave to the inscription on the altar at Athens a meaning different from the real one. Matthew quoted a passage from Jeremiah which was not there. If the literal meaning was lost in these later adaptations, it was replaced by a deeper one.

But Reuchlin did not choose to be behind his opponents in abuse any more than in argument. He calls Pfefferkorn a venomous beast, a villain, a monster; and his theological patrons, dogs, horses, mules, swine, foxes, wolves, Cerberuses, and Furies. Arnold von Tungern was assisted by a man half Jew, half heathen, who had prefaced the book with bad verses: Reuchlin then goes off into puns in the bad taste of the times, and has the weakness to read

Ortuin a lecture on having been guilty of a heresy unheard of in heaven or hell—that of having called Mary *Jovis alma parens*.

The impression made by this controversy on Reuchlin's friends was various. They were all agreed in reprobating his opponents, but Erasmus and Pirckheimer thought that Reuchlin should not have immortalised a wretch like Pfefferkorn in his works. Mutian was concerned that Reuchlin had accused the Church of false interpretations of Scripture. He did not deny that he was right, but he had better have kept this esoteric opinion to himself. The wisest men have fabricated things, and pious frauds were necessary for the public good. "But we must not babble of secrets, nor disturb the opinions of the masses, without which the Emperor would not be able long to retain the empire, nor the Pope the Church, nor we our property, and all things would lapse into confusion. Therefore, most learned Capnion, leave us the faith of our fathers, and do not so favour the Jews as to injure the Christians." Nevertheless Mutian said that any one must be a stupid barbarian not to wish Reuchlin well, and he compared the attack upon him to the attack upon Socrates.

In June, 1513, Reuchlin found an opportunity of handing his "Defence" to the Emperor, at Geislingen, and he obtained from him a mandate enjoining silence on both sides; but only a month later his enemies persuaded the same Emperor to issue a mandate to the Rhenish archbishops and the grand inquisitor to seize and suppress Reuchlin's "Defence" wherever found. The faculty of Cologne now applied to the principal universities for opinions on Reuchlin's "Augenspiegel" and "Defence," as had been done about the Jewish books, only they substituted Louvain and Paris for Heidelberg. All, with varying degrees of leniency

towards the author, condemned the "Augenspiegel." The theologians of Paris, after forty-four sittings, almost unanimously declared that Reuchlin's book should be burnt, and the author called upon to recant.

When the theological faculty of Cologne had pronounced the same sentence on the "Augenspiegel" a year—on 9th of September, 1513—the grand inquisitor, Hochstraten, cited Reuchlin to appear before him at Mayence. Upon the protest of the procurator, the time was extended, and on the 9th of October, Reuchlin appeared at Mayence, accompanied by a doctor of theology and laws, and a steward of noble birth whom Duke Ulrich had appointed to assist him. The chapter proposed a compromise; the archbishop wished for delay; Reuchlin appealed to the Pope. But the grand inquisitor smelt fire, and was not to be restrained. On the 13th of October, the Dominicans went in solemn procession to the court; there was a vast concourse attracted by curiosity and promises of pardons; Hochstraten took his place on the judgment-seat; the bonfire was prepared, and the sentence about to be read condemning the "Augenspiegel" to the flames. At this moment a messenger arrived from Aschaffenburg with a mandate from the archbishop, putting a stop to the sittings of the court, staying further proceedings, and accepting Reuchlin's appeal to the pope. Hochstraten departed, beside himself with rage; but he had the satisfaction of seeing the "Augenspiegel" soon after publicly burnt in his own city, as a wicked book, savouring of heresy, favouring the Jews, and disrespectful to the holy teachers of the Church.

Meanwhile Pope Leo X. had referred the appeal to the Bishop of Spire, the young Count Palatine George, who appointed his canons, Dr. Thomas Truchsess and George

von Schwalbach, his delegates. Between 29th of March and 24th of April, they pronounced their verdict that Reuchlin's "Augenspiegel" did not savour of heresy, was not wicked, nor disrespectful to the Church, nor unduly in favour of the Jews; that it might therefore be circulated; that Hochstraten was to be bound over to silence, to pay damages to the amount of one hundred and eleven Rhenish gold florins, and under pain of ban to be reconciled to Reuchlin within thirty days.

But Hochstraten, who had at once appealed to the Pope against the Court of Spire, was not converted by this sentence, and so Reuchlin was compelled to send the documents to Rome, with a request to the Pope to decide the matter as quietly and with as little expense as possible. This request was supported by the Emperor, by various electors, princes, bishops, abbots, and fifty-three Swabian towns, all bearing testimony to Reuchlin's edifying teaching and life. The best hopes were entertained of the new Pope, Leo X., as a friend of Humanism. The Cologners, meanwhile, to be ready for every emergency, hastened to print the opinions of the universities which favoured their side, with an introduction from the pen of Ortuinus Gratius. The Pope intrusted the business to the learned Cardinal Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileja, who summoned Hochstraten to Rome. He came in good style, with good introductions and plenty of money, which he hoped would soon enable him to settle the question; for Reuchlin was now without office, and had but a limited income. The Pope showed favour at the outset to the Dominicans by nominating eighteen prelates to decide the question; still opinion seemed to incline to Reuchlin's side; and Leo said to the learned Poggius of Florence: "Never fear; no harm shall happen to the man."

This uncertainty stirred up all the ire of the preaching monks. They abused Cardinal Grimani, called the Pope a schoolboy, and threatened in case of an adverse decision to appeal to a Council, or even to rebel against the Papal Chair. Pfefferkorn continued to fret and fume. His "Burning-glass" (Brandspiegel) was followed by an "Alarm-bell" (Sturmglock), and as the burning of his namesake at Halle* caused unpleasant mistakes, he called himself on his next title-page, "J. Pfefferkorn who has not been burnt."

Reuchlin, on the whole, showed good courage. He had a good advocate and active patrons at Rome; and it must have been most encouraging to observe that all good and clear-headed men in Germany and Italy were on his side, took up his cause as their own, and offered their services. In order to show what influential friends he had, in 1514 he made a collection of "Letters of Eminent Men," addressed to him; a new edition, with a second part, appeared in 1519, and on the second page are the words, "The army of the Reuchlinists."† Reuchlinists and Arnoldists were the watchwords of the two camps, and to hold to the one and despise the other was considered to be the duty of every honourable man. Reuchlinist was used as a signature and address for letters, and to be a good Reuchlinist was the best introduction to the republic of letters of that day.

* See page 56.

† The first edition was called, "Clarorum Virorum;" the second, "Illustrium Virorum. Epistolæ hebraicæ, græcæ, et latinæ ad Jo. Reuchlinum," &c. The list of the Reuchlinists was headed by Erasmus, as "the most learned man of the age." Then followed the two nobles, Nuenar and Hutten, an English bishop, &c.; then Peutinger and Pirckheimer, Mutian, Crotus, Eoban, and Eberbach, Hermann von dem Busch, Vadian Glarean, Melanchthon, Œcolampadius, Capito, &c. —altogether forty-three names.

The *esprit de corps* and energy in this camp are remarkable. Mutian worked quietly for Reuchlin by speaking and writing; the Peutingers, Welsers, &c., exerted themselves at the imperial and papal courts for him; Erasmus commended him and his cause to the Pope and cardinals. It may be said that this question first organized the party of progress into a compact body.

Meanwhile the process went on for years before the Commission at Rome, amidst constant fresh intrigues from the monastic party. At length the open sitting of the court, at which judgment was to be given, was fixed for 2nd of July, 1516. The president, the venerable Archbishop of Nazareth, gave his opinion in favour of the "Augenspiegel," and was followed by all his colleagues, except the Magister sacri Palatii, the Dominican Sylvester Prierias, who began to play the part against Reuchlin which he afterwards played against Luther. Thus the trial had resulted in Reuchlin's favour; nothing but the proclamation of the sentence was wanting. But Leo X. was afraid of the powerful preaching order. He did not want to offend them, nor to encourage the German princes, who, while exerting themselves for Reuchlin, were always more and more strongly urging a reform of the papal court. So a *Mandatum de supersedendo* was proclaimed, that is, the trial, was not decided, but quashed.

But even this was a victory for the party of progress. Reuchlin had indeed come out of the six years' contest with great pecuniary loss, but with the glory of a martyr. Hochstraten, after staying for a whole year at Rome, went back an object of contempt to all right-minded men. Writings appeared lauding Reuchlin and deriding his opponent. Wilibald Pirckheimer, senator and imperial councillor at Nuremberg, distinguished for his learning and wealth, pre-

ceded his translation of Lucian's "Fisherman," in 1817, by a letter in defence of Reuchlin, in which he took his part with great warmth.

The Reuchlin trial excited special interest in the little circle to which Hutten belonged. No one was more interested in Reuchlin's fate than Hutten's oldest friend, Crotus Rubianus; no one more warmly assured him of his affection than Eoban Hesse. No one expressed himself more strongly against Reuchlin's opponents than Hutten's patron, Eitelwolf vom Stein. How could Hutten remain unmoved? This was something different from the brutality of two ignorant rich men on the Baltic coast to a poor poet, or the murder of an insignificant cousin by a hot-headed prince,—it was a systematic attempt by the retrograde party to suppress, in the person of one of the champions of culture, all that Hutten held most dear.

When Hutten first made the acquaintance of Erasmus at Mayence, before his second journey to Italy in 1514, he showed him a poem called "Reuchlin's Triumph." Erasmus was pleased with it, but persuaded Hutten not to have it printed then, in order not to give occasion for ridicule by premature triumph, or to damage Reuchlin's cause, then pending. Erasmus once says expressly that Hutten was the author of the poem, but at another time he wrote to Hutten in a way that suggests that several authors were concerned in it. It did not appear until the end of 1518, under the fictitious name of Eleutherius Byzenus.

About the same time Mutian received a poem with the same title, but with another name—Accius Neobius; and Mutian says that Hermann von dem Busch, not Hutten, was the author. Hermann von dem Busch was about twenty years older than Hutten, and his career was not unlike his. He belonged to a noble Westphalian family,

was the friend of all champions of the modern tendencies, was always travelling in France, Germany, and England, and was a real missionary of Humanism. When driven from one university by the professors of the old school, he went to another. Strange to say, when the Reuchlin dispute broke out, he contributed an epigram against Jews and their patrons to Arnold von Tungern's book, which he afterwards repented. Mutian writes, in 1514, that Busch had sung a palinode, and was on good terms with Reuchlin. Whether this was the "Triumphus Capnionis" of Accius Neobius, and whether this and the one under the name of Eleutherius Byzenus were identical, is uncertain. The former was said to have been accompanied by an epigram of Hutten's, the latter by an introduction and conclusion in prose; but these might have been substituted for the epigram before the poem was printed. Eoban Hesse believed the poem to be Hutten's, and it is included in the collection of his poems of 1538, supposed to have been made by Eoban. There can be no doubt that the prose introduction and conclusion are his, for they are exactly in his style. He might have incorporated Busch's poem with his own, if any poem of Busch's ever existed.

In accordance with the title, Reuchlin makes a solemn entry into his native city, Pforzheim, after the fashion of an ancient triumph, to celebrate his victory over the theologians. The procession passes through the decorated streets; first come the weapons and gods of the vanquished party, sophistical conclusions and arguments, bought titles, bonfires, &c.; then the monsters, Superstition, Barbarism, Ignorance, and Envy; then the vanquished foes in chains, first Hochstraten, the man of fire, who eats fire, spits fire, and whose every other word is "to the flames;" then the tipsy Ortuin, the sanctimonious Arnold von Tungern, the Judas Pfefferkorn;

and last, the enemies of Reuchlin at Mayence and Frankfort. The captives are followed by animals for sacrifice, musicians and singers who sing in praise of Capnion; then in a carriage profusely decorated with garlands appears the form of the triumphant Capnion himself, his brow wreathed with laurel and ivy, the "Augenspiegel" in his right hand and an olive-branch in his left; and last of all come the host of lawyers and poets, also crowned, whom he has saved from the fate which the Obscurantists had in store for them. The first edition is illustrated by a woodcut.

During Hutten's second residence in Italy he followed with hope and fear the vicissitudes of the Reuchlin trial. On 9th of August he wrote to R. Crocus, at Leipzig, that the sentence was daily expected, and that it would be a decision not only for Reuchlin but for all the Humanist party. A month later his friends in Rome were still in good heart, but he was afraid of the effect of the sophists' gold, for he well knew the avarice of the Roman courtiers. About this time Hutten addressed himself to Cardinal Adrian, Leo's successor in the papal chair. This upright but narrow and scholastically educated man, was by no means a patron of the Humanists; a few years later we find him spoken of in a satire as the foe of all learned men, but Hutten hoped to gain his favour as a German (Dutchman) for the German *savan*. The poem which he addressed to him was almost like an extract from the description of Reuchlin's virtues and the depravity of his foes in the "Triumphus Capnionis." Of course it was of no avail; it was sent to the wrong quarter.

Hutten would have been only too glad to have written often to Reuchlin, to show his sympathy and keep him informed of the progress of his cause. But prudence forbade it. It was a time of political suspicion in Würtemberg, and Reuchlin was suspected by the duke. He had taken part in discus-

sions at Stuttgard about saving the country from the consequences of the duke's violence by his temporary deposition. Had any correspondence between him and Hutten been discovered it would have ruined Reuchlin, and therefore common friends undertook to convey his greetings and intelligence. Once, however, when Reuchlin wrote to him under great depression he answered him. To Pirckheimer, who began to be anxious about the result of the trial, Hutten wrote: "Brave Wilibald, why do you fear for the cause of our Capnion, whose innocence is his protection? So many thousand bad men are persecuting him, and a few good ones—for I call those good who do so—protect him. Which will be of the most consequence to posterity? But N. N. (the pope) will condemn him, swayed by the gold of the Order. An Erasmus, a Faber (of Étaples), a Wilibald, a Mutian, have borne witness to the truth. And if you put me to the rack I must say that I care more for your approval than for that of the man who is lighter than spray, more fugitive than down. And say what you will, I shall always think more of an arrow that Erasmus lets fly at a scoundrel than for the ban of the Florentine. We shall succeed; the innocence of the party whose cause we uphold is as patent to the world as the unholiness of the most holy Leo. No one with any sense can doubt it."

But the experienced Pirckheimer wrote back that many a man has perished behind the shield of innocence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "EPISTOLÆ OBSCURORUM VIRORUM."

A YEAR before the date of this last letter, August, 1516, Hutten received news from home that a satire on Reuchlin's opponents had appeared under the title of "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," which had attracted a good deal of attention. He had not then received a copy, but a month later he wrote to Richard Crocus at Leipzig: "I have received the 'Obscure Men.' Good gods! what a capital joke. The Sophists not only suspect, but say, that I am the author. Do take up the cause of your absent friend, and not let this dirt be cast at me. Tell me all about it, and let me know their designs."

The letters were already read and approved in England, and a second edition had appeared in Germany.

By the dirt which Hutten wished to avoid he did not mean the letters, but the attacks of the Obscure Men upon the supposed author. Not long afterwards he read letters in the same style to his countrymen at Bologna, who took him for the author, but he put them off with a jest.

To the third edition an appendix appeared, then a second part of the letters, to which also an appendix was afterwards added. The "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," therefore, as we now have them, consist, first, of the forty-one letters of the first and second editions of 1515 and 1516; secondly, of

the seven letters forming the appendix to the third edition. Thirdly, of the second part, 1517, containing sixty-two letters, to the second edition of which an appendix of eight letters was added. The ninth, or rather first letter, is a repetition of one in Part I.; the eighth letter of the first appendix is a later interpolation; and the so-called third part of the "Epistolæ," first printed in 1689, is a collection of additions of various periods, and has nothing whatever to do with the original work.*

The title and idea of the work originated as a contrast to the "Epistolæ Clarorum Virorum" to Reuchlin, published by his party in 1514, by way of throwing a weight into the scale in his favour. The idea of producing a fictitious correspondence on the part of his opponents would readily suggest itself. Reuchlin had on his side illustrious and well-known men, but the other party consisted of obscure men, known to nobody. The first collection was intended to show what noble spirits, what praiseworthy efforts for culture and progress, had rallied round Reuchlin; this, to give a glimpse into the abyss of ignorance, stupidity, and vulgarity which was the element of his opponents. The letters were addressed, not to Pfefferkorn, he was too vulgar; not to Hochstraten or Tungern, they were too formidable; but to their Latin hodman and political shield-bearer, Ortuinus Gratius. Desirous of being a Humanist and polite scholar, and yet of serving old scholasticism, he always cut a comical figure; a man who employs the culture which he owes to modern progress in opposing progress in the service of the old school is sure to be looked upon as a traitor by, and to be a special object of dislike to the adherents of the new.

These letters also form a complement to the "Trium-

* "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ad venerabilem virum M. Ortuinum Gratium," &c. The text in Böcking's "Hutteni Operum," Suppl., i.

phus Capnionis," in which the opponents of Reuchlin and Humanism were combated with seriousness, pathos, and contempt, while in the "Epistolæ" the weapons of satire come into play. It is not a third person who writes about the Obscurantists, but they themselves—the masters and bachelors of arts, Genselinus, Caprimulgius, Scherschleiferius, Dollenkopfius, Mistladerius, &c.; sometimes even Ortuinus, Hochstraten, and Tungern are the assumed correspondents, a plan which elevates satire into the region of pure comedy. Barbarism is, as Erasmus says, barbarously laughed at, for it exhibits itself unblushingly without a suspicion of its absurdity. To do this effectively it was necessary to collect together as in a focus the scattered elements of rudeness and imbecility. Satire involves caricature. But it is artistic only when so far tempered with reality as to produce the illusion that it deals with real persons. As is well known, these letters stood this test to such an extent, that when they first appeared the mendicant friars in England were delighted with a book in their favour and against Reuchlin, and in Brabant a prior of the Dominican Order bought a number of copies to present to his superiors. The last letter in the Appendix to Part II. exchanged irony for invective, and opened the good folks' eyes.

The first letter gives a good idea of the work. Amidst all sorts of quotations from Aristotle and the Bible, Thomas Langschneider, bachelor of theology, submits a question which had lately been discussed at a banquet of masters of arts at Leipzic, to his former teacher, Ortuin Gratius. He does not fail to relate how doctors, masters, and licentiates had been feasted at the expense of the new M.A.s on roast capons and fish, Malmsey and Rhine wine, Torgau and Neuburg beer. Thus exhilarated, they began to discuss important questions; among others, whether one who was

about to be made doctor of theology, or, in the language of the time, magister noster, should be called magister nostrandus or noster magistrandus. Magister Warmsemmel (Hot-roll), an acute Scotist, was in favour of the latter; for, says he, magistrare is a verb, *s. v. a* magistrum facere, and from this comes magistrandus; nostro, nostrare, on the contrary, is not the usage, and is not in the dictionary. But Magister Delitsch, artist, physician, and jurist (a real person), took the other side. It was not at all immaterial whether noster stood before or after magister. Magister noster means a doctor of theology, but every master of any of the arts, liberal or illiberal, may be called noster magister; therefore magister nostrandus only can be right. It does not signify that nostrare is not according to usage, for, according to Horace ("Ars Poetica"), it is allowable to coin words. The writer begs Ortuin to decide which of these opinions is correct, and to tell him at the same time how the fight with Reuchlin is going on, for he has heard that the fellow will not recant. Will he also send him Arnold von Tungern's book against Reuchlin, and he hopes he will not be offended at the freedom with which he has written. Erasmus was so fond of this letter, of which a copy was sent him in manuscript, with its prandium magistrale, and read it so often to his friends that he could nearly say it by heart.

It fully introduces us to the life and mental horizon of the men with whom we have to do in the "Epistolæ Obsc. Viror." Similar scenes and discussions, each more scholastic than the last, are always recurring. Thus Ortuin once said of a certain magister noster that he was a member (membrum) of ten universities. But the acute Dr. Klorbius remarks that it is incorrect to speak of a member of several bodies, because though a body has many members, a member cannot belong to several bodies. But neither would it do

to call the said magister noster a body of ten universities, as then the universities would be subordinate to their members, and therefore also to him, which would be derogatory to the universities, and too much even for a magister noster, who, after all, is but a man. What remains, therefore? Dr. Klorbius decides that he who has matriculated at ten universities may say, "I am members (membra) of ten universities," in which case the incongruity of the plural is no greater than when Virgil calls the one Alexis "delicias" of his lord.

Sometimes conscientious scruples give rise to these subtile discussions. Somebody eats an egg in which the chick was developed. He remembers that it is Friday, and his conscience is troubled. A friend consoles him by saying that unhatched chickens are no worse than the grubs in cheese or cherries which may happen to be swallowed in Lent. But he is not satisfied, and applies to Ortuin; for worms, he has been told by a doctor who is considered a good naturalist, belong to the order of fishes, which may be eaten in fast time, whereas the developed chick in an egg is forbidden meat.

While these Obscurantists thus sharpen their wits on nothing, they are as ignorant as can be of the intellectual progress of the times. They confound the grammarian Diomedes with the Homeric hero. They complain that Reuchlin (called, as they say, in *Hebrew*, Capnion), and another person, called Proverbia Erasmi (alluding to the "Adagia" of Erasmus), want to introduce a new Latin into theology. They consider Greek and Hebrew to be useless, for the Holy Scriptures have been sufficiently translated, and we should not make the unbelieving Jews and schismatic Greeks vain by learning their languages. The question is put, whether it is necessary to eternal salvation that scholars

should learn grammar from profane poets, such as Virgil, Cicero, and Pliny. It is decided in the negative, since, according to Aristotle, poets tell many lies, and he who lies sins, and he who bases his studies upon lies bases them upon sin, and God is the enemy of sin. Their derivations also are on a par with their knowledge of languages. Mavors (Mars) the God of War, is the man-eater, *mares vorans; Mercurius*, he *qui mercatores curat. Magister* is either compounded of *magis* and *ter*, because he must know three times as much as any one else, or else of *magis* and *terreo*, because he should inspire his pupils with fear.*

But Ortuin's correspondents do not give up their claims to be poets and polite scholars any more than he did. They pride themselves on their style. They send their poetical performances to him with a request that he will improve and scan them, for they are aware that they are lame in the feet. But what signify the feet? They are not profane but theological poets, who are concerned with the sense, not the form. The good old poetry, which is approved by the magistri nostri at Paris and Cologne, is one thing, and the new-fangled poetry by fellows with no degrees on the models of Virgil, Pliny, and other modern authors, is another. What these profane poets write is mere nonsense, while the ecclesiastical poets sing the praises of the saints; the former interpret the heathen authors literally, while the latter apply the fourfold system of interpretation even to the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, and find allegories about Mary and Christ even in Semele and Bacchus. The expulsion of one of these profane poets, Rhagius Æsticam-

* On this point neither party could plume themselves. Etymology was not the forte of the age. Many of Reuchlin's derivations are not much more correct.

pianus, from Leipzig, is narrated with great glee, and the Cologners are advised to treat Hermann Busch in the same way. The abuse was on the increase. In his time, writes an old magister, there was but one poet of the name of Samuel (the author of the edifying rhymes, "Disce, bone Clerice," &c.). Now there were at least twenty at Leipzig alone, who played off all sorts of tricks upon the adherents of the old school. If things went on so the universities would be ruined. Their glory was departing, and the lecture-rooms of the magistri artium, in which the youth might have learnt to make such subtile distinctions, acute objections, and clever syllogisms, were deserted. Even the degrees they had to confer were despised; the pupils of the poetical professors no longer tried to get the degree of B.A. or M.A. When they went home and their parents asked what they had become, the answer was, "Nothing." The parents regretted their wasted money, and warned others not to send their children to the universities.

There was no end to these collisions between the masters and the poets. Now it is about the holy coat of Treves, which one of the latter called a lousy old coat; now about the reliques of the three kings at Cologne, which the same free-thinker says very likely belonged to three Westphalian peasants; about the scholastic lesson-books, and the question of the day, Reuchlin and Hochstraten, and how the poets say that the University of Paris, on account of its condemnation of the "Augenspiegel," must exchange its title of Mater Studiorum for Mater Stultitiæ. Acts of violence between the parties, as in a farce, are not wanting. The journey of Magister Schlauraff, which he describes in rhyme, recounts a series of blows and boxes on the ears which he receives from the poets' party as an opponent of Reuchlin, and he is driven from one university to another over half

Germany. The Crown at Mayence is the special horror of the M.A.s., because it is frequented by poets and free-thinkers. They went about with daggers at their sides, betted on Hochstraten's pardon-ticket, used blasphemous language, and would not permit an honourable M.A. to eat the dinner he had paid for in peace. Ulrich von Hutten was now and then there, a rascally fellow who had said that if the preaching friars served him as they had served Reuchlin, he would declare war against them, and cut off the ears and noses of all who came in his way. The writer is only too glad that Hutten is gone away to get his doctor's degree, and has not shown himself at Mayence for a year. The devil take him.

The writer takes advantage of discussions of this sort to call attention to serious abuses. Our correspondents tell each other in confidence the wholesome truths they now and then hear. In the imperial camp at Innsbruck, W. Lamp, M.A., heard many complaints of the benefice-hunting at Rome, and that so much German money goes there; at a dinner at Worms he heard a severe conversation about pluralities and the lives and morals of the clergy. A magister of Würzburg complains of a preacher there, Johann Reyss, that he professes to belong to no school but the school of Christ, and holds monkish vows and cowls cheap, for God does not regard the clothes. He had also a strange way of preaching; there was no art in it, no subtile questions, objections, and syllogisms, but he went quite simply to work, and, strange to say, the people heard him gladly. He had even allowed himself to speak against indulgences. He had contradicted brother Jacob, who had declared in the pulpit that the indulgence briefs were as true as the Gospels, and that he who received them was as fully absolved as if absolved by Christ himself. Reyss said that

nothing can be compared to the Gospel, and that he who does right will be saved. "If any one receives pardon a hundred times, and does not live a good life, he will be damned, and the indulgence will not help him; while he who lives uprightly, or repents and amends if he has sinned, will be a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, and requires no other help to become one." This contains the essential elements of Luther's doctrine against indulgences, and there is another passage which shows how much had been done before his time. At Frankfort-on-the-Oder Magister Klingesor heard some one, "who was always contradicting him," explain as follows the prophecy in Zephaniah i. 12: "And it shall come to pass at that time, that I will search Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men that are settled on their lees," &c. "I will search Jerusalem," means, I will search my Church in order to reform it, and to put away the errors that have crept into it; "with candles," means by learned men, such as Erasmus of Rotterdam, Johann Reuchlin, Mutianus Rufus, and others; "and will punish the men who are settled on their lees," means the theologians who obstinately adhere to a corrupt, mystical, and senseless theology, which they have followed for hundreds of years, forsaking the ancient theologians who walked in the light of the Scriptures, and understand neither Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew to enable them to interpret them. Therefore the Lord will "punish" them, and send other doctors who understand those languages, and after clearing away the "lees," *i.e.* the subtilties of false theology, will bring "candles" to illumine the Scriptures and restore the true old theology. Erasmus has published an improved edition of "St. Jerome." He has likewise improved the text of the New Testament; and, says our commentator, "I consider that to be a more useful work than as if twenty

thousand Scotists and Thomists should dispute over Ens and Essentia for a hundred years."

But our Obscurantists do not take these sermons and misadventures too much to heart. They eat and drink with relish, sleep well, and enjoy the pleasures of love. So far, indeed, as they belong to the ecclesiastical order, they are forbidden the joys of matrimony, but they contrive to defend themselves for their evasions of this law by the examples of Samson and Solomon; the spirit of God came over the former many times, and it was the general opinion of the doctors that the latter had gone to heaven; and, writes Magister Conrad of Zwickau, "I am not stronger than Samson, nor wiser than Solomon;" a turn given to it by Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II. It was a bitter satire upon scholasticism that questions of the coarsest kind were discussed after the manner of the schools. Jests of this sort came naturally to the authors of the "Epistolæ," from the custom of the age. There had been many comical parodies on the disputations at the universities, especially on the *Quodlibets*, so called, with the distinctions between *quæstiones principales* and *minus principales*, referring to the most gross and obscene topics. Several specimens of them have been preserved, and they help us to understand the letters better.

Through all these jests and improprieties there runs the scarlet thread of the Reuchlin trial, forming a solid background to the jocular foreground, and a connecting link for the letters, forming the whole almost into a romance. There are but few letters in which this theme is not touched upon. There is early mention made of Hochstraten's being at Rome, and we have the vacillating prospects of the cause, the hopes and fears as we know them from Hutten's and Mutian's letters, portrayed as from the other side. Now

they send good news from Rome; Hochstraten has had remittances, and has given a banquet to the cardinals and auditors, and it is said that Reuchlin's means are exhausted. At another time it is reported that the Pope will confirm the sentence of Spire, and permit the "Augenspiegel" to be printed at Rome. They have not much confidence in Leo X., because he is a poet himself, and does not understand St. Thomas Contra Gentiles. The first part of the letters originally ended with the report that Reuchlin had conquered; in the enlarged edition there is a letter purporting to be from Hochstraten himself, in which he says that he wishes he had never undertaken the business, for things looked bad; he often had not bread to eat, and when he took a walk with Peter Meyer, of Frankfort, in the Campo Fiore, they were called after, "There go the two men who want to devour Reuchlin." Towards the end of Part II. the case is still pending, but it is known that the majority of the Commission are for Reuchlin, and all eyes are turned to the Reuchlinist conspiracy in Germany which is determined to gain his cause before the tribunal of public opinion.

So much has been said of Reuchlin that every one must be anxious to see him, and there is a letter in which a bachelor of arts describes a visit to him:—"When I entered his house, he said, 'Welcome, Mr. Bachelor; pray be seated!' He had a spectacle (unum brillum) on his nose and a book before him, which looked strange, and I saw at once that it was neither German, nor Bohemian, nor Latin. And I said to him, 'Excellent Mr. Doctor, what may the book be?' He answered, 'It is called the Greek Plutarch, and treats of philosophy.' Then I said, 'Read it then, in God's name,' and it made me think that he understands strange arts. Then I saw a little book, newly printed, under the bench, and said to him, 'Excellent Mr. Doctor, what is

it lying there?' He said, 'It is an offensive book, which a friend at Cologne lately sent me; it is written against me by the Cologne theologians, and now they say that Johann Pfefferkorn wrote it.' Then said I, 'What are you doing in the matter? Will you not justify yourself?' Said he, 'Not I; I am justified enough already. I do not trouble myself any more with such nonsense; my eyes scarcely suffice to study what is useful to me.'"

Although we have honestly tried to give our readers an idea of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," we cannot escape from the humiliating conviction that we have attempted an impossible task. It is in the language that the difficulty lies. The Obscurantists of the early part of the sixteenth century are made to speak in their own tongue, in a Latin—if such it can be called—which had been formed in the course of the Middle Ages from a mixture of ecclesiastical and vernacular elements with the original stock. It is so comical, because though at every step it offends against the laws of classical Latinity, and, caricatured as it is, it is obviously a language that was actually in use. The writers, in spite of the absurdity of their doings, are as satisfied with themselves and each other as possible. But all these comical characteristics are bound up with the Latin; no skill of the translator into German or any other language can reproduce the impression of the original.

It evaporates the soonest in those parts where the ludicrousness lies not so much in the grammatical as in the logical construction, or when ignorance exhibits itself so naïvely as in the following letter to Ortuin from Rome:—"You said when I took leave of you, 'Peter, when you get to Rome, see if there are any new books, and send me some!' Well, here is one for you, printed here, and as you are poet, I think it will be of great use to you. For I heard from

a notary, who is said to be perfect in this art, that this book is the well-spring of poetry, and that the author—named Homer—is the father of poets. And he said there was another Homer in Greek. And I said, 'What do I want with Greek? Latin is better; I will send it to Germany to Magister Ortuinus; he does not want Greek stuff.' And I asked what the book was about. And he said about certain people called Greeks, who went to war with some other people called Trojans. I have heard of them before, and these Trojans had a great city, and the Greeks besieged it and lay there ten years. And the Trojans sometimes came out and fought with them hand to hand, and they slew each other till the whole plain was filled with blood, and there was a river that was dyed red with blood; and some one threw a stone that twelve men could not lift, and there was a horse that spoke and prophesied; I don't believe that though, for it seems impossible, and the book does not appear to me to be very authentic. Please write and tell me what you think of it."

Some idea might be given of the Latin verses by translation, but the doggrel rhymes are by no means so ludicrous in the German as in the precise metre of the Latin. The full appreciation of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" must be confined to those who can read them in the original.

It has been the custom to estimate them rather from their historical interest than as a work of art. But if our description has not quite failed in its purpose, the reader will agree with us in taking a different view. The work reminds us more than any other of the first of its kind, "Don Quixote;" that world-wide satire in which the contrast between a waning and dawning phase of life and thought was seized by the hand of genius and lifted out of the region of satire into that of humour. Just so with the "Epistolæ." They have not

the compact form of the romance, nor do they present actors on a stage; they may be compared rather to a group of figures in relief, in which asses, satyrs, and bacchantes are all jumbled together, and in which the value of the individual figures makes up for want of unity. But this unity is not altogether wanting, and all who note the impression left by the perusal of the book will allow that it soars into the region of poetic humour. It may be compared to that produced by a comedy of Aristophanes, or an episode with Sancho or Falstaff.

We should have had no right to go thus into detail about the "Epistolæ" if Hutten did not stand in the first rank of the conjectured authors. He was suspected on their very first appearance, and did not disclaim all share in it so decidedly as anxious friends desired. But it is only a question of a share in it. Erasmus thought he knew of three authors. The question then resolves itself into two: which part of the collection is Hutten's, and who were his coadjutors? It seems to have been the aim of the Reuchlinists in the championship of their master that these satirical shots should appear to proceed not from one person, but from a number who were combining against the Obscurantists. Individuals systematically kept in the background, that they might be more formidable as a masked army, more inconvenient as a nameless swarm of wasps.

In looking round the Humanist circle with a view of discovering whence the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" proceeded, many indications direct us to the Gotha-Erfurt circle. Crotus wrote in 1514 to Reuchlin, "You have on your side the whole Mutianic order; it comprises philosophers, poets, orators, and theologians, all ready to fight for you. You have only to give the word of command." Crotus enumerates, besides Mutian, Eoban Hesse and Hutten, and

probably alludes to the "Epistolæ," for he says that Hutten will crush the empty-headed Ortuin at a blow.

Crotus does not himself assume the position of a general in the enterprise in question, but there is irrefragable evidence that he was more than a subaltern officer. We have an anonymous letter addressed to Crotus Rubianus in 1532, formerly attributed to Justus Jonas, but now to Justus Menius. Crotus, once the bosom-friend of Hutten, Reuchlin's zealous champion, and later the admirer of Luther, had by this time deserted the cause which he had not a little advanced, joined himself to the party of the old Church, and acknowledged the change in an apology addressed to Archbishop Albert. The writer of the letter to Crotus tries to undermine his new position by disclosing his antecedents. He reminds him of his biting jests against the old Church system in the Mutianic circle at Gotha, of the anonymous lampoons which, even before Luther appeared, he and Hutten, at his instigation, had put forth against pope and cardinals, theologians and monks. The sharpest of all these was his "Epistolæ Obsc. Vir.," which the writer justly calls "A not incomparable but immortal poem," a book which furnished those who had not so much wit at their command with new weapons against the papal supremacy, and which perhaps had been more effectual against it than any book of the age.

He writes as one who had belonged to the circle of which Crotus was one (Menius was at Erfurt from 1514-1516); he reminds him of their walks and confidential talks when Crotus had his work in hand, and used to read parts of it aloud; he would rather that the Iliad were lost than Crotus's immortal jokes over the papists.

The conception, then, of the "Epist. Obsc. Vir." is attributed to Crotus by an obviously well-informed contemporary.

A share in it is not denied to Hutten; one letter is expressly assigned to him, and it is remarked that in cutting up the cardinals and bishops, &c., Hutten was not equal to Crotus. But the writer had an interest in speaking thus, since all he could say in favour of the former Crotus sent the renegade up in the scale. He is so far right, that Hutten would hardly have hit upon his friend's peculiar style, but his versatile talents enabled him to adopt it. He was more inclined to pathos than Crotus. Hutten's writings, even his satires, spur his readers on to deeds; he never forgets that wrongs and stupidity must not only be laughed at, but fought with. The author of the "Epistolæ" forgets that the Obscurantists are rogues, because they are such absurd fools; he would be sorry if they mended, for then he would not have them to laugh at; he forgets the practical in the æsthetical aspect of things.

And this answers to what we know of the character of Crotus. The humorous element in him did not exclude an interest in the struggles of the time, and his jests were weapons against stupidity; but his interest in these things was not so great as to induce him to incur danger, or to prevent him from making peace with the old state of things, rather than involve himself in tedious conflicts. He liked, therefore, to send forth his arrows from concealment; he never put his name to any of his writings, except to that last one which called forth this bitter anonymous rejoinder which silenced him for the rest of his life.

Ulrich Hutten had been since the autumn of 1515 in Italy. The rest of the year was taken up with the commotions which followed on the murder of his cousin. This will explain how it was that he took at first no active part in an undertaking, which afterwards awakened in him so lively an interest. His share in it must be assigned to the

second part. The Cologners did not seem to have been sufficiently chastised. Pfefferkorn had published his "Defensio," in which he took up his quarrel with Reuchlin from the beginning, and denounced the "Epist. Obsc. Vir." to Pope and Emperor as a blasphemous, worse than Saracenic book. A rejoinder was therefore called for, and thus arose Part II.

It is quite equal to its elder brother. It stands in many respects in the same relation to Part I. as Part II. of "Don Quixote" to Part I. It is assumed that the writers of the letters have read Part I. The knowledge that many of the Obscurantists had taken the letters in earnest is turned to account. Still there are differences between the two parts. First, an external difference. The letters in Part I. are all from places in Germany, including the Netherlands. The first letter from Rome is in the appendix; and one-third of the seventy letters in Part II. is from Rome. There is often news from Rome in Part I., but not direct; in Part II. news comes direct from those who are studying or practising law there. Roman sights are mentioned—the Pope and his elephant; the Campo Fiore and the oranges; the intolerable heat; a route before mentioned from Germany to Rome, with its stations and objects of interest. It is certain that Crotus had never then been in Italy; and such little peculiarities as that there was no good chalk and no proper bootlaces to be had in Rome, point to a writer who had suffered from these little inconveniences himself.

There is also an internal difference. Jests, fun, and improprieties abound in Part II.* as in Part I.; but serious

* In a subsequent chapter, part of which is omitted in the translation, Dr. Strauss remarks that except in Hutten's share in these letters, in which coarseness enhanced the satire, his writings are remarkably pure; his letters, especially, are favourably distinguished in this respect from many others of the time.—*Tr.*

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discussions under the form of reported conversations are more often interwoven. Letters like that about the Würzburg preacher and the interpretation of a prophecy, do not occur in Part I. (we have quoted from both indiscriminately). Pathos more often appears beneath the irony. Böcking says that in Part I. a gimlet was used not less sharp than in Part II., but it made less noise and fewer chips. And he thinks he detects this more noisy gimlet, namely, Hutten as author, in the appendix to Part I. An interview with Erasmus is mentioned, and the author sometimes falls into good, Hutten-like Latin, as if he were not quite master of the jargon of the Obscurantists, and sometimes overdoes the caricature. The appendix to Part II. betrays a heavier hand, and it is altogether superfluous. The subject had been exhausted, and treated with all possible variations. The best joke must come to an end, or it produces satiety. All this favours the conjecture that Hutten was the chief author of Part II. and the appendix to Part I., as well as the fact that he is himself often mentioned and spoken ill of. As he spoke of comrades, and Erasmus mentions three authors of the "Epistolæ," various conjectures have been rife as to who else had a share in them, but we need not go over this wide field, as all we have to answer for is our hero's share in it.

And even here we do not get beyond conjecture, though it has a high degree of probability. The most certain indication is the journey in rhyme by Magister Schlauraff, which Hutten read to his friends at Bologna. This *carmen rithmicale*, with its sparkling humour, its inexhaustible quips and cranks, and jumble of Latin and German in the rhymes, is unquestionably the gem of the whole collection. Then the time and route coincide with Hutten's second journey to Italy; in another letter there is a memorial to Ecbert Haarlem,

Hutten's hospitable friend at Rostock; the servile offices accepted by the German benefice-hunters at Rome are spoken of in terms similar to those used by Hutten in a letter to Erasmus, and another assumed writer speaks of the perpetual darts of Hutten's polemical pen, and describes the preachers Peter Meyer, at Frankfort, and Bartholomew Zehender, at Mayence, quite in the style of the author of the "Triumphus Capnionis."

One further remark only remains to be made, which marks the rapid progress of the times. The "Epistolæ" were very widely circulated, and found so many imitators, that Hutten was wearied with communications in the same style. Three editions of Part I. appeared before Part II. was printed, and two editions afterwards up to 1518. There is then no trace of any fresh edition till 1556. In October, 1517, Luther had put forth his theses; in 1519 the disputation with Eck occurred at Leipzig, and from that time the whole intellectual interests of the times were centred in the Reformation movement.

How this work, projected in his service and honour, was received by Reuchlin himself we do not precisely know. The letter in the "Lamentations" (of which presently), in which he deprecates them, is undoubtedly a fiction of his enemies. There is, however, a credible tradition that the worthy old gentleman, though he had written a satirical comedy in his youth, now thought the buffoonery of his young champions somewhat too extravagant. Erasmus tells us how much he was amused by some specimens sent him before the whole was printed; there is an old story that laughter over them cured him of a dangerous swelling by causing it to break. The first printed collection alarmed him; but when a new edition came out, with an appendix in the very first letter of which he himself was introduced,

and, though mentioned with great respect, hit off exactly with his weak voice and his refined smile at the follies of men,—when a second part followed, in which he was represented as "one by himself," and yet as an ally of these turbulent young spirits,—the thing appeared to him to be fatal, and he was loud in his displeasure at a course which could only make the Humanistic tendencies hated. Just so Luther, at any rate at that period, wanted the humour to enable him to appreciate a work like the "Epistolæ." He thought it impudent, and called the author a harlequin. Crotus could only laugh at the Obscurantists, Luther could only scold at and oppose them, Hutten could do both.

The objects of the attack turned, as was worthy of them, to the ecclesiastical authorities. They spent a great deal of money, and at length obtained a papal brief, which commanded all possessors of copies of the "Epistolæ" to burn them within three days, under pain of excommunication, and to report all who refused to do so to the parish priest. Armed with this weapon, Ortuin thought he could take the field in a literary sense against his enemies. He turned the appellation "Obscuri Viri" against the originators of the letters. They were the real Obscure Men, and he makes them lament over their, as he assumes, unsuccessful undertaking.* The papal brief and the condemnatory letter of Erasmus were printed at the beginning. Another, assumed to be by Reuchlin, shows by its clumsiness that Ortuin was by no means a match for his adversaries. He makes the authors of the "Epistolæ" join in a stupid *Pater Peccavi*, in flat and wearisome exclamations, "*Proh Jupiter!*" and "*Proh dii immortales!*" over their defeat and the victory of

* "Lamentationes Obscurorum Virorum, non prohibitæ per Sedem Apostolicam, Artwino Gratio auctore." The first edition, of forty-five letters, appeared at the Easter fair of 1518.

the theologians. The "Lamentations" are an absurdly stupid retort to so clever a production as the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." Happily they are mostly very short, sometimes only a few lines, and it is plain that the powers of the writer could no further go. The worst piece is a list of the moral, that is immoral, principles ascribed to the Reuchlinists. The style was not intended to be bad, since the Humanists are assumed to be the writers, and Ortuin evidently does his best. It was often bad enough, yet not so as to be ridiculous. He wished to be thought moderate, and discriminates between good and bad Reuchlinists and poets, and for the sake of the latter he regrets that the ancient Church discipline of cutting off hands, tongues, &c., is at an end, and commends them as forerunners of Antichrist to the punishment of the secular arm.

CHAPTER IX.

HUTTEN'S CORONATION AS POET, AND SETTLEMENT AT MAYENCE.—OPPOSITION TO ROME.

WE broke off the thread of Hutten's life in June, 1517, when he set out from Bologna on his return to Germany. In July we find him at Augsburg, where he was hospitably entertained by the learned patrician, Conrad Peutinger. The Emperor Maximilian was then at Augsburg, and Peutinger wished to take advantage of the occasion to obtain some favour for Hutten. The scheme was for Hutten, in order to make himself known to the Emperor, to publish his Italian epigrams, of which a few only were printed, with a dedication to him. Hutten consented, looked through the poems, and wrote the dedication.

Meanwhile, at a brilliant assembly at the Emperor's court, Peutinger turned the conversation on Hutten; described his studies, his arduous journeys, not forgetting the adventure with the five Frenchmen, and suggested all sorts of titles and privileges which might be conferred on so distinguished a young noble. Maximilian determined solemnly to crown him as poet. Peutinger's daughter Constance tastefully wove the laurel wreath. Thirteen years before, her gifted sister, Juliana, now no longer living, had at four years of age received the Emperor on his entry into the city with a Latin address. With a brilliant suite Peutinger con-

ducted Hutten on the 12th of July to the Emperor, who, in presence of the whole court, placed the crown upon his head, with which he was afterwards so fond of having his portrait taken.

The following year Hutten heard that a present from the Emperor was on its way to him, but it does not appear whether the report was true.

Peutinger and other friends tried to attract the newly crowned poet to the Imperial court; others reminded him of the Archbishop of Mayence, for whose service Eitelwolf vom Stein had once destined him; but Hutten did not at once decide. He went first to Bamberg, where he met his friend Jacob Fuchs, and saw Camerarius for the first time. He tells us of the brilliant reputation, not only for learning, but also for valour, on account of his exploit with the five Frenchmen, which had preceded Hutten to Germany.

In Franconia, the family feud with Duke Ulrich again claimed his attention. He also wrote a report of his journey and coronation to Erasmus, and thanked him for the honourable mention of him in the preface to his edition of the New Testament. Towards the end of the year we find Hutten at Steckelberg occupied with a remarkable work.

It has been mentioned that the day before Hutten's departure from Bologna, he saw at the house of Cochläus a copy of the work of Laurentius Valla about the gift of Constantine. Hutten wished to be allowed to make a copy that he might reprint it in Germany. Cochläus did not quite like it, but a copy was made and forwarded to Hutten.

It was natural that this work of an Italian Humanist of the first half of the previous century should be a treasure to Hutten. It was a fine specimen of the Humanistic style of the Renaissance; was written in classical Latin, and the arguments were presented in imaginary speeches by Con-

stantine's sons, the Roman people, and Pope Sylvester, after the manner of the ancient historians, while it attacked the claims of Rome on its most tender point with the disinterested love of truth by which Hutten himself was distinguished. The chief support of the papal claims was the pretended edict of the Emperor Constantine, by which he gave to Bishop Sylvester and his successors, in addition to his ecclesiastical primacy, not only the Lateran Palace with all the imperial insignia, but the city of Rome, Italy, and the whole of the West, while he retired to the East. Valla's "Declamation" exhibits the spuriousness and inconsistency of this document in so striking a light, that we cannot wonder at the persecution he incurred, nor the evil repute of his work among the authorities in the Church.

This work Hutten now published, and, with the audacity peculiar to him, dedicated it to the Pope himself, as if he were sure that he would approve of its publication. Not that he really thought so; he had found out that Leo was in the main just like the rest of the Popes. The year before he had called him a frivolous, avaricious Florentine, a Holy Father about whose unholiness all agreed. It was only a stratagem to embarrass the Pope by making it impolite to express dissatisfaction with Hutten's audacity.

Hutten connects his dedication with the title of the "Restorer of Peace," which had been given to Leo in contrast to his warlike predecessor. He had restored also justice, truth, and liberty; learning could lift up its head again; things might be brought to light which had had to be concealed, like this work of Valla's. Other Popes had interdicted it because they would not listen to the truth, but Leo was the friend of truth. What was said about bad Popes did not concern him, for he was conscious that he was a good one. Those were bad Popes, or rather no Popes at

all, who had invented the gift of Constantine, or taken advantage of the shameless fiction. Leo would willingly give up what would have had to be taken from a bad Pope by force. Only thus could he be the restorer of peace, for peace cannot be restored between the robber and the robbed until the stolen goods are restored. He then mentions various abuses and acts of oppression as if they were only to be laid at the doors of Leo's predecessors, though he knew very well that they were continued under Leo, and goes on: "Wouldst thou not reckon those among thy worst foes, illustrious Leo, who should class thee with such thieves and tyrants?" He concludes with the audacious remark that he is so convinced that the little book will please the Pope that he hopes he will publicly express his approbation.

The effect of this work may be judged by the impression it made on Luther, into whose hands it came rather late in the day. He was amazed that such shameless lies should have been maintained for centuries and held as articles of faith, and it appeared to him more than ever that the Pope was Antichrist incarnate. It does not appear to have reached the Pope; at any rate, he took no notice of Hutten's authorship until three years later.

Meanwhile, Hutten had resolved upon taking office at Mayence. It is significant of the times that the Archbishop Albert took into his service the man who had just published such a book. The fleecing of Germany by the Curia had long been so oppressive, that the interests of a spiritual prince in Germany no longer entirely coincided with those of the Papal Chair. The archbishopric of Mayence was greatly impoverished by the price of the archiepiscopal pall, which had risen to twenty thousand gold gulden, and it had had to be raised several times owing to the see having been repeatedly vacated within a short period. In conse-

quence of this, Archbishop Albert had promised to pay it himself. The indulgence of which the Pope had granted him the administration was to provide the means; half the profits were to go to the Fuggers who had advanced the pall money. This explains that the same archbishop who took great offence at Luther's attack upon indulgences, was secretly not displeased at Hutten's attacks upon the papal claims.

Before the end of the year 1517 Hutten made a journey to the Court of France in the service of his prince. He met with an honourable reception, not only on account of his office, but of his literary fame. At Paris he was entertained by the sub-prefect Louis Ruzeus, a lover of literature and patron of learned men, and made the acquaintance of the king's secretary, Budäus, the correspondent and rival of Erasmus, in writing to whom, he praises Hutten's refined and noble bearing. It was doubtless on this journey that he also made the acquaintance of Faber of Étaples, known by his commentaries on the New Testament and on Aristotle; and of two physicians, Copus and Ruellius, the former of whom had a few years before exerted himself in vain for Reuchlin at the University of Paris. Hutten used to speak of them as the chief supports of learning and progress in France.

Hutten returned to Mayence in February, in time to accompany his Elector to his Saxon dioceses, where he remained until the Diet of Augsburg in July, but sent Hutten back to Mayence with some commission in the spring. Here he received a letter from Count von Nuenar, together with a work of Hochstraten's, in which the count was insulted in the usual style of the grand inquisitor. The count revenged himself by printing the letters of his friends on the subject, and among others, the one Hutten sent in answer to his own.

Hutten says that he had read Hochstraten's libel with pleasure; the more shameless these fellows are the better, for the sooner will the eyes of Germany be opened, and her patience be exhausted. The contest with these internal foes of Christianity was more urgent than that with the Turks. The decline of religion, the schisms in the Church, the apostacy in Bohemia, must be laid to their charge. Von Nuenar asks what Hutten thought was to be done. He had hitherto preferred the silence of contempt, but he began to think that this was not enough. He should like to talk it over with the count. Meanwhile it was a comfort that their enemies were beginning to fall foul of each other.

It is noteworthy that it was under the aspect of a contemptible monkish quarrel, over which the friends of progress maliciously rubbed their hands, that a cause first presented itself to Hutten's notice, which two years later he regarded as most sacred—the cause of Luther. First, he alludes to a dispute a few years before about the conception of Mary between the Franciscans and Dominicans, and continues—"But now, perhaps, you do not know that at Wittenberg in Saxony (Hutten had just been in this neighbourhood) a party has risen up against the Pope, while another defends the papal indulgence. There are large numbers on both sides, headed by monks. The leaders are fiery and vehement, full of zeal and courage. Sometimes they exclaim and scream, sometimes lament and bewail their fate. They have lately taken to writing too. They make work for the printers. There are propositions, corollaries, syllogisms, and (what many have taken offence at) articles of faith sold. I hope they will bring each other to ruin. I lately said to a friar who was telling me about it, 'devour one another, that you may be consumed one of another.' It is my desire that our enemies may live in as much discord

as possible, and be always quarrelling amongst themselves. Aye, God grant that all who oppose the dawn of progress may perish, that the living plants of glorious virtue which they have so often trodden under foot may lift up their heads."

Hutten then encourages his friend, assures him that he will be his faithful ally, and says that he will do what he can for the common cause at the princely courts; and as long as he was at the archiepiscopal court he kept his promise. The cause for which he laboured was called the cause of Reuchlin; it was really that of Humanism endangered through its champion. It was also the policy of Erasmus to ensure scope and protection for Humanism by doing homage to cultivated rulers, temporal and spiritual, and Hutten remained true to it as long as he was merely a Humanist. Luther's policy, the policy of the Reformation, was a different one. It did not concern itself with the culture of a few distinguished persons, but with the needs of all, even of the obscure. Enlightenment may be secured by help of the great, but reform and reconstruction of a corrupt Church and State can only be effected, whether the great aid the cause or not, by the middle and lower classes. Hutten, as we shall find, discovered this as soon as he left the Reuchlinists' camp to fight under Luther's banner.

For the present he rejoices that there are so many eminent men in France and Germany, at courts and in cities, who have taken up Reuchlin's cause. At Leipzig, in spite of the opposition of the Sophists, learning flourishes; the Elector Frederic has summoned professors of Greek and Hebrew to Wittenberg. His own prince, Archbishop Albert, was specially favourable to learning. He held Erasmus in great esteem, and read his works. The court physician, Stromer, showed him a libel of Pfefferkorn's on Reuchlin's

friends; he read it, and then put it into the fire by which he was sitting, with the memorable words, : "So perish all who so speak!"

Count Nuenar, and some other friends of Hutten's, did not like his taking office at court. Hutten assures him that he has by no means given up his literary pursuits. He intended in the future, however, to be fully reconciled to the muses, if they should take offence at his unavoidable entrance into the service of proud Mars; but it would not be the first time that they had passed the night in camp amidst the clash of arms.

CHAPTER X.

HUTTEN AT AUGSBURG, DURING THE DIET. 1518.

AFTER a short stay at Mayence, Hutten returned to Prince Albert at Halle; but in May we find him at Mayence again, where he occupied himself with a work suggested by the approaching Diet at Augsburg.

Since the beginning of the reign of Selim I. in 1512, the Osman power had again become formidable. Selim took Syria and Egypt from the Sultan of the Mamelukes; the Greek renegade, Horuk Barbarossa, established himself in Tunis, and the Moors revolted. All Western Christendom was in terror. The Pope summoned the ambassadors of the Christian kings to a conference with a commission of cardinals, and sent a document about the Turkish war to the Emperor, who at once decided to lay the matter before the Diet convened at Augsburg for the summer of 1518.

It was more than doubtful whether the Pope's real object was to get money or to fight the Turks. The Emperor also hoped to strengthen his position by the money and materials of war of which he hoped to get possession; but this was also an object to be desired by a patriotic German, and Hutten's address to the German princes, in anticipation of the Diet, was written entirely from the imperial point of view.*

* "Ulrichi Hutteni ad Principes Germanos ut Bellum Turcis inferant exhortatoria." Schriften, v.

He begins by saying that there is urgent necessity for a war with the Turks. He must call attention to unpleasant truths, but as his sole object is his country's good, let no man take offence.

This time it must be a war in earnest; it was not a mere alarm raised by the Pope for the sake of getting money, as so often before. He then goes into a long digression on the relations between the Pope and the Emperor, the papal oppression and extortions in Germany, the abuses at Rome, &c., those waters in which he now loved to disport himself, and he cared at least as much for this part of his subject as for the main topic of the address.

He next gives a sketch of the history, character, and conquests of the Turks, and expatiates on the reality of the danger. What is most necessary for the war is unity and unanimous obedience to the Emperor. Without unity, even apart from this war, Germany will be ruined. "In truth," continues Hutten, and his words seem prophetic of the Peasants' War seven years afterwards, "if you will not listen to me (you who are in fault), I fear this nation will witness some event unworthy of it. For if (which God forbid) there should be a revolt of the people, no questions will be asked as to who is most to blame, but the innocent will suffer with the guilty. . . . We have power enough in Germany, but it is not rightly used; we give ourselves to mere military exercises, but there is no enthusiasm for the empire. The Turk knows too well that unity and obedience are indispensable to great deeds to be afraid of us. And not the Turk alone: so long as we are wanting in these things, no nation will fear to attack us!" How true Hutten's words were, the experience of three centuries and a half, each more painful than the last, has taught us. We have at last learnt the lesson, and proved the truth also of his words, that

"when the Germans once understand what it is they are wanting in, they will be the first nation in the world."

Hutten animadverts on the pomp and pride of the princes, who spend their time, even at the Diets, in banqueting and gambling, and boast of the length of their genealogies instead of trying to be worthy of their high position. Then follows a panegyric on Maximilian, and an exhortation to obey him as their leader, and the address concludes with a final appeal to undertake the war, and with wishes for its success.

Hutten sent this address in MS. to his friend Peutinger at Augsburg. He appears to have intended to deliver it himself at the Diet, and afterwards to have it printed. When, however, he arrived at Augsburg, his friends dissuaded him from publishing it, fearing that the attacks upon Rome would bring him into danger. He gave way amidst bitter complaints of the evil times, in which a word could not be freely spoken. It seems afterwards to have been arranged that it should be printed with the offensive passages omitted. but as we shall see, he could not long submit to this, and had it printed entire.

At Augsburg Hutten associated with many excellent and congenial men, some of whom resided at Augsburg, and some were brought thither by the Diet. Among these were Peutinger, Stab, Spiegel, Stromer, and Jacob von Bannisis, Dean of Trent, and one of Maximilian's most trusted councillors: it was he who generally accompanied him on his daring chamois hunts. There was also in the Emperor's suite the Count von Helfenstein, who shared Hutten's hatred of the Duke of Würtemberg, for he had burnt one of his castles. Œcolampadius was also there from Basle, and brought news of Erasmus.

Hutten followed the course of the Diet with intense interest. "It offers," he wrote, "the pleasantest spectacle

to all beholders. So many handsome young princes, such a multitude of counts and knights, the flower of the German nobility. No one who sees them can think the Turk so very formidable. If the Germans had as much brains as strength, I might threaten the world with subjection. God grant that those may be well advised on whose counsels so much depends." He was glad to observe that there was less extravagance than usual at these assemblies, but there was still great extravagance in attire. The Germans wanted to vie with the French, and there was a vast deal of drinking in order that German fashions might also be kept up.

At this Diet, the ban against Hutten's foe, Duke Ulrich, was renewed, though not executed, and a great honour was done to his patron, Archbishop Albert. The Pope sent him, and to the astonishment of every one gratuitously, the cardinal's hat and purple, and he was invested with it by the papal legate at a solemn high mass in the cathedral, surrounded by princes and nobles, and in presence of a vast concourse of people.

The Emperor himself accompanied him from the cathedral to his quarters, and sent him a costly present. Our knight considered that so much good fortune—the two archbishoprics, the electoral dignity, and now the cardinal's hat—all within five years—was a pledge of the special favour of the gods to Albert. But we may be allowed to doubt whether his joy was quite unmixed. Would not these favours be links to attach the well-meaning but impressible prince to the interests of Rome?

The chief business of the Diet, the Turkish war, did not make much progress. The legate explained the Pope's views, especially about raising money. He and the Emperor soon came to an understanding, but he met with

opposition from the princes. On 24th of August the negotiation was still going on, and Hutten was hopeful. Three days afterwards the States gave a decided refusal. Hutten's feelings were mixed. He was not sorry that the project of the Curia for raising money had fallen through, for he was sure that it was intended for the pockets of the Roman courtiers; but he was vexed that the German princes should be so indifferent to the danger from the Turks. He would not have been sorry to see them roused from their apathy by an attack from them.

While occupied with these political affairs, Hutten continued faithfully to interest himself for the cause of Reuchlin. He took many a walk at Augsburg to gain adherents for it, but had the satisfaction of finding that most of the best men were on his side already. The trial seemed to be in abeyance. News came from Cologne that Count von Nuenar had driven Hochstraten out of the town on account of his libels on him. Hutten's new friends in France wrote that Reuchlin's name was in high esteem there, and that the theologians had great hopes of victory.

During Hutten's stay at Augsburg, the enlarged edition of his "Nobody" first appeared in print. It attracted considerable attention in Germany, and the attacks in the preface gave great offence to those whom they hit, especially the lawyers. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that learned and sensible men joined in his laugh, and gave him their approval.

Although the path Hutten was pursuing was leading him nearer and nearer to Luther, he at present neither showed any interest in his cause, nor regarded it from a higher point of view than before, though they were for some time at the same place. From 7th to 20th of October, Luther was carrying on the well-known discussions with Cajetan at Augsburg,

but Hutten does not even mention his being there. He writes with pleasure of the young Melanchthon's call to the Greek professorship at Wittenberg, and of Eck's attack upon Carlstadt with the interest of a fellow-countrymen; but when he speaks of Luther's contest with this same Eck and others, he knows as yet no better than to rub his hands at the spectacle of the theologians tearing each other to pieces.

Of the legate, on the contrary, with whom Luther had to do at Augsburg, Hutten took more notice than could have been agreeable to him. The knight felt an aversion to him simply as papal legate; then Cardinal Cajetan made a display at Augsburg amounting almost to folly. He was a vain Italian, and nothing in Germany was good enough for him. None of this was allowed to pass unnoticed. Hutten was already taking aim at him, even if his dialogue "Fever," in which he transfixes him, was not written at Augsburg.

Hutten did not remain another year at the Court of the Elector of Mayence. He had for a long time seen the shady side of court life. He writes in May, 1518, from Mayence to Peutinger:—"You ask how court life suits me. Not very well. Still what can one not put up with, with so truly princely, so humane and generous a master as Archbishop Albert, and so true a friend as his physician Stromer. But I am heartily tired of the rest of it—of the flattering promises and everlasting salutations, sly talk and empty vapouring."

Stromer had the year before published the work of Æneas Sylvius on "The Miseries of Courtiers," with a preface which might be called an amplification of the German proverb—"Ennui at court, and ennui in hell" (*Lang bei Hof, Lang bei Höll*). He was amused at Hutten's jokes at his

novel position, and while they were at the Diet together, he incited his friend to write something on the subject.

It was no light thing for a would-be courtier to write against court life. Hutten reminds his friend of this in the dedication, and jokingly alludes to the bodily maltreatment to be expected from his lusty colleagues, who will not allow such a work from a "writer," as they called a learned man, to go unpunished.

In this work Hutten went back to the form of dialogue, which continued to be his favourite style. Castus, on meeting Misaulus as a courtier, admires his fine clothes, to which the other replies that he was happier in his rags, for then he was free, now he is a slave. Castus is, to some extent, Hutten himself, who, after his adventures and privations, finds court life very pleasant and instructive as a school of experience. Misaulus, on the contrary, is an experienced and rather superseded old courtier, who sees only the shady side of life at court, and does not think it a good school. He compares court life to a ship at sea, which has to encounter the storms of partiality, envy, ambition, and luxury, and to avoid the rocks of the prince's displeasure and suspicions, the danger of falling in love with his daughter, the calumniation of colleagues, &c. The pirates are the prince's enemies, who may take you prisoner, and then you have to ransom yourself. Then a picture is drawn of the want of cleanliness on board the court ship in colours not too glaring for the taste of that day, though repulsive enough to us.

The wealth which attracts many to court often exists in appearance only, for extravagance has impoverished the German princes, and the courtier often finds it hard to get his scanty pay. Then princes are so stupid in choosing their attendants. They want men with stalwart forms,

whether they have any brains or not, and insignificant-looking people are always put in the background, let them be ever so clever. Amidst a good deal more talk of this sort, the bell summons Misaulus, and he goes off with a warning to his friend not to enter into bondage.

One of the first persons to whom Hutten showed his new dialogue was Wilibald Pirckheimer, with whom he had lately become more intimate. It was no wonder that Hutten was attracted to him. No other denizen of the imperial cities of Germany comes so near to a Roman patrician. He had a powerful frame, early steeled by chivalrous exercises; he sprang from a noble race in the first German city of the age, had inherited wealth, acquired learning in Italy, and had been trained in court life and war in the service of the Bishop of Eichstädt. When advantages like these were enjoyed by a man of a large and comprehensive mind, a character above the common run might be expected to be the result.

His education was scarcely finished when he took his place in the council of his native city. His imposing presence, his eloquence, his diplomatic bearing, specially adapted him for embassies. The Emperor Maximilian soon learned to appreciate him, and made him his councillor. Many a favour granted to Nuremberg was owing to the esteem in which he held its representative. When the war with Switzerland broke out in 1499, Pirckheimer had an opportunity of exercising his military talents; he led the Nuremberg troops to the Emperor. The war was unsuccessful, but he proved his ability, and wrote a history of the campaign. During this war, Maximilian was once crossing from Lindau to Constance in the same vessel with Pirckheimer, and read aloud to him some of his memorials which

he had been dictating on board, and asked him how he liked the Cavalier Latin.

The time which was not occupied with public affairs, Pirckheimer gave to learning and to intercourse with learned men. The most eminent of them approached him with reverence, and attached great importance to his opinions. His house, which his guests called regal in its splendour, his library well stocked with books and MSS., was open to every man of learning. His banquets, at which he loved to assemble men of talent, were famous; and it was he chiefly who made Nuremberg a literary centre. He was a Humanist, and took a foremost place in the ranks of the Reuchlinists. His Latin, though not faultless, has a classical tone and Roman dignity. In Greek he was quite at home, and translated works of Plato, Xenophon, Plutarch, and Lucian into Latin or German. Count von Nuenar corresponded with him on ancient German history, Erasmus and Cochläus on theology; others proposed complicated legal questions for his opinion. Neither was Pirckheimer a stranger to art. He was an amateur musician, admired the works of his fellow-citizen, Albert Dürer, and was deeply grieved to see him prematurely cut off, the victim of a tormenting wife.

The description which Pirckheimer gives us of his life on his brother-in-law's estate, when the plague was raging at Nuremberg, is like a picture after the antique. Here, far from the turmoil of politics, he lived entirely for study and nature; he read Plato in the mornings, and in the afternoons, as the gout kept him indoors, he watched from the castle windows the country folk in the fields, the fisherman or sportsman in the valleys and on the neighbouring hills, entertained visitors from the neighbourhood, or his bailiffs and tenants with their wives and children. The evening was

again devoted to study, especially of history, and of works which treat of the manners of men and the glories of nature. He sits up late at night, and, when the sky is clear, he follows with an instrument the course of the planets, by which he thinks to read the events of the future, the fate of rulers and nations.

From a man of this stamp, who did not scruple to criticize a Reuchlin or an Erasmus, Hutten could but expect a candid opinion if he submitted any of his writings to him. And Pirckheimer, who was eighteen years Hutten's senior, had passed part of his youth at an ecclesiastical court, and had since had much diplomatic intercourse with rulers, had had far more experience of court life than Hutten, who was but a novice. He let him feel this with good-natured irony. He thought the dialogue smart, but immature; Hutten would know more about it when he had twenty years' experience of it, but he hopes that this experience may be spared him, and that he may soon be able to live to his friends and the muses.

The way in which the younger man took this criticism is worthy of both. He did not defend his work (which is, in fact, one of his weakest), but said that, since his "Dialogue on Court Life" was immature, his friend should allow him time to gain more experience, and not entice him away when he was only on the threshold. And then Hutten develops his plan of life in one of the most attractive communications we have from his pen, and which gives us a deep insight into his mind, and the culture of the time.

In a few words, the gist of the letter is, that a combination of a learned and practical life is not only possible, but, for a nature like his, desirable; that his position at the Court of Mayence was rather an advantage to his studies than not. He had warned others from court life, and yet remained at

court himself. But what else can he do? He was too young (he was just thirty) to live merely a student's life, even if he were fitted for it. He must first see something of the world. His friend will remind him of his twelve years' wanderings. True, he had learnt and seen much during this time, but he had accomplished nothing; it was but a prelude to life. Now he must begin life in earnest. Pirckheimer did not quite know him. Besides study, he must have intercourse with all sorts of men, and with those unlike himself. He could much more easily endure this social bustle, from which he could always withdraw, than solitude. He therefore sought to combine the two. He had earned some distinction by writing, and did not despair of acquiring some fame in the affairs of the world. But his beloved studies should never be neglected; his friends were much mistaken if they thought they were so. His persistent defence of Reuchlin had proved how deeply ingrained his love of learning was. And if not always a prudent, he should ever be a zealous opponent of those who darken the rising sun of culture and obscure the light of truth. He cares not for their hatred, but they shall fear him too. In future he meant not only to deride them behind their backs, but to withstand them to their faces. We must not be discouraged at the slow progress of the good cause. It will come to pass "that learning will revive, the knowledge of the languages of Greece and Italy will unite us with those lands, culture will take up her abode in Germany, barbarism will be driven back over the Hyperborean mountains and to the Baltic Sea. Meanwhile we will emulate the palm-tree, by aspiring the higher the more they seek to repress us, and oppose our oppressors with unyielding persistence." In this task they will each do his part; Pirckheimer as veteran and leader, Hutten as recruit. He will drive the foe from the field, that

Pirckheimer and others may sow it with the seeds of higher culture.

Erasmus had awakened men's minds in the Rhenish country and nether Germany, Reuchlin had instructed his Swabians, and Pirckheimer had taught Nuremberg. Nuremberg could boast of having gained the favour of Hutten the noble, who had always had an aversion to cities and commerce. Of all the cities of Germany it was the most fruitful in clever men, and best knew how to prize them. They had a proverb at Venice that all the German cities were blind, but that Nuremberg could see with one eye. Nuremberg also distinguished itself in art and industry. Albert Dürer, the Apelles of modern times, belonged to it, whose name the Italians put to their works to make them sell. Such a city had been a grateful soil for Pirckheimer's labours; the infusion of culture into Hutten's own class was a much more difficult process. The idea had always prevailed among the nobles that learning was beneath them. Eitelwolf had tried to disabuse them of it, but he died too soon. Now a brighter prospect was opening. The most distinguished councillors of the Emperor and princes, and some of the princes themselves, favoured the Humanist party; and so they were extolled and compared to Mæcenas and Augustus, in order to encourage them. It had come to be thought that patronage of learning became a prince. He thought that all sorts of traps should be set to catch the favour of princes, and learned men must take office under them, as the theologians and lawyers did.*

* The irony with which Hutten did this himself may be seen from his letter to Erasmus of March, 1519. He asks Erasmus to praise the archbishop well for the favour he has shown to himself; it will be for the good of other learned men; the archbishop always hoped to be mentioned in one of Erasmus's works when he showed favour to a Humanist.

After this digression, Hutten returns to his theme. Pirckheimer himself has given convincing proof that time may be secured for study amidst public business, and even amidst the tumult of war. Not that he will compare himself to so great an example, but a life of study alone would not suit him; at any rate, not yet. "First," he exclaims, "let this ferment subside, let this restless spirit get weary, let it earn the repose, to which, as it seems to me, you are calling me before the time." The good prince had given him a dispensation from ordinary business. In spite of the turmoils of the present year, he had studied much and written something. In order to be able to read and work anywhere, he carried a portable library about with him, and was seeking a young man as reader and amanuensis.

If he did not remain at court, where could he go? In a city you can study in peace and quiet, but not in a noble's castle. The limited space, the bustle, the cares of the farm and for defence, left no time for study. That was not the peaceful haven to which Pirckheimer could summon him. Perfect peace and security was nowhere to be found on earth. Not courts alone, but life itself, may be likened to a stormy sea.

He had before him a definite aim, but he must live while pursuing it; and this his post at court enabled him to do. It was a reasonable ambition with him to maintain his name and dignity, to be worthy of his nobility, to make it his own by real merit, to add to the family fame. If he neglected this, he should increase the prejudice of his class against learning. To a certain extent, he was counting on good fortune; there were many things that nothing but this could give him, while there was nothing worth speaking of that misfortune could take away. Fortune could add lustre to his rank, but not diminish it. He should maintain peace of

mind. He could seek for honours, and yet despise them. Let his friend, then, not seek to detach him from court life until he had attained his end. When he had achieved something, and given evidence that he had lived, he would bury himself in learned seclusion, and laugh at the courtiers, theologians, the nobles and lawyers.

After communications about his health, the Diet, and the society he found at Augsburg, Hutten turns to literary matters—Erasmus's new edition of the New Testament, Budäus's "Commentary on the Pandects," and other signs of the revival of learning in France and Germany, and concludes with the triumphant exclamation, "O age! O learning! It is a pleasure to live, my Wilibald, if not yet to settle down to repose. Learning is flourishing, minds are awakening. Be hanged, barbarism, and make up thy mind to be banished."

Hutten knew that by this letter he had raised a lasting memorial to Pirckheimer and their friendship. He proclaimed this openly by sending a number of printed copies of it, together with copies of the "Dialogue on Court Life" and the "Address on the Turkish War," for the booksellers at Nuremberg, and others to be forwarded to Leipzig.

While at Augsburg, Hutten was recommended by Stromer, his prince's physician, to submit to a new process of treatment for a distressing malady to which he had been subject for years. Medical science was then groping in the dark, and it is difficult to say which is the most painful, the description Hutten gives of his condition, or of the torments to which he was subjected by ignorant doctors. He dragged his sufferings about with him from Greifswald to Rome, from Vienna and Olmütz to Mayence and Paris, when he needed rest and care; he tried all sorts of remedies, and not seldom entrusted himself to quacks. One of his friends,

seeing his dreadful and apparently hopeless sufferings, advised him to put an end to his life. He must have had indomitable fortitude and courage, for besides the intrinsic merit of his writings, he must have the credit of having often composed them, full of spirit and vigour as they are, during severe, tedious, and almost hopeless sickness. During the course of medical treatment at Augsburg, the doctors' prohibitions did not deter him from study and composition; they did not know that these occupations were rather a pleasure to him than a labour.

From the use of guaiacum he now thought that a radical cure had been effected. After three months' use of it he felt as if new born, and speaks of the wood to which he thought he owed his cure with a sort of religious veneration, as a heaven-sent boon, and felt himself in duty bound to immortalise it in a book, and to make it known to suffering humanity.*

In a passage about the regimen to be observed during the cure, he speaks of the luxury which has become prevalent in Germany. He inveighs against the vice of drunkenness, but still less excusable is the luxury in food and attire which is coming into vogue, the taste for foreign spices, perfumes, and stuffs which unnerve and impoverish the Germans. According to Pliny, oatmeal porridge served the ancient Germans for food. Now we hanker after foreign

* In Dr. Strauss's book the greater part of a chapter is devoted to a disquisition on the causes, nature, and treatment of Hutten's malady, and to an inquiry to what extent his moral character was involved in it. It is omitted here as not being suited for general readers, and the short notice above, abridged from the original, incorporated with the present chapter. It may be remarked that it would at any rate be unfair to judge Hutten by the moral standard of the present day. Dr. Strauss observes that it is well known that in the Middle Ages people were far less rigid upon such subjects than would be expected from the religious views that prevailed.—*Tr.*

delicacies, and our own products are sold to buy them. It is this that has so enriched the Fuggers. Hutten gives a formal *Pereat* to silk and saffron, and wishes that all who cannot dispense with pepper may have the gout. The book was printed at Mayence, and had a large circulation.

Hutten had scarcely regained his strength after his cure at Augsburg, when, towards the close of 1518, he went to Steckelberg to visit his parents. Here he could breathe freely once more and lay aside all scruples, in many of which however he was certainly not in the habit of indulging. He was vexed that his address on the Turks had been mutilated in deference to the fears of his friends. If he remained at court, as a means of living, must he renounce the patriotic duty of speaking the truth? In the free air of his native hills he could stand it no longer. He printed the address entire, with a dedication to all free and true Germans. He had yielded unwillingly to the fears of his friends, but it seemed to him ignoble to refrain from serving his country from fear of personal danger, and moreover he could not see the danger. If it should threaten him, he relied upon his Germans. Hutten concludes with these words, which might be taken to heart by the reactionary party of all times: "In fact, if there is any one who wishes to see German liberty so crushed that we may not protest against wrong or ignominy, let him see to it that this gagged and stifled liberty does not suddenly break forth and assert itself to the discomfiture of its oppressors. How much more prudent would it be, how much more advisable, even from the standpoint of our oppressors, to allow it a little breathing room, not to confine it within so narrow a space as to compel it to procure air by a violent outbreak! For liberty submits to be restrained when it is cunningly done, but she will not submit to be slaughtered: to annihilate her is impossible.

Let them then voluntarily give us a little liberty that we may not have to take it by force. It is but little that I have taken myself, namely, not to be silent about a real grievance, and to give modest expression to the complaints of my country. Courage, then! And you who have the liberties of the Fatherland at heart, who care for German honour, and are not quite given over to superstition, read, do likewise, and farewell."

When Hutten returned to Mayence, early in 1519, he paid a literary homage to his prince by dedicating a new edition of Livy to him. Fragments of two books of Livy which had been missing had been found at St. Martin's, at Mayence, and two scholars had had a new and improved edition of this author printed by Schöffer at Mayence. They asked Hutten to write the dedication, thinking that it would be more flattering to the archbishop if written by a member of his court. The learned historian himself, says Hutten, could not have chosen a more worthy patron than one who had so favoured learning and learned men as Albert. On the other hand, the dedication of an author like Livy was an honour to the Elector which he would requite by fresh Mæcenic services. "Thou knowest thy calling; thou favourest learning, and learning is glorified by thee."

In February, 1519, the dialogue called "Febris" appeared, which, although perhaps written at Mayence or Steckelberg, suggested itself to Hutten at Augsburg by what he saw and heard of Cardinal Cajetan. It is a satire on the luxurious lives of the clergy and men of wealth, with special reference to the cardinal. Hutten wishes to dismiss Fever, which has taken up his quarters with him. Fever begs in that case to be sent into other good quarters. Hutten refers him to Cardinal Cajetan, who has been sent

from Rome to Germany to raise money, ostensibly for a war with the Turks, but really for the Court of Rome. Fever would certainly be well off there, for the man reposes in purple within heavy curtains, eats off silver, drinks out of gold, and was such an epicure that he could not relish anything in Germany. The German game disgusts him, the bread is tasteless, and the wine brings tears into his eyes. Fever does not fancy the meagre hypocrite; he is niggardly to his servants, and will be sure to put him under a ban the moment he crosses the threshold. With the princes and merchants he is afraid of the doctors. Fever reminds Hutten of a service he once did him; eight years ago he was his guest as a Quaternion fever for half a year, and how industrious, pious, and patient it made him! Yes, Fever had greatly tormented him, and he had thrown himself into his work to beguile himself, retorts Hutten, and if Fever does not depart at once he threatens him with the physician Stromer. He may go to the monks, whose good living without exercise must be most inviting to Fever; but they have learnt to charm him away, says Fever, from the old women who confess to them. Among the canons then there are many well-favoured people; they do, to be sure, take more exercise in riding and hunting than the monks, but this is made up for by the greater excesses they indulge in. But they have so many other maladies already that there is no room for Fever. Hutten sends him at last to a benefice-hunter just come from Rome, with whom he will find all he wants to his heart's content.

Amidst occupations of this sort a courtier's life became more and more uncongenial to our knight. He had nothing in common with these empty-headed, puffed-up parasites. Yet he could ill dispense with the income which his post brought him. His patron had already released him from

the duties of his office; he hoped that he would set him still further at liberty by granting him a pension which he might spend where he liked. It was already half promised, and now Erasmus was asked publicly to laud the Elector for it in order to insure its realisation.

CHAPTER XI.

A CAMPAIGN, AND PROJECT OF MARRIAGE.

HUTTEN'S literary leisure was now broken in upon by an unexpected event. In January, 1519, the Emperor Maximilian died at Wels, in Upper Austria. At the banquet held at Stuttgard on the occasion, Duke Ulrich received intelligence that one of his castellans had been stabbed by two men from Reutlingen. He sprang up from table, mounted his horse, sounded an alarm in the country, advanced to the city, and took it, thus reducing it from an imperial city to a country town of Würtemberg.

The Emperor was dead. The regent for south-west Germany, the Count Palatine Louis, was on friendly terms with Duke Ulrich, so there was nothing to fear from that quarter. But Reutlingen belonged to the Swabian League, from which Ulrich had withdrawn, and in which his offended brothers-in-law, the Dukes of Bavaria, held a prominent position. The League therefore raised an army to confront the disturber of the peace, which was joined by many of the Franconian nobles; the Huttens, who had never received the compensation money promised them by the treaty of Blaubeeren, at their head. How could Ulrich von Hutten stay away, when such an opportunity offered of helping to dethrone his ancient foe, and of playing the knight once more, after having so long devoted himself exclusively to literary

pursuits? In February and March, while reprinting his "Phalarismus," he equipped himself, and rode meanwhile to see Franz von Sickingen, who, previously in the pay of France, and in league with the Duke of Würtemberg, had been gained over by the Swabian League, chiefly by Dietrich Spät, Sabine's paladin.

It was this common interest which first brought these two men together. They were soon mutually attracted, and from their fraternisation great projects arose, but also great misfortunes for both. During Hutten's visit, his dialogue "Febris" was read aloud to Sickingen, and what he understood of it (for Latin was not his forte) pleased him so well, that he said he should like to have it in German. Hutten therefore had it translated, and wrote a lively dedication to the honourable, beloved, and renowned Franz von Sickingen. He had heard that his friend had had to entertain Fever in his castles, and desired to give him an antidote; but the little book was much prettier and more artistic in Latin.

Just as Hutten was about to start for the campaign, he sent a letter to Francis I. of France, with whom he was acquainted from his embassy to France, to dissuade him from supporting Duke Ulrich, as it was said he was going to do. He reminded him of the old proverb, "He who would in war be beaten, let him battle with the Germans." Not that Germany is invincible, but no one has yet attained a complete victory over her. He wrote to Erasmus that he was not afraid of the bandits; but they had some forces and allies, and might involve all Germany in war. Should this struggle cost him his life, let Erasmus take care that he should not be forgotten in his immortal works. It appears from Hutten's letters during the campaign that Duke Ulrich inspired great fear, and it was prophesied in many quarters that he

would beat the League. But when the Swiss deserted him, his strength was gone. Besides them, the duke had only armed country people and a few hirelings, who were no match for the army of the League. The councillors of the League knew this very well, and effected that the Swiss Diet should recall their troops. The duke knew it too, and wept when he saw them moving off. It decided the war before it was begun, and there was nothing left for him but to take refuge in his castle of Tübingen, and to abandon his country to the advancing foe.

On 28th March, the army of the League set out from near Ulm and entered Würtemberg, commanded by Duke William of Bavaria. Franz von Sickingen with seven hundred and eighty-nine horsemen, among whom was Hutten, joined the army near Kirchheim early in April. It had but to walk over the course; nowhere was there any serious resistance. On 7th April, Stuttgard submitted to the conqueror.

We have a number of letters from Hutten to his friends which introduce us to the stirring life in camp. On 14th April he wrote from Stuttgard to Arnold Glauberger that he had seen no enemy as yet; most of the towns and villages had submitted. Tübingen only held out. The nobles had retired into the castle, and the duke had fled to France or Switzerland (really to the Palatinate) to seek help. The army of the League wished for nothing so much as a brave foe, that they might gain booty and renown. He mentions that before the duke's flight, the widow of his murdered cousin was with him at Tübingen. It was a pity that the Helen of this war had not fallen into their hands, that she might receive her deserts.

Hutten wrote this letter in Reuchlin's house. The good old man was in terrible alarm on the approach of the

enemy. He did not know what a friend he had in its midst, and had buried his beloved books. Hutten, through Sickingen's mediation, obtained a promise that, in case of an assault upon Stuttgard, Reuchlin's house should be secured by a public proclamation to the army. But it did not come to this; the city surrendered under conditions, and Sickingen himself went with Hutten to Reuchlin, assured him of his esteem, and promised him assistance in the process never yet brought to an end.

The travelled knight was delighted with Würtemberg. "There is scarcely a prettier country in Germany," he wrote. "The Swabians call Stuttgard the earthly paradise, so finely is it situated." More's the pity, thought Hutten, that it should not have a better ruler.

On the 21st of April, Hutten wrote to his friends at Mayence, that the enemy had not yet been seen in the field. All eyes were now directed towards Tübingen. If it did not surrender it was to be stormed. Hutten repeatedly extols the troops. "Confront me with the Turks," he exclaims, "and bid me conquer Asia with these soldiers." On the last day of April he tells his friends that Tübingen is taken. Considering its strength, he sees in this success, and in the whole course of the war, the hand of God and the power of conscience.

Meanwhile the Huttens had endeavoured to do their duty to their murdered cousin. He was buried in the village of Köngen, not far from the scene of the murder; they had the body disinterred and removed to Esslingen to be afterwards laid in the family vault, and took it as a miraculous sign of his innocence, that after four years it was not decayed, and that the face was recognisable.

During this campaign, Hutten became more intimate with Franz von Sickingen. He slept in his tent, and was

mostly by his side. Hutten's letters are full of his praise. He calls him in all respects a great man. He maintained composure amidst good or ill fortune; had great ideas, a dignified and impressive way of speaking, his manners were simple and sociable, and he was greatly beloved by the troops. He wrote to Erasmus, "He is a man such as Germany has not seen for a long time, and I hope he will one day bring great fame to this nation. There is nothing that we admire in the ancients that he does not strive to emulate. He is wise, he is eloquent, quick of perception, and energetic, as a leader ought to be. God prosper his undertakings."

After the campaign, Hutten went to Wildbad for his health. Shortly before he received a letter from Erasmus from Louvain. He rallies his young friend on his martial tastes. After telling him that occupation had hitherto prevented his reading his "Aula," and that his "Febris" and "Phalarismus" were forbidden at Louvain, on account of the personal allusions they contained, he continues, "But what do I hear? Hutten, man of steel, is going to the wars! I see that you are born for combat, since you fight not only with tongue and pen, but with Mars's weapons also. It is no great feat indeed to fight amongst many against one, when you once put so many to flight single-handed at Bologna. I admire your courage; but if you take my advice you will keep their Hutten for the Muses." Erasmus also tries to dissuade Hutten from paper warfare. He had not yet seen the "Triumphus Capnionis," and hoped as it had been kept back so long by his advice, that it had been toned down. There was never any end to squabbling; the other party was far superior to theirs in malignity, lying, and slander. The Humanists should let it enjoy this supremacy, for they had some-

thing better to do than to waste their time in stupid disputes.

From Wildbad Hutten went to Esslingen, where the League held a numerously attended convention after the conquest of Würtemberg. He had asked his friend Arnold Glauberger to have his orations against Duke Ulrich copied; he now revised them, as he had been asked to print them, and wrote a final oration. The fourth concluded with the stirring appeal to the Emperor and princes to arraign the criminal, the rhetorical thunder of which still resounds in our ears. The theme of the fifth oration is that what was then demanded is now accomplished; the tyrant was punished and made harmless, but not as demanded, by imperial authority, but by the combination of several states of the empire to help themselves. It was less than the other, but still it was a success to praise God for. Then, to show the greatness of the achievement, the depravity of the banished ruler and the danger to be apprehended from him are again described. There was nothing new to be said on this subject, and the repetition is tedious. Hutten says, as it was said among his subjects, that the duke wanted to make himself king, and to overturn the constitution.

In August the duke invaded his country, but with insufficient forces, and he was again banished; this time for some years. In September Hutten had all his writings and letters referring to his cousin's murder printed. They were eagerly read, not only in Germany, but in France, England, Italy, and Spain. The "Orations" were used as school exercises; the "Phalarismus" made the Würtemberg tyrant a by-word, like the Sicilian one in former times. Moderate and prudent men might disapprove the vehemence and exaggeration of these writings, but they could not prevent the effect produced by them.

But we are forestalling the time, and must return to Hutten at Esslingen, where we find him now weary of the restless life in camp. "I look back with longing to my studies," he wrote to a friend, "and sometimes exclaim in my sleep, 'O Muses! O learning!'" And to another, "I shall go back from here to Mayence and my books and studies, and for a time to court also."

Another desire which now began to arise in Hutten's mind was connected with this. The leisure for which he sighed could only be partially filled, for a nature like his, by literary pursuits. He was in better health than he had been for years, and thoughts of marriage occurred to him. He wrote to his old friend, Fischer of Würzburg—"I am filled with longing for repose, in which I may indulge in the future. For this I must have a wife who will take care of me. You know my tastes; it does not suit me to be alone. They talk to me in vain of the happiness of a single life, and the advantages of solitude. I am not made for it. I want some one with whom I can find relief from care, and even from severe studies. Some one with whom I can recreate myself, and enjoy light and pleasant intercourse. Some one who will blunt the edge of sorrow, and lighten the load of care. Give me a wife, my Frederic; and that you may know what sort of one, let her be pretty, young, well-bred, cheerful, modest, patient. Let her have enough, but not much. I do not seek wealth, and as to rank, I think the lady to whom Hutten will offer his hand will possess nobility enough."

This letter gives the idea that Hutten had not got beyond a general wish to marry; but there is one to Arnold Glauberger, written three weeks earlier, and referring to one which is lost, from which it appears that he had more definite views. "What I have said

to you about marriage," he writes, "is to be taken in earnest. It is not a mere project; it is my settled intention, so far as *they* will allow it." "*They*" appears to refer to the lady's family.

In May or June Hutten returned to Mayence, where it had been rumoured that he was dead, and his admirers mourned for him while his enemies rejoiced. The Elector fulfilled his promise by releasing him from all duties without withdrawing his income. He afterwards made another attempt to secure Hutten's services at his court, but he could not be persuaded.

Albert would also have liked to adorn it by the presence of Erasmus, and repeatedly invited him through Hutten. Erasmus had dedicated his "Method of True Theology" to him, and lauded him for the favour he had shown to Hutten, the great Latin scholar. Highly flattered, the Elector destined for him a handsome silver goblet, chased with gold, and commissioned Hutten to present it to him. Erasmus neglected no opportunity at this time of recommending Hutten to him as a young man who would one day be an ornament to Germany. His present eccentricities would be corrected as he grew older.

In his present position, free from care, Hutten was able to pursue his marriage schemes. He once more wrote to his friend Arnold, for the lady belonged to another branch of the Glauberger family. Her father was dead, and her mother had married again, and Hutten anticipated difficulties with her, for she had lofty aims for her daughter. Arnold's father-in-law, who was one of her guardians, was to sound her as to what sort of connection she desired for her daughter, and to try to gain her over, and to disarm her of her suspicions that he was a revolutionary and dangerous person. The brother was to ascertain what

her mother will give her daughter now, and what she will leave her. He was to tell them that there was no truth in the report that he would take his bride to some eagle's nest in the wilderness. It would not suit him at all; it was his wish to live in a city. "Pallas founded cities; she is the goddess of my studies; the woods may suit centaurs." He concludes by saying: "May you find Hutten worthy to have your civic rights conferred on him, to enter your brotherhood. He has not conquered many cities like a fire-eater, but his fame has found its way into many empires; he has not caused many to perish, but loves and is beloved by many. He does not stalk about on stilts ells high, nor scare people by a gigantic form, but he is not second to many in strength of mind. He is not indeed distinguished for beauty, or a fine form, but he flatters himself that mental culture has made him lovable. He is not used to boast and brag, but he ventures to hope that those who have learnt to know him will not cast him aside because he is simple, honest, and open. But this is almost boasting. Once more, farewell, and write soon and fully. P.S.—I am at present engaged on works with which I hope soon to give you pleasure. For the present I send the 'Febris' to your brother. My studies are the greatest delight to me. I wish we were together, that you might see with what jokes I amuse myself. Destroy this letter at once if you care for my reputation; by your friendship, I conjure you to do it." His friend did not carry out this request; the letter is preserved among the family archives, without any detriment to the knight's reputation.

The negotiations seem at first to have promised success, for half a year later Cochläus wrote of Hutten that if his hopes were fulfilled he would soon bring home a rich and noble wife.

Thus Hutten once dreamed of a simple and peaceful life; he regarded himself for the moment as a harmless person, and his works as pleasant jests; but he was even then about to raise a storm by their means, which was to drive him for ever from the haven in which he was thinking to take refuge.

END OF BOOK I.

Book III.

HUTTEN IN CONFLICT WITH ROME.

Jacta est alea.

CHAPTER I.

HUTTEN IN LEARNED LEISURE.—HIS PROSPECTS AND PLANS.

1519—1520.

A FEW weeks after Hutten's return to Mayence an important political event occurred. The youthful Charles of Austria, inheritor of Burgundy on his father's side, and of Spain and Naples on his mother's, was chosen, by the assembled electors at Frankfort, King of the Germans, in the place of his grandfather Maximilian. For a long time the princes vacillated between him and Francis I. of France; but Charles was at length elected under circumstances which were very encouraging for Hutten and his aspirations. His patron, Albert of Mayence, and his friend, Franz von Sickingen, were among the most active promoters of Charles's election, while Leo X. and his legates did their utmost to secure the German crown for the King of France. Thus, from the first set against the Pope, and indebted to Hutten's patrons, it appeared as if the young ruler might easily be induced to favour our knight's plans. Much, again, was expected from Charles's younger brother, the Archduke Ferdinand, who had just arrived in the Netherlands from Spain. He was looked upon as a patron of Humanistic tendencies, and revered Erasmus. It was therefore hoped that he would be an ally against barbarism.

Under these circumstances it was impossible for Hutten to keep to his literary jests; he felt constrained to lift up his voice more loudly and earnestly than ever against the root of all evil, the Romish supremacy in Germany, in order, if possible, to open the eyes of the new sovereign, and gain him over to his cause.

Hutten was then at work on various writings, among others on "Badiscus, or the Roman Triads," but the first that was finished appears to have been the Dialogue "Fortuna," which is connected with the plans of life and marriage mentioned in the last chapter. The "Fortuna" is the most happy of all Hutten's Dialogues, as far as style is concerned; and though less impregnated with ideas of reform than "Badiscus," and some later ones, it gives us a great insight into his character. It represents a parley of the reason with the desires, in which the latter, like women, according to Schiller's "Wallenstein," after talking rationally for hours, come back to their first point.

It will be remembered that in Hutten's letter to Pirckheimer he said that he was to some extent reckoning upon fortune. "There are things," he writes, "which are only attainable by good fortune, not even by virtue; in these cases I look, for the turning of the wheel, to the blind goddess, the mad ruler, the queen of all vicissitudes. I look for a lucky turn of the wheel to prosper me."

In the Dialogue Hutten approaches the goddess with the request that she will grant him so much of her superfluity as will enable him to live a quiet life of learned leisure. To live in suitable style and dignity he must have some accession of fortune. If asked how much?—If he takes a wife he should like to buy a house near her home, with a garden attached; farther off, some land, with fish-ponds; he must have dogs for the chase, a few riding-horses, servants,

herdsmen, cattle. The house must have galleries, a library, dining-rooms, bath-rooms; there must be enough for dress and ornaments for his wife; nothing for mere show, but everything suitable and proper; and one must be able to lay by something for children. For all this Hutten thought he should require an income of one thousand gold guldens. Fortuna doubts whether this would suffice; at any rate, the Fuggers are in much greater need, for they say they want an income of two hundred thousand florins to keep up their commercial monopoly. She must first help them, and Hutten must have patience. In vain Hutten represents that people's wants must not be measured by their own fancies, but by the real facts. Fortuna regards neither wants nor worth, being blind; made so by Jupiter, because, when she could see she favoured the good, and spoiled them; now she showers her gifts to whomsoever may chance to get them.

Hutten then says he must address himself to Jupiter; but Fortuna tells him that he has long been deaf to the foolish requests of men; the only proper prayer is for a sound mind in a sound body. The disputants now discuss the question whether there is a Providence. The success of bad men seems to be against it, yet the retribution which the Swabian tyrant has just met with is in favour of it. One thing is clear, that the theologians reason about this question in a most capricious fashion. If the good prosper, it proves that virtue never goes unrewarded; if they do not, then—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." They have a thousand reasons for the prosperity of bad men;—God is inviting them to mend by his longsuffering, &c.; but when misfortune befals a man whom they think bad, they always foresaw that God would not let evil go unpunished.

They are just as inconsistent in what they say about con-

tempt of riches, for no one is more avaricious than the theologians.

When advised to work instead of praying, Hutten says that he had been working for a long time, and yet had not attained his end. He had been pursuing his studies under greater difficulties than any one else in his day, wandering as an exile, struggling with poverty and disease. It was love of knowledge which had induced him to do it, and he had always hoped some day to be able to study in independent leisure. Now, then, says Fortuna, he must work to get rich. Hutten replies that he had hoped this would happen to him while pursuing the former object; and he had been living two whole years at court in order to enrich himself like other people, but without success. Whether it was that he was unlucky, or that he was not skilled in flattery, he could not say, but he thought now he deserved to be able to live.

So he can, rejoins Fortuna, if he will be content to be poor, like many of the greatest men. But Hutten says he regards poverty, if not exactly an evil, yet as something wretched. And yet, says Fortuna, it is far more favourable to study than wealth, with all the care and business it brings. Did he know any rich man who enjoyed peaceful leisure? There are the priests, says Hutten. But to them, says Fortuna, Jupiter sends gout, fever, and all sorts of maladies, and sows envy and enmity among them. Hutten would be just like them if he were rich. He did not want to be rich, only to have enough for moderate desires. The goddess might grant him something from her cornucopiæ. Fortuna warns him that it contains evil as well as good, and he wants to look in and see what he would like, but Fortuna bids him get out of the way that she may have a throw. Looking down to earth, Hutten perceives a great scramble,

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and concourse of men; some look pleased, others vexed. The best luck has fallen to Spain, and has given many crowns, and even that of the Roman Empire, to the young King Charles. Some of the other kings are displeased, and their ambassadors pull long faces; the Pope's legate is ready to hang himself. Bad luck has fallen to Africa, where some barbaric princes have been defeated by Charles's army; a hopeful beginning of the new reign.

Hutten, above all things, desires a wife from the goddess. Her warnings of the difficulties and dangers of marriage make no impression upon him. "For the leisure I long for," he says, "I must have a wife, who will relieve me of domestic cares, help to provide for my wants, who will bring me children, nurse me when I am ill, mourn and rejoice with me, and to whom I can confide everything." With such a wife he would live in industrious leisure, and occupy himself with contemplation and study, reading and authorship. "Oh, bliss to be desired! haven that I long for! blessed repose! Come, help me to this life combining leisure and dignity—occupation without danger. This is the sum total of my desires."

Fortuna tries all sorts of evasions—does not think there is such a wife in her cornucopiæ. But Hutten contrives to look in, and exclaims, "Here she is; this is the one I wish for—pretty face, fine figure; she is charming! Oh, lovely creature!" She has plenty of money, too; and in spite of Fortuna's warning that this will make him her slave, Hutten is so eager that he is ready to pull the pretty child out by her hair.

But the goddess will not allow him to usurp her office in this fashion. She makes a throw—the girl is gone; and, alas, she is fallen to the lot of a bloated, pompous courtier. And this unlucky throw has also desolated Hutten's paternal

estate by a storm, and want stares the family in the face. So Hutten despairs of good fortune, and betakes himself to the nearest chapel to pray for *mens sana in corpore sano.*

His courtship, however, does not appear to have been then in such a desperate condition, but soon after, during a visit to Frankfort, ominous signs began to show themselves. It was said that he only wanted to ally himself with the Glauberger family for the sake of their money. He wrote to his friend Arnold again to sound the family as to whether there was any hope; if not, to veil the subject in the deepest secrecy. But all his efforts were in vain. In December Kunigunde Glauberger was married, not to a pompous courtier, but to a respectable advocate of Frankfort.

We are indebted to Johann Cochläus, then canon of Frankfort, for the particulars of Hutten's stay there, at the beginning of 1520. Hutten told him of the dialogues which were to appear at the next fair—"Fortuna," "Febris II.," and the "Trias Romana;" and mentioned a discovery which he had made in the library at Fulda, and which he intended to publish. He now by no means employed the harmless tone which he had assumed in the letters to Arnold Glauberger, but used strong language about the Pope and the honour of Germany.

In February Hutten went to Steckelberg to visit his sick father, and wrote while there the dedication to "Badiscus." But we must first mention another dialogue, which precedes "Badiscus" in the collection, and comes next to "Fortuna." We have before mentioned in "Febris I." a passage about the priests, to whom Jupiter, in order to embitter their luxury, has sent maladies and disagreeables of every kind. This passage forms the text of a second dialogue, or second act of the dialogue with Fever. The opening scene is a master-

piece. Fever knocks at Hutten's door; he looks out of the window, and tells the boy in case it is any tiresome visitor to deny him. Fever recognises his voice, and makes himself known. Hutten orders the terrified boy to bar the doors and windows. Fever makes vain attempts to entrap Hutten, and shakes the house with his assaults; and it is all so vividly described that you almost forget the allegory, and imagine a real transaction.

"Febris II." connects itself with "Febris I." by Fever telling Hutten that he could not stay with the priest to whom he had sent him, because he was afflicted with all sorts of other ills, poverty among them, which does not suit him. This gives occasion for a description of the immoral lives of the clergy, evidently derived from extensive observation, and it represents them to be as wretched as they were immoral. Hutten asks Fever whether Jupiter approved of the decree of Pope Calixtus II. forbidding priests to marry. No, answers Fever, Jupiter said that it was decreed without his knowledge, and must be abrogated. Hutten asks what is the cause of the degraded lives of the clergy? Idleness, is the reply, and wealth. If then benefices were reduced and priests had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, would they be more respectable? Fever does not doubt it, and hopes it will not be long before the Germans take it in hand. If once a time of scarcity occurred, industrious people would not allow their property to be eaten up by these idle and useless men, but would drive them as drones from the hive.

Hutten is of opinion that the German princes could perform no better service to the empire than in applying some of the funds now consumed by thousands of idle priests to honourable wars and the support of learned men. Hutten means to give King Charles this advice himself; to repre-

sent to him how unworthy it is of an emperor to permit these useless men, not only to stuff and cram, but to laud it over everybody, princes not excepted. He is perfectly aware that such counsel will draw down upon him the vengeance of the clergy, but that he can bear, if only he can carry out his patriotic schemes. Not that he wanted to do away with priests, but only to put an end to their idleness and luxury, and to make real ecclesiastics of them. Fever remarks that Rome, the source of all this evil, must first be cleansed, in which Hutten fully concurs; and this forms an introduction to the next dialogue—"Badiscus, or the Roman Triads," of which Rome and its depravity forms the subject.

CHAPTER II.

DECISIVE OPPOSITION TO ROME. RELATIONS WITH LUTHER. 1519—1520.

ABOUT this time Hutten ceased to regard Luther with the indifference, and almost contempt, which he had felt for him during his stay at Augsburg. After the discussion at Leipzig in the summer of 1519, and the writings of Luther which it called forth, his cause could no longer be looked upon as a mere monkish quarrel. Hutten recognised in him a champion of the cause which he had adopted himself, and would have been glad to enter into relations with him, had not outward circumstances at first prevented. The Reformation gradually superseded Humanism as the centre of Hutten's interests, and Luther replaced Reuchlin, though without causing him to withdraw his adhesion from the old objects.

It has been noticed that during the Würtemberg campaign Hutten tried to interest his friend of Ebernburg for Reuchlin, that Sickingen had protected him, and promised to do so in future. Reuchlin's trial had been only quashed, not decided by the papal *Mandatum de supersedendo;* the sentence of Spire in his favour was null and void, and Hochstraten and his party continued to libel Reuchlin and his friends. Scarcely returned from the field, therefore, Sickingen issued a proclamation and challenge "To the provincial and priors

of the Dominican Order of Germany, and especially to Brother Jacob Hochstraten, concerning that learned and famous gentleman, Johann Reuchlin, doctor of laws."

He informed them that he was much displeased with their behaviour to Reuchlin, and called upon them to leave him henceforth alone, to make amends to him according to the sentence of Spire, and especially to pay him the costs of one hundred and eleven florins within one month after the receipt of this letter. Otherwise he, and others of Reuchlin's friends, would take such action against them and the whole Order, as should enable Reuchlin in his honourable old age to enjoy the fame and esteem which he had acquired in all countries, and if it please God, to end his days in peace.

Soon after the issue of this challenge to his ecclesiastical persecutors, Reuchlin became the victim of a more tangible danger. In September, Duke Ulrich again invaded his country. When he was advancing towards the capital, Reuchlin was inclined to fly, but remained to protect his property. He, however, suffered great losses when the duke gained possession of the town, and when, four weeks later, he was again banished, the League laid claim to Reuchlin's property, until Duke William of Bavaria took him under his protection. But the town was torn by contending factions, and Reuchlin could not rest; so in November, 1519, he migrated to Ingolstadt. Here also he was at first in a depressed state of mind. Impoverished first by the trial and then by the war, he must have exhausted his hardly earned savings, had not the munificent Pirckheimer sent him thirty gold guldens.

Sickingen's challenge was beginning to take effect. About Christmas the provincial of the Dominicians came to the knight at Landstuhl, and by his advice two envoys

of the Order set out to see Reuchlin at Ingolstadt. He was prudent enough to refer them back to Sickingen; he had confidence that this "Hercules" would put a stop to the tricks of his enemies. They tried all sorts of subterfuges, asked for time, &c., but Sickingen let them know that he was in earnest. In order to facilitate the negotiation, they induced Hochstraten to resign his offices of prior and inquisitor, and by the end of May, 1520, Reuchlin received the costs of the trial in gold. Besides this, the Dominicians sent a letter to the Pope, in which, after honourable mention of Reuchlin, they requested that the trial might be suppressed for ever. But the payment of the money was the only reality; all the rest was but a shameful priestly cheat, as Reuchlin was only too soon to discover.

While Hutten was thus continuing to work for Reuchlin and Humanism, he was trying to gain over the best of his old allies in the fight with the Obscurantists of Cologne for his new enterprise against Rome, as the head of the Serpent. In August, 1519, soon after his return from the Würtemberg campaign, he wrote, after a long interval, to his Erfurt friends, Eoban Hesse and Petrejus Eberbach. He complains that the former, when passing through Mayence during the previous autumn, did not take the trouble to come ten or twelve miles to see him (probably when he was at Steckelberg); that Eberbach had not written to him for four years, and that Mutian had given him no sign that he was not offended with him. He was afraid that his late doings might have displeased his cautious friend. To his two younger friends he sends the address on the Turks, and asks if they do not mean to risk anything for the liberties of Germany. Eoban had proclaimed his love of liberty in his answer to "Italia's Epistle," but now he was holding back. Let him not fear. More authors holding such views will

come to light than he supposes, and it will be a venture that will bring renown. They will learn presently how Hutten was gaining over to the cause those who can be of great use, but who had not hitherto understood it, meaning especially Franz von Sickingen. He was now at work on a dialogue called "Trias Romana," the most vehement and plain-spoken that has yet appeared against the Roman gold-suckers. They shall have it when it is ready. And Eberbach, who has been at Rome, is he going to deprive the world of the fruits of his observations? "Do not be dumb for ever," he exclaims, "but speak out;" and before receiving an answer, he wrote again from Steckelberg to Eoban in the same strain. He says also that he is prevented from making common cause with Luther, from regard for Archbishop Albert, who had an unfounded opinion that he was concerned in the business, in consequence of which he had lately missed a capital opportunity of avenging the ignominy of the Fatherland. (Doubtless by taking up the cudgels against some one of Luther's adversaries.) Nevertheless, he was doing so all the same, and perhaps the better for doing it in his own way, and Luther had an efficient coadjutor in Melanchthon.

In January, 1520, Hutten was with Sickingen at Landstuhl, and tried to interest him in Luther, as before for Reuchlin. In the disputation at Leipzig, Luther had declared against the Roman primacy, and the absolute authority of councils, and had adopted the cause of Huss. His opponent, Eck, still more embittered by the paper warfare called forth by the disputation, was about to set out for Rome; it was not difficult to foresee what would happen. Luther had already been commended to Sickingen's notice in a letter from a count of Solms: it was, therefore, all the easier for Hutten to persuade Sickingen that Luther was an

upright and worthy man, and the more hated for this reason by the Romanists. Sickingen commissioned Hutten to write to Luther, that if he were in difficulties, and did not know to whom to turn, he might come to him, and he would do what he could for him. Out of regard for the Archbishop, Hutten did not write direct to Luther, but when he returned to Mayence he wrote to Melanchthon, who was to communicate with Luther, and to get him, without mentioning Hutten, to write to his generous protector. It is well known how much this offer of Sickingen's, which was soon followed by a similar one from the Franconian knight, Sylvester von Schauenburg, encouraged Luther at an anxious time. He took Hutten's hint, and soon wrote to him and to Sickingen, and afterwards dedicated one of his works to the latter.

Hutten wrote six weeks later to Melanchthon from Steckelberg that he had great and important projects with Franz; he would tell him about them if they could meet. He hopes it will fare ill with the Obscurantists and with all those who subject Germany to the papal yoke. He is now having dialogues printed; the "Roman Triads," and the "Spectators," which are very plain-spoken against the Pope and the plunderers of Germany. He hopes Melanchthon will like them. He would like above all things to meet Luther. If ever his cause appears doubtful, let him at once come and see Franz. On the way he and Luther might have an interview. If Luther went by way of Fulda, he would learn from the landlord of the Bear whether Hutten was at home; it was only a few miles to Steckelberg. He would furnish Luther with money for his journey if he needed it.

At Steckelberg Hutten finished the dialogues above mentioned, and dedicated "Badiscus" to Sebastian von Rotenhan. How could he ask whether Hutten was writing any-

thing? He had not failed to do so amidst the bustle of court life, and the seclusion of Steckelberg was much more favourable to it. You have a proof of it in "Badiscus." I will not commend it to you as good, for the subject is of the worst, but I may say it is plain-spoken and sincere, and that you will approve. If I was ever satisfied with myself, it is with this little book. Our liberties were bound in papal chains—I loosen them. Truth was banished—I bring her back. Though conscious of so great an act, I lay no claim to a public reward. All I desire is, that if I should be persecuted on account of it, all good men should take up my cause. This shall be my reward.

Among the five dialogues which appeared in April, 1520, "Badiscus, or the Roman Triads," is the most important. It was Hutten's manifesto against Rome, the glove which he threw down to the hierarchy, and for him in fact, in accordance with his motto, the die was cast. By this act he encouraged Luther; indeed he was to some extent the pioneer for his renunciation of Rome, for Luther's work on the Babylonish captivity of the Church did not appear till October, and the address to the German Christian nobles in June of the same year.

The scene of the dialogue is Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Hutten comes there in the suite of the Elector, and meets with an old friend, Ernhold, with whom he enters into conversation. They begin by praising "Golden Mayence," its mild and healthful climate, its pleasant position, its two glorious rivers which facilitate travel and the arrival of news from all parts of Germany. "No sooner do I catch sight of the city," continues Hutten, "whenever I have been away, than I feel refreshed and inspirited; nowhere else does work come so easy to me."

On being asked for news from Mayence, Hutten men-

tions that the printer there (probably Schöffer) had declined —on account of the prohibition of Leo X.—to bring out an edition of "Tacitus" for Germany, with five newly discovered books. Hutten does not know which to be the most indignant at, the jealousy of the Court of Rome of German culture, or the stupid patience of the people in suffering themselves to be prohibited from printing an author who spoke so highly of their forefathers. This leads on to many other things which the Germans submit to from Rome, but at the same time Hutten hopes that ere long their patience will be exhausted, for the spirit of liberty is beginning to stir, and he hopes much from the new Emperor. These Italians only despise and ridicule the Germans for their submissiveness; but they are beginning to find out what is said of them. A certain Badiscus had lately been in those parts who had made known what he saw at Rome, greatly to the disgrace of the Romans. He had put what he had to say into triplets, or triads. This determined the form and explains the title of the dialogue. Hutten quotes the triplets of "Badiscus" from memory, and adds some of his own; and now and then long digressions are interspersed, from which, however, he always recurs to the triplets of "Badiscus." They are in this style: there are three things in superfluity at Rome—three things are rare at Rome—three things are forbidden at Rome, &c. It cannot be denied that there is something epigrammatic, popular, and easily remembered in this form, and it caused this dialogue to be particularly effective. Luther was well aware of this, and in his "Babylonish Captivity," published a few months later, he speaks of three walls, with which the Romans have surrounded themselves, of three rods which they have stolen from us in order that they may go unpunished. But it is not a style adapted for

a dialogue. The triplets are ready made, the witty inventor —and still more he who quotes them—brings them like nuts or apples out of his pocket; while in conversation one idea should be suggested by another.

If we ask how Hutten came to adopt this incongruous mixture, the answer is that, as in the case of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," it was suggested by Crotus. In an anonymous dialogue, "The Contest between Piety and Superstition," of which Crotus is probably the author, there is a Roman consul, Badiscus, whose sole occupation is to observe the manners of men. This leisurely observer is Crotus himself; only Hutten cannot have heard him talk about the state of things at Rome, for he was still in Italy; but he may have sent his triplets to his friend, and they incited him, as a melody incites a musician, to write variations. It was not compatible with any logical order. Hutten felt this, and when Ernhold asks in what order he meant to treat the subject, he exclaims: "What order? as if there could be any order in such nonsense."

We will now give some examples of the triplets. Three things uphold Rome: the authority of the Pope, the bones of the saints, and the pardon-shop. Three things are banished from Rome: simplicity, temperance, and piety; or, as in another place, poverty, the ancient constitution of the Church, and the preaching of truth. Three things are desired by every one at Rome: short masses, old gold, and a merry life. There are three things they don't like to hear of: a general council, the reformation of the clergy, and that the Germans are getting wiser. There are three things they never have enough of at Rome: pall-money, popes' months, and annats.* Three things Rome annuls: a good conscience,

* Two of the most shameless papal extortions. 1. All ecclesiastical offices in Germany, except bishoprics and abbacies, which fell vacant

devotion, and an oath. Three things pilgrims generally take with them from Rome: an evil conscience, a bad digestion, and an empty purse. Three things have prevented Germany from getting wiser: the stupidity of her rulers, the decay of learning, and the superstition of the people. The three things they dread most at Rome are, that the rulers should be united, the people's eyes opened, and their own impostures found out. And three things only could bring Rome to reason: the determination of the princes, the impatience of the people, and the Turks at their doors.

The grievances complained of in the dialogue are mostly those which had been adduced for more than a century, only Hutten gives them special force and urgency. He speaks of the shameless audacity of Rome; what was formerly asked for as a favour is now demanded as a right. The Pope takes undue advantage of concordats, and Rome nominates to more ecclesiastical offices than ever; the price of bishops' mantles is always being raised, and fresh means are found of extorting German money. Among other impostures the coat of Treves is adduced, which was dug up a few years ago and proclaimed by the Pope, for the consideration of a share in the pilgrims' gifts, to be the coat of Christ. The papal interference with the rights of rulers, in allusion to the youthful Charles, is also mentioned, and the gift of Constantine shown to be a lie. Charles IV. is said to have been unworthy of the imperial name, because he allowed himself to be dismissed from Italy by Pope Urban. Charles V. will vindicate the imperial dignity, and not take his crown from the Pope's feet. If he fulfils the expectations raised of him, men of learning will sound his praises and write books in his

during the uneven months, January, March, May, &c., were filled by the Pope. 2. On a nomination to every ecclesiastical office worth over twenty-four ducats a year, one year's income went to Rome.

honour; he will be hailed as the guardian of German liberties, as the bravest, most just, and most Christian monarch.

But extortions and political leading-strings are not the worst things we get from Rome. The moral depravity which has its seat there is a still greater evil. There has not been a true successor of St. Peter in St. Peter's chair for centuries; they are rather successors of Nero and Heliogabalus. The Papal Court is a hot-bed of depravity. The legates who come to Germany bring detestable vices with them. We should not only be acting with prudence, but in a manner pleasing to God, by withdrawing our gifts from Rome. When shall we avenge our disgrace?

Hutten is well aware that it will be no easy task; that the Pope and clergy will defend themselves with all sorts of weapons, and that he will incur danger himself. "You do right to lift up your voice against this tyranny," says Ernhold, "but you must be on your guard; we must not despise our enemies." "Nor do I," answers Hutten, "but no great and memorable deed is done without danger. Even if it is not achieved, the attempt is meritorious, and perhaps the example will be followed and a stir be made at last. According to my mind, Germany could render no greater service to Christ and the Church than by putting an end to these extortions, and keeping her money at home." "May you persuade the Germans to it," says Ernhold. "I'll try, at any rate," rejoins Hutten. "I will speak the truth though they threaten my life!" May Christ give his blessing, is Ernhold's prayer.

If we take exception to the form of this dialogue in an artistic sense, while admiring its reforming zeal, no fault will be found with either the form or spirit of the next. It breathes the spirit of Lucian, from whom the title is borrowed,

and towards the end reminds us of Aristophanes. It is the last in the collection of 1520, and is called "Inspicientes" (the Spectators).

The Spectators are Apollo and his son and charioteer Phaëton, who, while their steeds are taking breath after reaching the noontide heights, cast a glance upon the earth below through the parted clouds. Their attention is attracted by a great commotion in Germany. A great concourse of men, armed and unarmed, is converging towards the same spot; some are feasting, others sitting in grave discussion. It is the Diet of 1518 at Augsburg. Apollo is well acquainted with men and their affairs, but the son is surprised at much that he sees. First, he is struck with the incongruity of so much carousing with the grave purpose of the Assembly. The father points out some temperate ones, who, however, are rather despised by the majority. But they are favoured by some of the more sensible princes, and even some of the drinking set begin to think them clever. When Hutten describes the drinkers as courtiers with stalwart forms, embroidered clothes, curled hair, &c., and the others as mean-looking, but clever, and makes Apollo exclaim, "The gods protect the great little," we see that he is thinking of himself and his experiences.

While this conversation is going on, a procession appears in the streets of Augsburg. The papal legate Cajetan is being conducted to the Diet, to communicate the Pope's wishes about the Turkish war. The war, Apollo explains, is only a pretext; it is a speculation to get German money, but it will scarcely succeed, it has been repeated too often. The Germans are getting sharper; some of the princes are making grimaces, and the legate does not look best pleased. The fellow will try all sorts of arts to gain his ends. How long will this game go on? asks Phaëton. Until the Ger-

mans get wiser. And will they soon be wiser? Yes, for this legate will be the first who has been sent back empty-handed to the holy city, where they did not believe the barbarians would dare such a thing. That is what they call the Germans, and indeed all nations except the Italians, and yet if you look at real civilisation the Germans are the most cultivated people, and the Italians the worst barbarians of all.

Then follows a panorama of the manners and political constitution of the Germans, on which Hutten loves to expatiate without losing sight of what had now become the leading topic with him. Phaëton thinks he should like the Germans, if only they would not drink so much. Apollo does not like this either, but thinks there is some improvement. The Saxons are the hardest drinkers; they always have their cups before them, and consume an enormous quantity of beer. All Germany could not supply them if it were wine, and they eat in proportion. Phaëton says you might fancy you were looking at a feast of centaurs and Lapithæ; they must be very stupid. Far from it, replies his father; these upright and downright Saxons have as much sense as any of them; more indeed; for nowhere is the government so good as among them, nowhere is there more security, and they are stronger and braver than any other Germans. Their laws are traditionary, and they are much better off than with a written code. You will say next that they are all the better for their drinking, says Phaëton. No, says Apollo, I do not say that, but it is a fact that they do many things better than more temperate people.

Apollo then describes the German constitution, and the national love of independence. They serve their rulers faithfully, but in a free sort of way. They all acknowledge the old man there, whom they call the Emperor, as their lord;

as long as they approve of what he does they do him honour, but they are not afraid of him, and do not obey him very strictly. This gives rise to these long discussions, and to many disputes, and the worst of it is that the Emperor is compelled to foment them in order to sustain his own power by weakening the princes. These peculiarities make the Germans ill adapted for ruling over other nations. Some of the rulers, Apollo continues, are hereditary, some elected. The ecclesiastical princes are superior to the others both in numbers and power; more than half Germany is in the power of the priests, for which the people must thank their forefathers, who gave their property to the Church. Next to the reigning princes come the counts and then the common nobles. Hutten now comes to speak of his own class, and shows how completely he was imbued with its spirit. One of the curious expectations entertained of great minds is, that they will be superior to class prejudices; instead of which they often hold them with unusual tenacity. Hutten never rose above them, and we must give him the more credit for throwing them aside when necessary, as we shall find that he did. He now freely expresses his knightly likes and dislikes. He justly praises the valour of the nobles, and says they uphold ancient German honour. He cannot deny that they molest people with their feuds and raids. They do it partly in the interests of the princes, who use the nobles as props of their power, partly from hatred of the merchants and the free cities. He traces their aversion to the merchants to their love of national manners and dislike to foreign ways—to having foreign stuffs and spices, luxury and effeminacy, introduced into Germany. It would be no harm, says the young Hotspur Phaëton, if they put an end to the merchants and their wares.

Hutten's views of commerce were most one-sided. He

looked only at the imports (which then, no doubt, greatly preponderated over the exports), which took money out of the country, and brought increasing wants in their train. Partly from class prejudice, partly from scholastic stoicism, he ignored the fact that commerce has always been an invaluable lever of civilisation. He had no better comprehension of the cities. He gives at this point a most ludicrous account of their origin; calls them products of effeminacy, refuges for the idle and cowardly, who could no longer hold their own in the open country. The nobles are right in opposing such degeneracy; and as they cannot get at these people behind the walls and ramparts of their cities, there is nothing to be done but to waylay and plunder them when they come out. Of course one who numbered Pirckheimer and Peutinger among his friends could but make exceptions among the denizens of cities, and it would not have done to run counter to the public opinion of those days by praising the robber-lives of the nobles. But he calls it manly mischief. They were only a little too violent; some more lawful way must be found of keeping out these foreign goods, and these ministers to luxury must find some other mode of life, or leave the country.

"But the priests," continues Apollo, "are a great deal worse than the merchants. They contribute nothing at all to the common weal, but only nourish themselves in idleness and luxury. There is nothing whatever of the German spirit in them, and it is a shame that they are still tolerated. The monks are just as bad;" and a comical account is given of their confessionals and absolutions.

While these sublime spectators are thus conversing, they observe that some one is angrily calling to them from the procession below. It is the papal legate, who is reproaching Apollo for not having shone more brightly in this chilly

Germany, as he bade him do on leaving Italy. Does he not know that the Pope can bind and loose all things in heaven and earth, and has conferred the same authority on him as his legate *à latere?* Apollo has heard it, but did not believe it; whereupon the legate calls him a bad Christian, and threatens him with excommunication if he does not beg pardon and confess. And what then? He will impose a fast or pilgrimage upon him, alms, or scourging, for his sins. Apollo laughs at this nonsense, and the little priest gets into a rage and excommunicates the sun. Apollo pretends to beg pardon, and maliciously remarks that he had not shone more brightly on purpose to please the legate, for he thought he had many things to do which he did not wish the Germans to see, as, for example, his intrigues to prevent Charles from succeeding his grandfather. Cajetan answers that he did not care much for the Germans; Apollo must not betray him, but he would be glad if he would bring the plague upon Germany, for it might render some of the benefices vacant, which would bring in some money to the newly elected cardinals, of whom he was one. Then, says Apollo, he must not shine brightly; for fog and mist were necessary for the plague. Hutten's counterpart, Phaëton, can now contain himself no longer, calls him an infamous wretch, and bids him tell the Pope, that if he does not send better legates to Germany, he will raise a revolt among the sheep against such bloodthirsty shepherds, and hold him up to the derision of all Germans. Apollo shouts down an oath to him, and bids his son drive on.

During the same spring in which these dialogues came out, Hutten also published another old MS. which he had discovered, and accompanied it with a spirited preface. He was staying at Fulda, whence he had run away in his youth, and the nephew of his former superior, John of Henneberg,

was now abbot. Hutten was attracted by the ancient library, which possessed a most valuable collection of MSS. He found amongst them a Pliny, a Solinus, a Quintilian, and Marcellus Medicus, and added copies of them to his library. In 1519, Joachim Camerarius was there with him for several days, and probably it was during this time that, as he wrote to Eoban Hesse, while groping among the dusty and fusty old books, he found a volume without title or end, in very ancient characters, which he soon discovered to belong to the time of Henry IV., and to be written in his interests against Gregory VII.* "I think of publishing the book," he wrote to his friend, "and you will make acquaintance with an author such as you did not expect to find in those days. He vehemently opposes papal tyranny, and fights manfully for German liberties. I know nothing more outspoken and finer of its kind, it hits the impostors so hard. I have thought it worth while to write a preface to it. Tell your friends of this discovery, in order to raise expectation, for I do not think any one has seen it, and I plume myself on being the first to bring so opportune a work to light."

The work dates from 1093, when Gregory VII. was dead, but the confusion wrought by him continued; it was written for Henry IV. and Pope Clement III., as later researches have disclosed, by Bishop Walram of Naumburg, and merits Hutten's praise. It adheres to the spiritual supremacy of the Romish Church, but is all the more decided against papal interference with the temporal power. To set up and depose kings is not the office of the Pope; the power of binding and loosing, conferred by Christ on Peter, refers to sins, and not to the oaths of allegiance which subjects have taken to their rulers. It behoves the successor of Peter to pro-

* "De Unitate Ecclesiæ," &c.

mote peace and unity, not schism and dissensions; his sword is a spiritual one, not that of the warrior. These and similar ideas are put forth clearly and consistently, but in a spirit of apostolic meekness, though Gregory is severely handled.

In connection with this work, it was natural to think of the new Emperor Charles. It would be no harm to hold up this mirror to him, and to impress upon him, at the beginning of his reign, the need of maintaining a firm attitude towards Rome. Charles, however, was still in Spain, but his brother Ferdinand had arrived in the Netherlands, and it would be well to gain him over, that he might influence his brother. Sickingen also had his eye upon Ferdinand. To him, therefore, Hutten dedicated this work, which appeared at Mayence in March, 1520.

Hutten says in his dedication that it was the duty of every one to give the new ruler the best advice he could, and he considered it to be his vocation to urge him not to allow the German nation to be any longer a prey to papal tyranny. It was far more necessary to oppose this than to fight the Turks. The discovery of this book had rejoiced him, because it so well served his purpose. Had Charles been on the spot, he would have taken the treasure to him, knowing that he would value the gift, and perhaps find one who could serve him in the giver. No greater service could be rendered to both the young princes than to release them from slavery. For all the German emperors who have submitted to the Roman bishops have been their slaves. Not so Henry IV.; let Charles take him as an example, as he is represented in this picture, and let Ferdinand encourage him to do so. Hutten will be at his side as monitor. Let him not fear Leo X. The Roman bishops could do nothing better than renounce a position which exposes them to the wrath of God and man. A summary is

given of the system of fraud and extortion which is applied to Germany, and the most disgraceful part of it is, that "while our forefathers thought it unworthy of them to submit to the Romans when they were the most martial nation of the world, we not only submit to these effeminate slaves of lust and luxury, but suffer ourselves to be plundered to minister to their sensuality. Let the illustrious brothers inaugurate their rule by giving back the Germans their freedom."

Hutten had sometimes quoted passages from the Bible in the dialogues we have been reviewing, especially when he wanted to bring out the depravity of the Romish Church, but his quotations were generally from the classics, and chiefly from the Roman poets. But as he gradually went over from the Humanistic standpoint to that of Church reform, biblical quotations begin to preponderate. This is the case in the preface we have just been considering, though it is neither demanded by the subject, nor appropriate to the persons addressed. The two young princes were more likely to be influenced by political considerations than by passages from Isaiah and Ezekiel, Matthew and John. He praises the ancient work for which he was writing a preface, as being cleverly constructed from the gospels and the words of Christ, and perhaps he tried to imitate it. Luther's example also confirmed him in this practice. During the next year he translated his Latin works into German, and began to write German. For the circles whom he now began to address, the biblical style was certainly the most effective; but we cannot say that it became Hutten as it did the old bishop and Luther; for their way of thinking is woven of threads spun from the Bible and the Church. But with Hutten it was otherwise. His training was secular, partly Humanistic, partly political,

and he looks at religious and political matters entirely from this point of view. Cleverly as the biblical quotations are sometimes interwoven, they are foreign to the style; you fancy that you see Hutten, whom armour and laurels became so much better, disguising himself in hood and cowl. For his Latin works, he used the Vulgate, and for the German, the pre-Lutheran translations, in which many passages, particularly in the Old Testament, are quite unintelligible, and this made the matter worse.*

About the time when the last-named works appeared Hutten was at Bamberg with Crotus Rubianus, who was just returned from Italy. They had last met in June, 1517, at Venice. This Italian journey, especially his stay at Rome, had been of great importance to Crotus, as it had been for Hutten. The foe which he had hitherto been fighting was scholasticism, and for this, with its ignorance and stupidity, ridicule was an effective weapon. But even for Crotus, "who laughed at everything," what he saw at Rome was beyond jests. "I was lately at Rome," he wrote from Bologna to Luther. "I beheld the monuments of the ancients and the seat of the plague. I am both glad and sorry that I have seen it."† The moral depravity, the want of any religious earnestness, exceeded his expectations. "And this depravity," he says, "we feed with our money! We must open the eyes of the Germans; we must lift up our voices against the pernicious morals that Rome exports." But for this a different tone was needed from that which had served against scholasticism. The first news of Luther's proceedings reached Crotus in Italy. The first work on the

* Luther's translation was just appearing when Hutten's career as an author was nearly at an end. The New Testament appeared in 1522; the Pentateuch in 1523.

† The three memorable letters from Crotus to Luther are to be found in Hutten's works, vol. i.

subject which came into his hands was the dialogue of Silvester Prierias against Luther. This was the same Obscurantist who had been the opponent of Reuchlin, and it therefore brought the old contest to mind. Then he read Luther's report of the discussion at Augsburg with Cajetan. Was this really his old comrade at Erfurt, the contemplative musician and philosopher who had vanished behind the doors of the Augustine monastery? Yes, he had known this Martin, and yet not known him; he now began to understand him. Now he recognised in him the man whom the age, Germany, and Christendom required; as the first to arouse the people of the Lord from their dangerous delusions; worthy to be called the father of the Fatherland, to have a monument of gold set up in his honour. And now he called to mind the special circumstances which had been the immediate cause of Luther's entering the monastery, the flash of lightning which had thrown him to the ground as he was nearing Erfurt, and calls him a second Paul.

It was with these views which he expressed in sundry letters to the acquaintance of his youth, who had, unobserved by him, become a great man, that Crotus again met his bosom-friend Hutten. He had sent Hutten from Rome a work of the beginning of the fifteenth century, by Nicolas von Clemangis, on the degenerate state of the Church, and had received communications from Hutten which showed that he shared these tendencies. He had not been long at Bamberg before he was surprised by a visit from Hutten. During the Easter holidays Hutten received from Erasmus the sentences of the theologians of Louvain and Cologne against Luther, which gave them cause for mirth as well as anger. From this time Hutten and Crotus were allied for Luther and the Reformation as they had before been for Reuchlin and Humanism.

Not long after this we find Hutten on the Rhine. In May he went down the river, and at Boppart experienced a gratification similar to one that had fallen to the share of Erasmus two years before. Erasmus was on his way from Basle to Cologne, got out at Boppart, the custom-house for Treves, and walked up and down while the vessel was examined. The custom-house officer, Eschenfelder, recognised him, and his delight was equalled by the surprise of Erasmus at finding a warm admirer at the seat of custom. He invited him into the house, family and friends were called together; Erasmus found his own works amidst registers of customs on the desk. Eschenfelder appeased the impatient crew by sending them wine and promising to remit the duty on their return voyage since they had brought him such a guest. Now that Hutten came to Boppart he met with a similar reception from the Humanistic officer. He must be his guest, see his house and books, and among these he found an old manuscript which strongly attracted him. His host at once presented it to him, and, though not equal to the Fulda one, it was so appropriate to the cause which Hutten had now at heart that he determined to publish it.

It was a collection of letters dating from the end of the fourteenth century, the time of the schism between the rival popes of Rome and Avignon; a correspondence between the Universities of Oxford, Prague, and Paris, letters from them to Urban VI. and King Wenceslaus, a circular letter from the latter to all Christian nations, and an admonition to the Germans to be circumspect. To this collection Hutten prefixed a dedication, "composed in the saddle," to all freemen in Germany,* in which he gives an account of

* "De schismate extinguendo et vere Ecclesiastica libertate adserenda epistolæ aliquot," &c. To this is prefixed "Hulderichus de Hutten

what he had done. He says, "From the day on which I undertook, so far as in me lay, to restore the almost quenched liberties of this nation, I have not been idle; now I seek among antiquities for anything that will serve my purpose, and give to the world what conscience will no longer allow me to withhold." He then narrates how the present work came into his hands.

He tries to turn these proclamations of the three universities in former times to account, to make the Universities of Cologne and Louvain ashamed of themselves for their condemnation of Luther's works. "The old theologians," says Hutten—and with variations to suit the times, the same might be said now—"were guided by conscience; now they are but flatterers and fawners, who, when they wish to exercise their functions, make much ado about nothing, and endanger and ruin honest people to please the great. Then when they want to curry favour with the Pope and his legates, and condemn those who try to uproot superstition, they give themselves out to be heroes. Up to this time not one theologian has ventured to preach or write against the benefice-hunters, the Simonists, or the pardon-shops."

"But," continues Hutten, "if I am not mistaken, their tyranny has had its day. For the axe is laid to the root of the tree, &c. Be of good courage, ye Germans, and encourage each other. Do not give up the contest. For with such forces, good consciences, a favourable opportunity, and a righteous cause, we must attain our end. Long live liberty! The die is cast."

Before Hutten proceeded with this project, he performed a piece of literary championship for Erasmus. Edward Lee, an English theologian at Louvain, wrote some remarks on

liberis in Germania omnibus Salutem." Dated "Inter equitandum. 6 Cal. Junii, Anno 1520. Vive libertas. Jacta est alea." Schriften, i.

Erasmus's New Testament, in which he pointed out several errors. Even if he were correct as to some of them, his tone was so offensive that he gave great umbrage to the admirers of Erasmus. He himself wrote a defence against Lee, and now Hutten put forth a regular challenge. He calls him an Eratostratus, and calls upon him publicly to retract his insults to Erasmus, and to beg his pardon as the only way to escape the chastisements that Hutten had in store for him. Time or inclination to carry out his threats seems to have failed our knight, but in the dialogue which originated with his party, called "Hogstratus orans," Lee, who afterwards became Archbishop of York, is immortalised as a dog.

Hutten's recent writings were now beginning to find approval in some quarters, and to produce embitterment in others. Erasmus warned his young friend to curb the licence of his pen, lest he should forfeit the favour of his princely patron. Others warned him to beware of excommunication, arrest, poison, and the dagger. Crotus informed him that Eck had denounced him in a letter to Rome the year before, and was now gone to Rome himself. But Hutten was not to be deterred, and, on the contrary, resolved to make his views and aims bear fruit in high quarters.

CHAPTER III.

HUTTEN'S JOURNEY TO THE COURT OF ARCHDUKE FERDINAND.—DISAPPOINTMENT.—PAPAL PERSECUTION.
1520.

THE newly elected King of the Germans, Charles V., left Spain in May for Germany, taking the Netherlands, where his brother Ferdinand was awaiting him, by the way. Hutten had, as we have seen, dedicated the ancient vindication of Henry IV. against Hildebrand to him, and sought to gain him and his brother over for his project of delivering Germany from the dominion of Rome. He wished to exert his personal influence, and prepared to set out in the beginning of June for a journey to the Netherlands.

The friends of progress entertained the greatest hopes from this journey. "Hutten is going to Ferdinand," wrote Melanchthon, "to prepare the way for liberty with the most exalted princes. What may we not hope from it?" Crotus expressed the hope to Luther that his friend might be attached to Ferdinand's court, and already called him the counsellor of two princes, Albert of Mayence and Ferdinand of Austria. Hutten himself was less sanguine.

In the prospect of so decided a step, Hutten thought the time was come to lay aside all scruples, and to enter into personal relations with the man with whose aims his own were identical, and whose significance Crotus had more fully

impressed upon him. On the 4th of June, therefore, he wrote the following letter to Luther:—"If anything hinders you in what you are so courageously doing I am very sorry for it. We have not laboured quite without success here. Christ be with us! Christ help us! For it is for his precepts that we are contending; we are bringing to light his doctrines which have been obscured by the mists of papal dogmas; you with success, I, so far as I am able. May all recognise this, and repent and return of their own accord. It is said that you are excommunicated." (This was not yet the case; the ban against Luther bears the date of the 15th of June.) "How great, O Luther! how great you are if this is true! All good men will say of you, 'They gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous, and condemn the innocent blood; but God shall bring upon them their own iniquity, and shall cut them off in their own wickedness.' That is our hope and our faith. Eck is coming back from Rome with benefices, and, as is said, with a present of money also." (Crotus had just been telling Hutten of his intrigues.) "But what of that? The desire of the wicked is granted, but may God guide us in His truth. We will not walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor sit in the seat of the scornful. But take care and keep your eyes upon them. If you fell now, you see what an injury it would be to the common cause. I know that for your own sake you would rather perish in your enterprise than live in misery. They are lying in wait for me also. I will take care of myself as best I can. If they use violence, I have forces at my disposal, I hope not only equal, but superior to theirs. May they hold me in contempt. Eck has given out that I belong to your party, and he is not mistaken. For I have always agreed with you so far as I understood you, though no intercourse has taken place between us. He says that we have acted in

concert, in which he lies to please the Pope. Shameless wretch! We must see that he gets his deserts. Do you be firm and strong, and not waver! But why do I exhort you when there is no need? You will have me for an ally in any case. In future, therefore, do confide your plans to me. Let us assert our common liberties. Let us free the oppressed Fatherland. We have God on our side. If God is for us, who can be against us? The theologians of Cologne and Louvain have condemned you. They are the devilish rabble who oppose the truth. But with Christ's help we shall fight manfully and succeed. They ought to have formed an honest and candid judgment. I have challenged them in a preface which you will see.* Capito, court preacher of Mayence, will send it to you. To-day I set out to see Ferdinand. I will do all I can with him for our cause. N. (Franz von Sickingen) wishes me to ask you to come to him if you are not perfectly safe; he will treat you honourably, and defend you from all your foes. He has told me to write this to you several times. Your letters will find me in Brabant. Write to me there, and farewell in Christ. Greet Melanchthon and Facchus, and all the good men there, and once more farewell."†

Hutten did not lack funds for his journey. The Elector of Mayence had just sent him one hundred florins. Albert therefore continued his relations with Hutten, although he had entered upon a life-and-death struggle with Rome. We have before discussed how far the archbishop might desire that a check should be put upon Rome. The projects of Hutten and Sickingen might open an attractive prospect to the first spiritual prince in Germany. We know that when the imperial throne became vacant, the Pope's promise to make the archbishop legate for Germany in case

* See page 209. † Schriften, i.

Francis I. was elected through his efforts, produced a great effect upon him. If, through the labours of Hutten and Sickingen, the Church of Germany became independent, and Rome reserved only some honorary rights over it, it appeared as if most of the privileges withdrawn from Rome must accrue to the archbishop of Mayence as primate of Germany. Hutten's designs went farther than this; but part of his project was as follows: Germany shall be freed from foreign dominion, and the Church itself unsecularised; the first was Hutten's, the second Luther's, main point. This explains how Albert, apart from personal questions, could be Luther's enemy and yet Hutten's patron.

Full of his project, and with some congenial companions, Hutten proceeded down the Rhine. Erasmus was then living at Louvain. Hutten paid him a visit; asked for a letter of introduction to the court and a private interview, both of which were granted. But Erasmus made fun of the war which Hutten was about to declare against the Romans; asked what means he had for the enterprise, and gravely advised the enthusiastic knight to let the mad scheme alone.

We do not know the particulars of Hutten's arrival at Brussels, nor how long he stayed there. It is scarcely likely that he awaited Charles's arrival, or that he obtained an audience of Ferdinand. From the very first, his acquaintances at court warned him of dangers which he could only escape by taking his departure as soon as possible. He paid no attention at first; but as his friends became more urgent and he found the priests so powerful at Brussels that there was no prospect of a favourable hearing, he took his friends' advice and departed.

On his return, he met with a comical adventure, which he was fond of relating. As he was riding with his two

servants near Louvain, he met Hochstraten, and told his servants to seize him. "At last," he exclaimed, as he drew his sword, "thou hast fallen into the right hands, thou villain. What death shall I inflict on thee, thou enemy of all good men and opponent of the truth?" But, seeing the wretched man begging pardon on his knees, he sheathed his sword, saying—"No, I will not stain my sword with such base blood; but know, that many other swords are aiming at thy throat, and that thy death is a settled thing."

On Hutten's return up the Rhine, he met with many confirmations of the warnings he had received at Brussels. Travellers returning from Rome told him that the Pope was specially embittered against him, and had determined to prosecute him. When he reached Mayence, his friends flocked round him to congratulate him on his safety; for they had heard that he had been waylaid, and regarded him as a lost man. In consequence of their advice not to remain long at Mayence, he went to Frankfort, where he heard that the Pope had suggested to several German princes, particularly to Albert of Mayence, to send him a prisoner to Rome. It was also reported that a papal advocate had asked permission of Charles V. to seize Hutten wherever he might be found, and to make use of the temporal arm to this end.

From Frankfort, Hutten paid a visit to Steckelberg, where both his parents were still living. On his way thither he wrote to Capito at Mayence, asking him to keep his letters till a safe opportunity offered, and telling him of the papal suggestion to the archbishop. "Now, at last," he wrote, "this fire begins to burn, and it will be a miracle if it has not to be put out by my fall. But in this business I have more courage than they have strength, Up! up! we must win—my forbearance is at an end, for the Roman

lions thirst for blood. But, if I mistake not, they will bleed first themselves and have to wear the bonds with which they threaten me." From Steckelberg, Hutten wrote to Erasmus that he wondered the Pope should be so blind as to suggest such a thing to a prince like Albert. They think they have terribly frightened him (Hutten), though he hears that they will offer him honourable terms if he will make peace; but this was not till he has escaped their hands by leaving Mayence.

Hutten also visited Fulda, and spent a few days with his friend Crotus.

Hutten speaks of two letters from the Pope to the Elector of Mayence: he did in fact receive five, only one of which referred to Hutten. The Pope wrote that a book had been shown him, either written or discovered by a certain Ulrich von Hutten, with a preface containing the grossest insults against the Papal Chair. This was no doubt the work "De Unitate Ecclesiæ" with the Dedication to Ferdinand; for he either had not seen or ignored the work of Laurentius Valla dedicated to himself two years before. Those who handed him the work, continues the Pope (probably Eck and others), had told him that they had in their possession much worse books by the same author, and have urged him to inflict severe punishment on such a blasphemer. He had learnt that he was in the service of the archbishop, and that his books were printed at Mayence. It was scarcely likely that this could have been done without the archbishop's knowledge; still he could hardly believe such a thing of a prince to whom he had shown so much favour (he had just sent him the golden rose), and he therefore preferred to assume that he knew nothing about it. But he should the more expect that he would suppress the audacity of those who rebelled against the Holy See, and

either lead them to repentance or else make such an example of them as should deter others from such culpable impudence.* There is nothing in this brief about arresting Hutten or sending him to Rome. Perhaps this was communicated verbally, or was only a report. Hutten tried for a long time in vain to get a copy of the document.

In his reply, by the hand of his councillor, Capito, Hutten's friend and the diplomatic friend of the Reformation, the archbishop justifies himself by saying that he had removed from about him all those in whom he had observed alienation from Rome; he had dismissed Hutten, whom he had previously much valued, as soon as he heard of his libel on Cardinal Cajetan ("Febris Prima"), that is, as we know, he had given him the leave of absence he asked for, and continued his salary. He had first heard of his recent obnoxious writings on his return from the diocese of Magdeburg; but he could not attack Hutten, as he was keeping himself secure in the strongest castles, and was ready at any moment to collect a force which might endanger the archbishop. But he had arrested the printer (Schöffer), a citizen of Mayence; and, in spite of the remonstrances of eminent men, had placed him in strict confinement. He had also forbidden the sale or purchase of works in his dioceses inimical to the Holy See.

It appears, then, that the intercession of the High Steward, Frowin von Hutten, for the printer, which Ulrich had begged for, had been in vain. The strong castles, in which Hutten was keeping himself, were those of his friend, Franz von Sickingen, whither our narrative must now follow him.

* This letter, and Albert's answer, are in Hutten's Schriften, vol. i.

CHAPTER IV.

HUTTEN AT EBERNBURG WITH FRANZ VON SICKINGEN. 1520.

IT is not easy for us, who live in times so totally different, to form a correct opinion of the chivalrous figures of a former age, such as Franz von Sickingen, Götz von Berlichingen, and others. We are apt either to over or under estimate them. The former, when we regard them from a distance; the latter, when we obtain a nearer view. For it dispels the illusion that these knights mostly drew their swords on behalf of the oppressed from unselfish love of right and liberty. They appear not only coarse, but, with some exceptions, selfish. We are incensed at the brutality with which in their feuds one of them will plunder the poor vassals of another, burn their villages, and devastate their fields, and are disgusted to find that all this was pursued as a trade, in which booty and ransom were the real objects, and self-defence against some noble or city nothing but a pretext. This comes out plainly in the naïve confessions of Götz to the old man;* and Franz von Sickingen, who has been not inaptly called a Götz of a higher grade, was cast in just the same mould.

* On this point there is nothing more instructive, except this autobiography of Götz, than a little book called "Dem Landfrieden ist nicht zu trauen," edited by L. F. Freiherr von Eberstein. Nordhausen, 1868.

The race of the Sickingens was an ancient one, though its importance only dates from Franz's father, Schweickard von Sickingen. By the feuds which he carried on, mostly against the cities, partly in the service of and partly under the protection of the Palatinate, he increased his possessions. We give an instance of the way in which these feuds arose.* He was once walking about at Cologne, and wore, as usual, his sword in his belt. This being contrary to the city regulations, he had to take it off in the streets and deliver it up. This he regarded as so great an indignity, that from that moment he was the foe of the city, did it much harm, and even proposed to take possession of it. This ambitious man was a mathematician and an observer of the stars. He is said to have noticed a remarkable constellation at the time of the birth of his son Franz, from which he deduced that he would attain a high position in the world, but would come to a grievous end.† Schweickard's own end was a tragic one. In 1503-4, in the Bavarian war of succession, he contended for the rights of the Palatinate against those of the Emperor Max, for which he had to atone on the scaffold.

Franz was born at Ebernburg, near Kreuznach, in 1481. Next to Landstuhl, near Kaiserslautern, it was the most important of the Sickingen castles. His education, although he says that Reuchlin had some influence over it, was only such as the nobles generally received. His father's misfortunes and early death left him the task of restoring the renown of the race. He worked his way up in the service of various princes. It was his feud with Worms which first

* The feud, both in its origin and the mode of conducting it, was a typical one, and Mangold was Hutten's maternal uncle, and intimate with the Steckelbergers.

† See the "Flersheimer Chronik," by Franz's brother-in-law, Philip v. Flersheim, reprinted in Münch's "Franz von Sickingen," iii.

attracted attention; in that with the Duke of Lorraine he reached the summit of his fame. In these and other quarrels and campaigns, the causes and modes of warfare were all of a piece. Banished citizens of some city, injured subjects or neighbours of some prince, appealed to the knight to defend them from some injury, real or imagined, and sometimes renounced their property or demands in his favour; he then demanded indemnity for them, or permission to return, and the restitution of their property to him. If this was refused he advanced to the city, or attacked the country, as the case might be; devastated them, plundered the merchants he met by the way, and extorted heavy ransoms. He cared nothing for the remonstrances of the Court of Judicature, nor, in the case of the feud with Worms, for the Imperial ban itself, and his retreat was generally only bought by large sums of money—Metz paid twenty thousand florins, Hessy fifty thousand, for instance. The insecure position of the Emperor made it impossible for him to be always a severe judge in such cases. The injuries Franz inflicted on Worms were condoned, because the Emperor required his services against Duke Ulrich of Würtemberg. Instead of enforcing the ban he took him into his pay, and when Maximilian died, Sickingen was a power in the empire, for whose favour the rival candidates, Francis I. of France and Charles of Spain, contended. Sickingen gave up a previous connection with the former, and devoted himself to Charles's interests, forwarded his election as far as lay in his power, and laid him under obligation by a loan of twenty thousand florins in cash. Charles made him his general, councillor, and chamberlain, with an income of three thousand florins, and gave him a body-guard of twenty cuirassiers.

So far Sickingen's doings were simply those of a knight who sought his own advancement with and against his com-

peers, and at the expense of princes and cities, took every opportunity of doing so with but little scruple about the rights of others, and considered that he had complied with all the requirements of honour when he had issued a regular challenge before an attack. In the disintegrated state of the German Empire of that day the noble felt himself to be an independent power, who, in collision with similar powers, was no more bound to be influenced by any principles of law or morality, or by any motive other than his own advantage, than was the case between political states, though in both instances these high-sounding words were often brought forward.

But there was at any rate one instance in which, so far as we can see, Sickingen disinterestedly took the part of an injured man—that of Reuchlin; and another case now occurs in which, though it might be to his political advantage also, he certainly interested himself in a cause for its own sake, namely, in the Reformation. In both instances this was the result of Hutten's influence. Like a skilful gardener he knew where to graft a fruitful branch on the rough but hardy stock. Though not learned himself, Sickingen was not without a taste for learning, so that Hutten's acquaintance came to him opportunely, and soon ripened into a friendship, which, though fate granted it but a short duration, is one of the most prominent amongst the examples in which German history abounds. Sickingen was Hutten's senior by seven years, and was as much his superior in wealth and influence as Hutten was his in mind and education. Thus each was the complement of the other, like theory and practice—hands and head.

Up to this time Sickingen had kept to the traditional religion. He and his wife, Hedwig von Flersheim, had rebuilt and endowed a Beguine monastery near Ebernburg;

he even had a scheme, for which Hutten afterwards bantered him, of "building a new nest for the wooden-footed Franciscans." Hutten first gained him over for Reuchlin, then for Luther, and led him by the same path which he had followed himself. At Hutten's instigation he offered both an asylum in his castles. Neither of them availed himself of the offer; the former was not in personal danger, and for the latter, the neutral attitude of his wise elector was the best protection. But Hutten himself now stood in need of such an asylum, for his ecclesiastical elector could no longer protect him without formally breaking with Rome, and he was not like Luther, content with mere safety, but, as we shall see, tried to organize from his friend's castles, beside the spiritual warfare, an actual campaign against the emissaries and adherents of Rome.

Ebernburg, situated on a steep rock in the angle formed by the junction of the Alsenz with the Nahe, at the northern end of the present Bavarian Palatinate, and provided by Sickingen, as his chief seat, with stately apartments and strong outworks, was in the years 1520-22 one of the most remarkable theatres of German history. Hutten calls his friend's castles "refuges of righteousness." They were open to others besides himself who suffered persecution on account of their zeal for Church reform. Caspar Aquila had once been Sickingen's army chaplain, then parish priest near Augsburg, until his devotion to the Reformation sent him into the prison at Dillingen. He escaped, and the castles of his former master afforded him and his wife and family food and shelter. Martin Bucer, afterwards the Strasburg Reformer, who had left the Dominican Order, also found a refuge with Sickingen. Johann Œcolampadius, of Weinsberg, afterwards so famous as the Swiss Melanchthon, had

escaped from St. Bridgit's Monastery at Alten-Münster, and Ebernburg was open to him. Reuchlin's countryman, Johann Schwebel, had forsaken the Order of the Holy Ghost, and was no longer safe at home. Sickingen appointed him his chaplain, and soon afterwards defrayed the expenses of his wedding at Landstuhl.

From September, 1520, Hutten was at Ebernburg, and his first business was to make public the attacks of Rome upon himself, in order to incite Emperor, princes, and all free Germans against a power which cherished such intentions. Sickingen was just then setting out to greet Charles, who had just come from Spain; and at his coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle (23rd October) Sickingen was treated with a distinction which augured well for his influence. Hutten gave him his appeal to the Emperor,* in which he informs him of the plots against his life, and of the command of the Curia to several German princes to send him bound to Rome, and prays him not to comply with the suggestions made to him to confirm it. A German knight has nothing to do with the Bishop of Rome, he should only be judged by the Emperor in Germany. In this appeal Hutten represents his cause as that of the Emperor. The hatred of the Romish party is caused by his imperialistic views; every injury which the Emperor suffers to be inflicted on him is inimical to his imperial power. He had first offended these people by his address on the Turks, in which he had opposed their intrigues against Charles's election as King of Rome, and nothing had so incensed them against him as that he had wished to put an end to their interference with the imperial rights, and had admonished the German nation to remember its dignity.

* "Carolo, Romanorum et Hispaniarum regi." U. de Hutten, eq. Germ. Schriften, i.

Hutten openly confesses that in his writings he had had a change in the existing order of things in view; and, to show that he sees nothing wrong in this, he declares that he shall continue to promote the same end. He was only contending for the common liberties and the imperial dignity against the opponents of truth. "It is no private matter," he says, "no quarrel of my own, no personal business. How scornfully would they triumph if this enterprise concerned myself! Still they persecute and seek to ruin me, and want to use your power as an instrument. But I trust first in my own conscience, and next in your fairness. I have borne testimony to the truth in outspoken writings. I wished to serve you from duty, and the Fatherland from affection. On well-sustained proofs I have combated the papal imposture, and have sought to frustrate their attacks on your authority and the common liberties. What, I ask, that no one may think I fear punishment as for a crime, should be the reward for these services?" The whole category of papal sins, aggressions, and extortions is then enumerated, and Charles is warned against their increase if they are not checked. Hutten would have been justified in taking up arms himself, and aid would not have failed him, but he preferred to leave all in Charles's hands; and he not only expected that he would forgive him, but that he would call his persecutors to account.

Scarcely less important for Hutten than the new Emperor's views were those of the highly esteemed and influential Elector of Saxony, whose attitude towards Luther, however little it might satisfy Hutten's zeal, gave him more hope than he could derive from those by whom Charles was surrounded. About this time, therefore, he wrote several letters to Spalatin asking him to sound his master as to what might be expected of him if the quarrel with Rome

came to blows. He now communicated his wishes to the elector in an outspoken letter.

The attack upon him and the bull against Luther show that nothing can be done by fair means with Rome; her tyranny must be opposed by force. The crimes of Luther and Hutten consisted in their having tried to revive the teaching of the Gospel, and to prevent the German nation from being reduced to servitude. This enterprise, though displeasing to the Roman Primate, was pleasing to Christ. If Luther and he desired to serve Christ, it was impossible to keep peace with Rome. It was time to be in earnest, for the evil had reached its highest pitch, though, if signs did not mislead them, the great Babylon was near her fall. The princes should look to the commonweal and liberties, especially Frederic, the ruler of unconquered Saxony. It had indeed been subject to the Pope, like the rest of Christendom, but this stain would be gloriously wiped out if it took the lead in throwing off the yoke. Not that there was any sign of this as yet, except that Frederic had given shelter to Luther, and seemed to have preserved a spark of manliness which might some day burst forth into a flame. What can the princes be thinking of to allow him, a mere knight, to show so much zeal in the cause when it was their place to take it up. Both classes must work together; the power of the princes must be joined to the valour of the nobles. Hutten would not cease to exhort them till he saw them take heart, or perceived that they were no longer capable of manly deeds.

After expatiating on the good purposes to which the money now sent to Rome might be applied, and proposing various reforms, Hutten exclaims, "But what shall we do with the monks? What *can* we do but abolish the whole set of them to the great advantage of Christendom? Is this to

sink Peter's boat, and, as the sacrilegious Romans say, to rend the seamless coat of Christ? Is it not rather to purify, to advance, to increase the Church by bringing other nations into it by the reform of morals, and the removal of evil examples?"

"Would to God," Hutten continues, "that you had the will to do this as well as the power, or that I had the power as well as the will. But if I cannot move you, or kindle a flame to consume these things, I will do what I can alone. I will do nothing unworthy of a brave knight; so long as I retain my senses I will never swerve from my purpose but I shall pity you for falling away from manliness (if you do fall away). I shall ever be free, for I fear not death. And it shall never be said of Hutten that he served a foreign king, let him be ever so great and mighty, to say nothing of the Pope. But now I desert the cities because I cannot desert the truth, and keep myself concealed of my own free will, because I can no longer be free among men, yet I contemn the danger that surrounds me. I can die; but a slave I cannot be. Neither can I see Germany enslaved. But I think the day will come when I shall come forth from this hiding-place, appeal to German truth and faith, and, it may be, exclaim to a great concourse of people, 'Is there no one who will dare to die with Hutten for the common liberties?'

"I have written this rather out of the fulness of my heart than with regard to your dignity. I thought it my duty to write freely to a free man. Farewell, and take courage."

It was not to be expected that the old Elector Frederic would be turned aside from the course of moderation he had adopted by Hutten's youthful fervour; still less was it likely that his appeal would produce any effect on the refined but indolent and, in many respects, dependent Albert of Mayence. Hutten wrote to him in September with all

the respect which was certainly his due. He says that he was hurt that the archbishop had not informed him of the Pope's demand; it no doubt arose from his loyalty to the Pope, which Hutten hopes will turn out to his advantage. But he fears that the Pope, by so unheard-of a step, will have drawn down a storm over all the clergy. It was for the bishops to avert it. Hutten would dearly like to see the archbishop, and curses those who have separated him from a master who favoured true piety and goodness. There is scarcely anything that he feels more in his present misfortune, but he will bear it all and keep quiet. "I am excluded," he exclaims, "from courts and cities, and, alas! from golden Mayence, from public life and the society of my fellows: a man who cannot be accused of any mischief, crime, or misdeeds, a champion of the truth, an advocate of the right; and they shut me out without having heard me, aye, they want to send me to Rome to be punished. Who that has a drop of German blood in him will not be incensed at this outrage?" If the Pope calls in the aid of the temporal arm, Hutten will trust in the arm of the Lord. He wishes the archbishop all happiness, especially that he may not be infected by bad example.

On the same day he wrote to the archbishop's councillor, Sebastian von Rotenhan. "What are you doing," the letter begins, "while the thunders of the tenth Leo are rolling over me? What are your hopes and surmises for the future? And when you hear what the fathers of the Church are every day saying against me behind my back, what do you venture to whisper or to say openly? Have you no Franconian spirit in you, no hereditary courage? I cannot believe that the heavenly powers are so inimical to Germany, that most men will not help me to bring about what must soon come to pass, if not for the sake of our

liberties, for the sake of Christian truth. But if they leave me in the lurch I shall console myself with my own conscience, and with hope in posterity. For this fire cannot be so smothered, but that it will some day break out again and consume them."

Hutten also informed Luther, in a letter full of passionate courage, of the persecution of him, and of his resolve to take the field against the Pope with writings and weapons. But the only knowledge we have of it is from the mention of it by Luther, from which it appears that it had made a deep impression on him.* Luther felt himself included in the decree of the Archbishop of Mayence against Hutten's and "similar writings," and expressed his intention, as soon as he was expressly mentioned, of uniting his spirit with Hutten's, and of defending himself in such a manner as would not be agreeable to the archbishop. "It may be," he adds, "that they are hastening the downfall of their own tyranny by such doings."

But Hutten wanted Germans of all classes to lay his cause, which was really that of the whole nation, to heart. And an appeal to them brought the series of these addresses to an appropriate conclusion.† In this he details more fully the attacks of Rome upon him, and the warnings which had induced him to withdraw from public life. It had come to this, that he who, not long before, had been appealing for aid in the struggle for truth and liberty, had now to look out for a refuge for himself. "Where shall I turn?" he exclaims, "where seek help? To you I appeal, German rulers and men, will you permit the innocent to be punished?

* Luther to Spalatin, Wittenberg, Sept. 11, 1520. Hutten's Schriften, i.

† "Omnibus omnis ordinis ac status in Germania Principibus, Nobilitati ac Plebeis," Ulrichus Hutten, Eques, Orator et Poeta laureates S. Schriften, i.

I appeal to all to protect one who has laboured for all. The labour and the enterprise were mine; the result depends on the will of God. I am no less in peril than as if I had achieved that which I have undertaken for your sakes. I should now be in favour with the Bishop of Rome had I not desired to turn to the advantage of my country all that I have acquired so laboriously in my travels, amidst severe misfortunes and struggles with adverse fate; the fruits of so many night-watches, journeys by night and by day, the poverty and contempt which I suffered, the homelessness which I imposed upon myself for years in the heyday of life. Will you permit me to be murdered unheard and uncondemned? I do not fear the law. I tarry amongst you in full confidence; but let not violence be done to me, lest when my foes have compassed the death of an innocent man they invent a crime for the dead. Unhappy man! Shall I be torn away from this earth that received me when I was born, from these skies that have cherished me, from these people amongst whom I have lived so happily? Must I leave these hearths, these altars? Shall I be dragged away, not to live miserably in exile, but to cruel torments, to an ignominious death? Help me, my countrymen! Stand by me! Let not him be put in fetters who has tried to loosen your fetters for you!"

"Open your eyes, ye Germans, and see who they are who plunder you at home, and bring you into ill-repute abroad. They are the shameless traffickers in indulgences, the crazy traders in pardons, dispensations, absolutions, and bulls; who have set up a traffic in holy things in the Church of God, from which He once drove out those who only bought and sold worldly merchandise. It is they, also, who have brought me into this danger and distress because I exposed their artifices, laid bare their shame, opposed their thefts,

and thus their gains have been diminished, and true religion increased. I have always avoided exciting revolt, and to show how little it was my intention, I have written in Latin, that I might admonish them *tête-à-tête*, and not proclaim it to the multitude." Even now he did not wish to incite any to violence against them, but only to protect himself and prevent them from further wrong-doing. Hutten then adds the text from Psalm ii., which now often appears with or instead of his own motto: "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

In October, 1520, a collection of these Appeals appeared, and they were often reprinted. When the booksellers were afraid, Hutten's friends undertook it. There was a brisk intercourse kept up between Ebernburg and Hutten's friends in Mayence, Spire, Worms, &c.; his secretary went hither and thither with parcels and commissions. Martin Bucer was a willing mediator, and a brother of Hutten's appears as a confidant, to whom letters might be entrusted. Copies of Hutten's works, when not given away, were generally exchanged for books that he wanted, the Fathers, classics, or historical works, or, when they were sold, other books were bought and bound with the proceeds. He sent copies of his Appeals to Luther and the Elector Frederic through Crotus, who was now rector of the University of Erfurt, but the "Appeal to all Germans" was openly offered for sale, possibly at Mayence.

The papal attack upon Hutten's liberty and life only served to make him (next to Luther) the popular hero. About this time there appeared, under the name of Abydenus Corallus, an address to the Emperor Charles and the German princes, on behalf of Hutten and Luther,* the champions

* "Oratio ad Carolum max. Augustum et Germanos Principes, pro Ulricho Hutteno, eq. G., et Martino Luthero, patriæ et Christianæ

of the Fatherland and German liberties, and two Dialogues, one called the "Captive," the other the "Glorified Hutten."* In the address, the informal, illegal character of the proceedings against Hutten is specially insisted on, and the shamefulness of the asserted attempts at poison. In the first of the Dialogues Pope Leo incites the benefice-hunters against Luther, and still more against Hutten, as the more dangerous of the two. Headed by a Franciscan monk, they sally forth to seize the knight at the imperial court; Hutten defends himself, and Sickingen interposes and offers to bring the matter before the Emperor. Meanwhile Hutten is to take refuge at Steckelberg, whence he is to appeal to all Germany to aid him in the conflict. In the other Dialogue Hutten is disarmed of his earthly weapons by the personification of truth, and equipped with the spiritual ones, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the sword of the Word of God (which must be wielded differently from the sword of eloquence). In this armour of a Christian warrior, without earthly aims or revengeful personal feelings, provided with good books, especially the Gospels, he is to fight from some secluded tower for God and the Fatherland; he may reprove even princes if they oppose the truth, and will be sure of victory, if not of life. All indications point to Crotus as the author of these writings, and he had probably also a share in the "Intimatio Erfurdiana," so called, the public declaration of the University of Erfurt for Luther, and against the papal bull.

Meanwhile Johann Eck and the Papal Nuncio Aleander had returned to Germany with the bull against Luther.

libertatis adsertoribus." Authore S. Abydeno Corallo. Hutten's Schriften, i.

* "Huttenus captivus." "Huttenus illustris." In Dialogi septem, festive candidi, authore S. Abydeno Corallo, Germ. Hutten's Schriften, iv.

It was drawn up at Rome on the 15th June, 1520. Forty-one passages from Luther's writings were adduced as heretical, false, or offensive; his books, so far as they contained these passages, were condemned to be burnt, and sixty days after the proclamation of the bull were allowed him to recant at the Cathedrals of Brandenburg, Meissen, and Merseburg. After the expiration of this time without effect, he was to be separated as an obstinate heretic from the communion of the Church, and to be sent to Rome to be punished. While Eck had the bill posted up in September in Bavaria and Saxony, Aleander went down the Rhine to make it known in those parts. He soon obtained permission from young King Charles to have Luther's writings burnt in the Burgundian provinces, and in the priest-ridden cities of Cologne and Mayence the bloodless pile was soon smoking. But even in dark Cologne the inhabitants were much divided in opinion, and in intellectual Mayence they were decidedly against the measure. "Luther," wrote Hutten to Martin Bucer, "has been burnt at Mayence, but without feeling it, I believe. These incendiaries can do this, but nothing more." At Erfurt the bull was torn up, and Eck's dwelling besieged.

These events incited Hutten to great activity. During October and November he was engaged with several writings against the bull, the burning of Luther's works, and the Romish tyranny in general. We will take them in order.

Leo's bull stirred Hutten up to write a commentary upon it. It might open people's eyes to put contradictions of the papal dogmas and claims side by side on the same sheet, and to interrupt the unctuous bombast of the document by simple remarks and sharp cross-questions. He had the bull reprinted, with the papal arms on the title-page, with

his comments partly interspersed in small print among the large print of the text, and partly printed on the margin.*

It was preceded by a preface, saying that this matter by no means concerned Luther alone, but that with Luther the Pope intended to stifle the newly revived Christian truth and German liberties. Now was the time to avert it, and the Germans would doubtless join Hutten in so doing.

The comments were some of them ironical, some pathetic, many of them striking, others flat. When Leo in the preamble calls himself, in the usual style, "the servant of the servants of God," Hutten asks, "Why dost thou rule then, and play the master so proudly?" When the bull itself begins with the words, "Arise, O Lord," Hutten remarks, "Yes, he will arise, but to the discomfiture of the Pope!" When the modern heretics are called "foxes that spoil the tender vines," the commentator says that the Pope outdoes the fox in cunning, and the wolf in rapacity, in coaxing and extorting money out of the Germans. "The rise of these heresies in Germany," the document continues, "grieves the Pope the more because he and his predecessors have yearned over this nation in the bowels of affection." "Yes indeed," exclaims Hutten, "for you have swallowed them, but now you will have to eject them." "Before this," says the bull, "the Germans have been the most zealous opponents of heresy." "Ah, had they really been so," sighs Hutten, "for then they would have defended themselves against the Popes." "If Luther had only accepted his invitation to Rome," says the Pope, "he would, doubtless, have repented and acknowledged his errors." "At all events," adds Hutten, "nothing further would have hap-

* "Bulla Decimi Leonis contra errores Lutheri et sequacium." On the reverse side of the title-page: "Ulrichus de Hutten, eq. Germanis omnibus S." The bull, with the comments, is in Hutten's Schriften, v.

pened to him had he been received at Rome by thee." When the bull calls Luther's doctrines pernicious, Hutten says that at any rate they threaten many most worthy men with hunger, and their author with want. When the Pope comes to the burning of Luther's books, "There you have it," exclaims Hutten; "they burn, but in the hearts of all good men, what a ruinous conflagration for thee! Extinguish it if thou canst."

In the epilogue Leo is informed that he had better have kept his bull to himself. It had long been said in Germany of the papal bulls as of money—the newer the worse. Let him restrain his greed, and no longer persecute Luther and his followers. There were more of them than any bishop could ruin. Let him feed his flock with instruction instead of with bulls. The gifts for a pope were wisdom, purity, chastity, and contempt for earthly things. "Strive after these things, and Germany will revere thee. It behoves thee to gain all by kindness and not by compulsion. This is outspoken, but true, as the cause and the times demand. Farewell. From Germany."

About this time also Hutten was working at a poem, in a two-fold form, on the burning of Luther's writings, in Latin hexameters and in German in rhyme. They are two distinct poems, only coinciding in some points. The Latin has the advantage in conciseness and form, the German in popular rhetoric. We give an extract from the latter—

"Here, Lord, thy holy words they burn,
Thy teachings pure they from them spurn;
Here are thy precepts thrust aside,
And license given to vice and pride;
Here pardons granted every day,
But none to those who cannot pay.
Here lies are told, deceit begun,
And sins remitted ere they're done;

Here even thy holy heaven they sell,
And here condemn to pains of hell!
Whoever dares a word to say.
Here men of truth are driven away,
Our nation spoiled by robbers bold,
And wicked deeds allowed for gold.
Here for his soul man careth not,
And thou, Lord God, art nigh forgot."

At the conclusion of the poem Luther is addressed—

"But, brother dear, I grieve for thee,
O'erwhelmed by force and treachery.
And yet at last the tide will turn,
And men thine innocency learn.
Servant of God! have patience still;
And may I but the part fulfil
Of strengthening thee with word or deed,
And helping in thy sorest need,
Gladly, in such a holy strife,
I'll part with goods or ease or life." *

But we are now come to the subject of Hutten's German authorship, to which we must devote more special attention. We will first, however, follow his relations with Reuchlin to the close, which took place about this time.

We have seen how the worthy veteran of Humanism was rescued by Sickingen's chivalrous intervention from the "obscure cowls," who had worried him for years. They had paid the compensation money, and written to Rome to ask for a favourable settlement of the question. But like true priests they did this with a reservation that they

* I must claim indulgence for these and the following rhyming translations. They may be called imitations rather than translations, and it must be remembered that the originals are in sixteenth-century German, then, as Dr. Strauss says, a rude language, which had not made the advance it soon after made, from the effect of Luther's writings. It is impossible to reproduce in modern English the curious quaintness of the originals. Only a selection of them has been given. —*Tr.*

would immediately retract it because done under compulsion. So the letter to Rome was speedily followed by another. The position of things there was favourable to them; some of Reuchlin's patrons at the papal court were dead, others gone away. The contest with Luther, which admitted of an interpretation as an offshoot of the Reuchlin trial, made the latter appear in a serious light, and so in the summer of 1520 a papal brief was issued which formally reversed the sentence of Spire, and condemned Reuchlin's book. Hochstraten, reinstated in the position which he had only apparently forfeited, and his brethren proclaimed the papal brief at Cologne with great glee. Reuchlin tried to oppose it, and Sickingen's aid was again called in. He wrote to the Emperor, and asked for the intervention of the Electors of Saxony and Mayence. He invited Reuchlin to Ebernburg, but in the beginning of 1520 he had accepted from Duke William of Bavaria the chairs of Greek and Hebrew at the University of Ingolstadt, and it does not appear that he suffered any serious persecution.

But he had become weak, as was evident from his attitude towards the dawning Reformation, as was indeed the case with most of the Humanists, one after the other. It was an ill omen that Reuchlin lived in the house of the notorious Dr. Eck, at Ingolstadt; still, when Eck proposed to burn Luther's writings, he advised the university against it. He would have liked to attract Melanchthon, whom he had himself recommended to Wittenberg, away from Luther's circle to Ingolstadt. His refusal to comply cost him the inheritance of his great uncle's library which had been promised him. Alarmed by the news that there was an attempt at Rome to connect his trial with the Lutheran cause, it appears that Reuchlin drew up a justification of himself for the Dukes of Bavaria. This came under

Hutten's notice, and he could not let it pass. He wrote from Ebernburg :—"I have read your letter to the Bavarians, in which you answer the accusations of Leo X. Immortal gods, what do I see! So deeply have you sunk into fear and weakness, that you do not even refrain from insulting those who have wished to rescue you, and sometimes incurred danger on your behalf. Franz, before whom I have laid the matter, is greatly incensed at it." Why could not he, like Erasmus, have been satisfied with saying that he had never had anything to do with Luther, and had tried to draw away his friends from him? "Do you hope," Hutten asks, "by this disgraceful flattery, to conciliate those to whom, if you are a man, you ought not even to send a greeting? But make it up with them if you can, and, if your age permits, do that also which you say you wish to do, go to Rome, and kiss Lord Leo's feet; and since you are not ashamed to do it, write against us into the bargain. Then it will be seen that it is against your will that we shake off the ignominious yoke, and that you agree with the godless priests in opposing us. I am ashamed to have written and done so much for you, since you end the affair for which we have bestirred ourselves so manfully in this wretched way. I could not have believed it of you. Consider which beseems you, to show gratitude to your benefactors, or to please those who have always wished your ruin. If ever you oppose Luther's cause, or make your submission to the Bishop of Rome, you shall know that I do not at all agree with you."

We do not know whether Reuchlin received this letter at Ingolstadt. Though no longer in much danger of ecclesiastical persecution, there was no peace for the old man. War and the plague had driven him out of Würtemberg, now the plague drove him back to Würtemberg again. In

the spring of 1521, he sought out his old abode at Stuttgard. But Würtemberg was then under Austrian rule, and the Government wished to adorn their university with such a professor. So he went to Tübingen, where he lectured on Greek and Hebrew grammar; and the former judge of the League, like Dionysius the Tyrant, turned schoolmaster. But his health was failing, and on 30th of June, 1522, this worthy and sorely tried man, died of jaundice, at Stuttgard, in his sixty-eighth year.

CHAPTER V.

HUTTEN BEGINS TO WRITE GERMAN.
1520—21.

IN the address to the Germans of all classes of September, 1520, Hutten appealed to the fact that he had written in Latin as an evidence how little he desired violent revolution. But, before the year was at an end, he began to write in German. He says, in a poem we are now coming to—

> "In Latin until now I've writ,
> A language that not all men spoke;
> Now call I to the country folk,
> To German men in their own tongue,
> That all may know what 'tis I've sung."

The knight had begun to see that the reform in the policy of the Church which he was aiming at could not be effected with the help of those alone who understood Latin. For some of these—the Church dignitaries—were trying to prevent it, and the Humanists were neither strong nor decided enough to promote it heartily. To ensure success it was necessary to have the sword of the nobles and the weight of the cities; but to both German must be spoken, for most of the nobles were in the case of Sickingen, for whom Hutten had had his "Febris" translated, and in the cities the Pirckheimers and Peutingers were exceptions. Hutten perceived from Luther's example how much might be

effected in those agitated times by German writings, for Luther's "Address to the Christian Nobles" had deeply moved all classes of society. He had also another reason; he could not but wish, for his own justification, that the unlearned noble and citizen should not be acquainted with his works only through the misrepresentations of the priests. This was only to be effected by translating his Latin works, and writing others in German. No sooner had he resolved upon this, than he achieved a masterpiece.

We allude to his "Lamentation and Appeal in rhyme against the Unchristian Power of the Pope and the Unholy Men in Holy Orders." * It must have been printed at the beginning of December, 1520, for on the 9th Hutten sent it to Luther, and reports the excitement which it had produced among the priests.

Hutten assigns as the immediate cause of his writing it, the outcry made by the priests against his "Appeal to the Germans of all Classes;" they called him an enemy of all religion, one against whom people should be on their guard, and whom it would be a meritorious act to murder.

Notwithstanding the rhymes, this work must rather be regarded as one of Hutten's orations than as poetry, and it

* "Clag vnd Vormanung gegen dem übermässigen unchristlichen Gewalt des Bapsts zu Rom, vnd der ungeistlichen Geistlichen, durch herren Vlrichen von Hutten, Poeten vnd Orator, der gantzen Christenheit vnd zuuoran dem Vatterland teutscher Nation zu nutz und gut, von wegen gemeiner Beschwernuss vnd auch seiner eigen Notturfft, in Reymens weiss beschriben. Jacta est alea. Ich habs gewagt."

Lamentation over and appeal against the inordinate and unchristian power of the Pope of Rome and the unholy men in holy orders, by Ulrich von Hutten, poet and orator. Written in rhyme for the benefit of all Christendom, and especially for Germany, his Fatherland, on account of the common grievances and his own distress. The die is cast. On the reverse of the title-page is the crowned bust of the knight, and over it, "Dirumpamus vincula eorum et proïciamis a nobis iugum ipsorum." Schriften, iii.

partakes of their peculiarities. He speaks of one thing and another just as it comes into his head, and there is much repetition. But these defects are amply atoned for by the warmth and sometimes vehemence of the style; he carries the reader along with him, and all the more so because he lays no claim to instruct him logically. Hutten is an incomparable master in passionate appeal. We have seen this in his Latin addresses, and in some passages of his dialogues; but the German language in its then child-like stage of development, and the simple minstrel rhymes, added a new and effective element of heartiness. There are some passages which are quite touching, for you see how the writer is consumed with zeal for the cause to which he has devoted himself.

This Lamentation sums up all that Hutten had written about the ultramontane plunder of Germany and the depravity of the Church; complaints about the recent persecution of himself run parallel to it; the growing influence of Luther's ideas is unmistakable; he has not yet lost confidence in the Emperor Charles, and his attention begins to be directed to the cities, which, as well as the nobles, show a special receptivity for the Reformation. Marginal notes complete the popular form of the little book, though they mar its poetical aspect.

Hutten, so the poem begins, feels constrained to lift up his voice against sins and errors which deprave German morals. Mankind oppose the truth and those who proclaim it, and he prays God to enlighten them, especially the princes, with his spirit, that they may learn to distinguish religion from superstition, and Christianity from priestcraft. He consoles himself that the persecutions which he suffers can only touch the body, and cannot kill the soul. Then he draws a distinction between the spiritual and temporal

spheres, and describes the interference of the Pope and clergy with the latter. The power, wealth, and luxury, which are now the objects of desire with the clergy and magnates of the Church, are foreign to their calling. The power of the keys, indulgences, the Turkish war, St. Peter's church, the traffic in palls, and benefice-hunting, in short, all the scandals in the Romish Church, are gone through again. He turns to good account what he saw at Rome himself.

"Hear, all ye people, while I tell
What me some years ago befell;
How that I wanted Rome to see
And what their customs there might be;
And yet to tell it shameth me.
In truth no common crimes I found
Such as in other lands abound.
No common crowds, too, did I meet,
Going to and fro each busy street;
Horses and asses too, tricked out
With golden trappings all about;
Full many a ducat's worth, and they
So crowded up the tortuous way.
'Twas well I was not crushed and slain
By haughty knight in narrow lane.
And then the cardinals rode by;
Officials, abbots, prelates—I
Can't tell them all, nor yet will try.
But many a story could be told
Of priests thus clad in silk and gold.
Then came the Pope, in chair bedight,
And borne by many a satellite.
He's of the Holy Church the head
And must not touch the ground we tread.
Then went the Holy Virgin by
With baubles tricked to please the eye,
And we must Vivas loudly cry.
A benediction from the Pope
Came next, and blessed we were I hope.
But say, can you or I believe
Homage like this will God receive?
Christ dwells in humble hearts below,
Nor will be served by pomp and show."

The description of the procession continues :—

" Then followed clerks and copyists ;
Some thousands must have passed in all,
And even such as these they call
Part of the Church that reigns at Rome.
They say she's only there at home ;
But sure in this they greatly err,
The Church is where good Christians are.
Then came a long procession near
Of women, finely dressed and fair;
And hosts of ruffians, such a pest,
Who every lane in Rome infest.
Next, advocates and auditors,
And notaries, all with servitors.
They publish Bulls, lay down the law
With which Rome keeps the world in awe.
All these, and more than I have told,
Live on our hard-won German gold.
Shall this go on as heretofore ?
Nay, beloved Germans, nevermore.
No, not a farthing more we'll pay,
And if they starve—well, so they may.
Then would no longer such a number
Of useless folk the earth encumber."

One of Hutten's desires is that the election of bishops should be restored to the people, who would have more regard to spiritual qualifications than the Pope.

" If only gold enough he'll give
A bishop like a pig may live,
The Pope approves him all the same."

The bishops are sportsmen, soldiers, debauchees, and leave preaching to some poor servant. Hutten's patriotic heart is incensed that it is the Germans especially on whom these abuses are practised. The Italians, he says, never think of taxing themselves for St. Peter's, nor of buying dispensations from fasting.

"'Tis of the Germans they make tools,
It vexes me they are such fools."

The Pope allures the German princes with the golden rose, and not one of them has found out the trick and flung it away. But he hopes better things of Charles, and begs him to lend a gracious ear while he addresses him as follows :—

"All that I've done, my gracious king,
To thee shall nought but honour bring;
Else 'twere disgrace, instead of praise,
Such uproar in thy land to raise;
And all my countrymen I tell
To fight these evils long and well.
Their captain and their leader thou,
And triumph shall be theirs I trow.
For me, my prince, I give my word,
I'll fight thy cause, nor ask reward.
Be it but mine to live to see
Banished these ills, enough for me—
Gladly I'll die in poverty.
Nor praise, nor credit, shall be mine,
I ask it not, all shall be thine.
Up then, good king, for great our need!
Command to many a glorious deed.
Give but the word, we'll take the shield,
We'll win the day in glorious field;
The eagle ensign lift on high,
And raise the shout of victory."

Further on Hutten says that in the dark days of old every one who testified to the truth was persecuted, and Huss and Jerome of Prague were burnt. Since then no one has dared to speak, they have dreaded the flames; but now Luther and he are standing forth, and who knows what may be in store for them.

But he hopes they will not leave him in the lurch, and appeals to the proud nobles and the pious cities to join hands to defend their country.

" Beloved Germans, lift the hand,
Take pity on our Fatherland.
Now is the time to strike the blow
For freedom—God will have it so.
Take heart whose heart for freedom still
Can beat; no longer bend your will
To those whose lies have wrought us ill.
Till now in ignorance we slept,
For priests the key of knowledge kept;
But God has given us laymen grace
To learn from books his will and ways.
No lack of counsel now, nor lore,
And all men may partake the store.
And so I call on count and knight
To help me bring the truth to light.
Nobles' and burghers' aid I claim,
One country 's ours, our cause the same.
Who'd lag behind at such a time?
The Die is cast! There is my rhyme."

Hutten says of this work, that he wrote it when incensed about the misrepresentation of his " Appeal to all Germans," and calls it an " angry piece." No wonder that his opponents considered that he had overstepped all the bounds of propriety, and that no punishment could be too great for him. They now let the " Appeal " alone, and attacked the rhymes.

Hutten intended these verses for the Emperor, as well as for the best part of the nation, and about the same time he drew up, for his benefit, a short instruction on the attitude which the Popes had always assumed towards the German Emperors.*

* "Herr Vlrichs von Hutten anzöig Wie allwegen sich die römischen Bischöff oder Bäpst gegen den teutschen Kaysseren gehalten haben vff dz kürtzst vss Chronicken und Historien gezogen, K. maiestät fürzubringen. Ich habs gewagt." Schriften, v.

A short report, taken from " Chronicles and Histories," by Master Ulrich von Hutten, to show his Imp. Majesty how the Bishops of Rome, or Popes, have always behaved to the German Emperors. The die is cast.

Charles could not read German, but as Sickingen was at court, it was probably intended that he should bring his friend's historical sketch before the notice of the young ruler.

Happy is he, Hutten says in the preface, who learns wisdom at other's cost, and not unhappy he who learns it at his own; but he who learns from neither is hopeless, and generally deserves his fate. Charles has already to some extent learnt from his own experience what to expect from the Pope, and is hereby shown from history how it has been with other Popes. The Emperors have always been deceived, betrayed, and rewarded with ingratitude. The sketch begins with Otto I., and comes down to Maximilian and Charles himself. Some of the scenes presented in this historical mirror are the contest between Henry IV., "the hero whose like was never seen in Germany," and Gregory VII.; the struggle between Pope Alexander III., and the "elect sword of Frederic I., who next to Henry IV. was the most warlike Emperor that ever lived;" Frederic II., "who had to show his teeth to three Popes in succession;" and the mysterious end of Henry VII. As an example to be avoided, Hutten also brings forward Charles IV., who showed himself so effeminate as to be driven out of Rome and Italy by the Pope. He quotes a saying of Maximilian's shortly before his death, which was called forth by the faithlessness of Leo X. "Now this Pope also has treated me villanously; now I may say that in all my life no Pope has ever kept faith with me; I hope, if God will, that this will be the last." "And God granted his desire," says Hutten; "for not long after God took him."

Charles must not suppose that the Popes will keep faith with him any more than with the previous Emperors. He (Hutten) was projecting a reformation, but the Pope and his

party were trying to divert him from it, and if they succeed they will laugh in their sleeves. Let not the Emperor be persuaded by the Pope's fair speeches to persecute those who are doing this good work. Charles had this advantage over former rulers, that there were now those who were well informed about these things from the Scriptures and could instruct him.

If Charles, as Hutten wrote to Luther, promised Sickingen that he would not permit Hutten to be oppressed, nor condemn him unheard, it might have been the result of these representations.

Besides these original German works, Hutten now began to translate from the Latin those which referred to the contest with Rome. He first translated the "Appeal to the Germans of all Classes," perhaps with the aid of Bucer, who at any rate afterwards helped him. He says he had discovered that some people misrepresented his writings to simple folk, and translated them incorrectly. So now to free himself from suspicion, and to enable every man to judge for himself whether he had given the Pope cause to persecute him, he had resolved to translate into German, as well as he could, all those works which had displeased the Pope, for he wished that every man should know the rights of the whole matter. And he did not doubt that when his works could be read in German, it would be seen that he had written in no way unbeseeming a pious nobleman.

It is evident that this undertaking met a want of the age, and enlisted the sympathies of the better part of the nation, for about the same time some "unknown lover of divine truth and the Fatherland" translated Hutten's "Appeals." "Up, then!" exclaims the anonymous writer in the preface, "it is time that we try to regain our lost liberties. Here," (in Hutten) "you have the right leader who, if God will,

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will stir up our chiefs, Emperor, princes, and nobles, to help us. Almighty God, to whose honour, as well as for our good, he has undertaken it, grant him success in this and all other laudable enterprises." "For the common good," he continues, "I have translated some of his works from Latin into German, so far as the polished Latin tongue permits. God give you all his blessing, and a steadfast mind to stand up for Christian truth and the freedom of the Fatherland. I commend the good Hutten to you. Defiance to the Romanists!"

Hutten next translated some of the dialogues, the two "Fevers," "Badiscus," and the "Spectators." "Fortuna" is omitted as only cursorily referring to the Reformation, and he wanted to bring out all his heavy artillery against Rome. The curious adornments of the title-page proclaim this purpose. The title is enclosed within a square, surrounded by four pictorial illustrations. On the right, King David with his harp stands upon the clouds and holds up to God the Father on the left, a tablet inscribed with the text (Psalm xciv. 2) in Latin: "Lift up thyself, thou judge of the earth, render a reward to the proud." God looks down in wrath upon the earth, and holds the arrow which he is about to hurl at it. On either side is a figure; on the left, Luther in a monk's cowl and with a book in his hand, and underneath the words: "For my mouth shall speak truth," Prov. viii. 7. On the right, Hutten in armour, and girt with his sword, and underneath the motto: "Perrumpendum est tandem, perrumpendum est." These two figures also stand at the end of the book with German rhymes under them. Under Luther:—

"Wahrheit die red ich,
Kauf des Neid an mich.
Gott geb mir den Lohn,
Habs falsch gethon."

" It is the truth I speak,
For all their rage and spite.
If ever I deceive,
God will himself requite."

Under Hutten :—

" Um wahrheit ich ficht,
Niemand mich abricht ;
Es brech oder gang,
Gotts Geist mich bezwang."

" For the truth I fight,
None shall me affright.
If it fail or succeed,
'Twas God bade me speed."

Under the words of the title is a most amusing picture ; a motley crowd of armed men, horsemen and footmen, with outstretched spears, are rushing towards an equal crowd of priests of every grade, the Pope with the triple crown in the foreground, behind him a cardinal, a bishop, an abbot, and hoods and cowls of every shape, and they cut a pitiful figure. Over this are the words : " I have hated the congregation of evil doers," Psalm xxvi. 5.

Hutten dedicated these four Dialogues to " the noble, famous, steadfast, and honourable Franz von Sickingen, councillor, servant and captain of his Imperial Majesty, and his own most trusty good friend."

What Hutten had said of "Febris I." that it was much more artistic in Latin, applies to all. Any work must suffer in being translated from a polished into a rude language, which German then was, and Hutten was but a novice in writing German, and, owing to his early death, never made much progress in it ; he had not had the benefit of the great advance the German language soon after made from Luther's writings, especially his translation of the Bible. The translations are very faithful, and on the whole readable. It may

even be said of "Badiscus" and its triplets, that it is better suited to the German of that age than to the Latin.

There were some slight alterations to suit the circumstances of the times, or the change in his own views. Thus *literarum imperitia,* adduced in the Latin "Badiscus" among the causes which had prevented the Germans from becoming wise, is translated "ignorance of the Scriptures," showing how Hutten's Humanistic ideas were supplanted by the Lutheran opinions. There were also additions in the form of rhymed prologues and epilogues to each dialogue, the first and last of which belonged to the whole book. The first is one of the most effective of Hutten's rhymes.

"Sing, Germans, sing! I call on you,
Praise God that Truth is born anew;
Deceit and guile have lost their shine,
And lies give way to truth divine.
For truth was smothered with a lie,
And now again is raised on high.
Ho, pious Germans, every one,
Consider what has yet been done.
Let each resolve with steadfast mind
Still to go on, nor look behind.
I faithfully my part have done,
Nor asked reward of any one.
And now a solemn vow I make,
That truth I never will forsake.
No man shall turn me, though he try
With weapon, ban, or outlawry;
Nay, though my pious mother weep,
Still I my vow must steadfast keep.
God comfort her; and though He will
That obstacles my path should fill,
I will push on till they be past,
Nor turn aside while life shall last.
The die is cast."

Then comes the conclusion—

"Now all have heard, for I have told
How for long time we've been befooled;

But God in mercy has designed
To bring us to a better mind."

Hutten says he did not know how he came to be drawn into this game, but he protested that it was not for the sake of any personal gain or advantage; he was vexed at the roguery by which so many were deceived. It was all one to him whether this or that man reigned, and whether God had really made the Pope lord of the world or not.

Hutten had especially incensed the clergy against him by his "Appeal to all Germans," and they decried him as their special enemy, which then meant, to be the enemy of all religion and order. Although Hutten did not think that his "angry piece was so bad," if taken in good part, nor that he had done wrong in writing it, still he thought it advisable to write an "Apology." *

It was easy to prove that he was not the foe of the clergy from passages in his poems, in which he complains that pious and learned priests are neglected; the movement was intended to benefit the really spiritual clergy who were oppressed by the Roman courtiers. It was plain enough what he was really aiming at.

If asked why he should meddle with these things? "True," he says, "it is not more my business than that of many others; but God has afflicted me with a spirit which perhaps makes me take the troubles of other people more to heart than some." He had waited long in the hope that some cleverer man would take it up, but finding that no one

* "Enndschüldigung Vlrichs von Hutten, wyder etlicher unwarhaftiges aussgeben von ym, als solt er wider alle Geystlichkeit vnd Priesterschafft seyn, mit Erklärung etlicher seiner Geschrifften." Schriften, ii.

An apology of Ulrich von Hutten, because some unjustly say of him that he is the enemy of all the priesthood and clergy, and an explanation of some of his writings.

was willing, and that truth and liberty were more and more oppressed, he had ventured upon it in God's name, and hoped that good men would wish him well. He had nothing to lose but life and property, and he did not hold either so dear, even had he been rich, as to refrain for their sakes from so honourable an enterprise. But his honour, with God's grace, he hoped to take unsullied to the grave, and considered that this work would increase rather than diminish it. If he perished in the attempt, he should console himself with the belief that the good seed could not be entirely lost.

He could not charge himself with having usurped the priest's office, for he had not given his exhortations as a preacher, but as a patriot. When it was needful to prove what he had written he had referred to the Scriptures. That was open to every Christian, and he hoped he had not done it "with unwashen hands." Still less could he allow that he had been guilty of any crime against the rulers. "A faithful dog never barks at his master, but as soon as he sees a thief, faithfulness and affection for his master induce him to give warning." Besides, he had appealed to the Emperor to take up the cause, and warned the princes that if the rulers did not take it up, he feared that when the scandal had reached the highest pitch, the common people would take it in hand themselves and strike senseless blows. Can he be the author of disturbances who gives warning of them?

It is said that it is wrong to take up arms against spiritual men. The unholy priests are become holy all of a sudden. They go about looking like soldiers, and are ashamed of tonsure and surplice. But no sooner does any one want to settle matters with them, than they appeal to the indelible priestly office. This could be borne if they were really

holy, but then there would be no grievance and the contest would be needless. If a priest is in the wrong he may be punished like any other man. The Popes take the sword themselves, and therefore it may be taken against them. "Did not Leo spitefully command that I should be sent in chains to Rome that he might dip his tyrannical sword in my innocent blood? Are such men God's anointed on whom no man may lay hands?"

His enemies said that he wanted to collect a rabble together and carry out his schemes by brute force. On the contrary, he had in the first place offered to discuss the question on the basis of the Scriptures before the Emperor himself. But if his opponents still prevented his being heard, he certainly would defend himself, but not at the head of a loose rabble, but of brave and honourable men.

Besides his writings, his life was attacked, and they go back almost to his childhood. It is in this "Apology" that Hutten expressly defends himself, as mentioned in the early part of his life, of the charge of having broken his vows by escaping from Fulda. He mentions a "great Romanist" who had called him, behind his back, a villain; a traitor, who was unworthy to die for his country; a scabby sheep turned out of the fold, who should be avoided by all good people. As Hutten did not know who he was, he could only assure him before God that he wronged him, and demanded that he would accuse him openly. "If I cannot answer for myself, woe is me that I ever wrote a word, ever read a book, ever went to school, aye, that I ever was born. As if so many good studies had not taught me, as if I had not learnt from the many wholesome writings in which (boasting apart) I have exercised myself, as if the many learned men with whom I have associated, the many honest people with whom I have lived, and all their good example and instruc-

tions, had not sufficed to preserve me from such evil ways, and to keep me in the path of honour."

About this time also Hutten gave expression to the lofty and yet elegiac frame of mind induced by his patriotic venture in the form of a popular ballad.* It begins as follows :—

"I've cast the die, without recall,
And never shall repent ;
I may not win, but all shall see
And own my good intent.
And not for self,
Nor yet for pelf,
But for my country's sake,
Chide as they may,
They yet shall say
I did the venture make.

"Foe of the priests they call me ;
I reck not, for I ween
Had I been tamely silent
They had more friendly been.
I spoke the truth,
And so, forsooth,
Their rage doth me pursue ;
Good folk be sure
My aim was pure,
Though nothing more I do.

"Take up your own, your righteous cause,
O nation brave and strong,
Will ye not listen to my words,
And help avenge this wrong ?
The die is cast,
And I stand fast,
Whatever be my fate ;
The cards I'll play
As best I may,
And then the end await.

"Although the cunning priests, I know,
Their snares for me have laid,
The man who knows his cause is good
Needs not to be dismayed.

* "Ain new Lied herr Ulrichs von Hutten." Schriften, ii.

I'll play the game,
And all the same
E'en though they seek my life.
Brave nobles all,
On you I call,
Join Hutten in the strife!"

Two ballads that follow may be considered as a sort of response from the chorus of the people to this appeal from the chivalrous hero. They sang of the knight of Ebernburg:—

"Franz Sickingen, the noble, will stand up for the right;
He has full many vassals, and he'll bring them all to fight."

And of Hutten:—

"And Hutten, too, the noble, he aids the holy fight,
He pleads our cause in learned books he knows so well to write."

He is called the guardian of the evangelical doctrines, the champion of the word of God, and thus addressed in conclusion:—

"Ulrich von Hutten, be of good cheer;
I pray God keep thee free from fear,
At this time aye and ever.
God guard Christ's teachers from every foe,
Wherever they are, wherever they go,
Wherever!"

The other ballad begins by thus addressing Sickingen:—

"Ah, brave Franconian knight,
Praise God who helps thee still
To battle for the right,
And help thee ever will.
Here shalt thou foremost stand,
Thy cause is just and good,
And thou shalt lead thy faithful band
And guard the Christian blood."

Let him never be turned away from the Word of God. The poet afterwards speaks of his own steadfastness:—

"Huttenus ne'er will fail us,
I know that firm he'll stand,
He is a valiant champion
Of Christians in our land.
He holds not life too dear,
He knows not craven fear.
God bid him speed I pray,
And prosper all his way."

Hutten received numerous letters, both from Germany and neighbouring countries, assuring him that his words and efforts were not without response. The Hussites sent him the works of their master from Bohemia. But all this only increased the feverish impatience which consumed him during his enforced leisure at Ebernburg. The pen did not content him, he would fain have taken the sword. The author and the knight were contending with each other in Hutten all his life. The author might do what he could, but the knight wanted to achieve something also. It was a delusion; for what could the knight have done that would have equalled what he did as an author? It was a delusion that had momentous results for himself, but his authorship reaped the benefit of it; the fire which could not find vent through the sword illumined his writings, and gave them that martial, heroic tone which is their imperishable charm.

"I am tormented," he wrote about this time to Capito, "by these ever-recurring disappointments from my friends. If I had only taken counsel with myself from the first, and acted on my own account; for the more I have to do with my advisers the less I like them." And to Luther he wrote: "You would certainly pity me, if you saw how I have to struggle here: so little is any one to be relied on. While I am seeking new allies, the old ones fall away. Everybody

has a host of scruples and excuses. What scares them more than anything else is the superstition they have imbibed that it is an unpardonable crime to oppose the Pope, however bad he may be. But I do what I can, and never succumb to misfortune." Franz von Sickingen was the only man on whom Hutten could firmly rely, but he deterred Hutten from an appeal to arms, because, as Hutten wrote to Erasmus, he wished first to see whether the new Emperor would not take reform in hand himself, or at any rate put no obstacle in the way; a hope that was indeed as good as frustrated by ultramontane influence already, so that Hutten considered that a final appeal to arms would be inevitable. He would have been delighted to have waylaid and captured the two papal nuncios, who were at Cologne after Charles's coronation on purpose to influence him and the princes against Luther, but what would have been the use of such a knightly exploit? It might have found favour with a poet like Eoban, and even with Luther in some moods; but Sickingen was right in dissuading his friend from it.

Hutten himself saw on reflection, that stronger forces were necessary to secure any lasting result. He was, therefore, very desirous to ascertain the views of the Elector of Saxony, and if possible to gain him over. As Spalatin had given him no answer on this subject, he addressed himself to Luther. He wrote to him on the 9th of November, that it would not be labour lost if he would report in detail to Ebernburg what was going on around him, and who might be reckoned on in a venture. He wished particularly to know how far the Elector might be relied on; he wished Luther would use his influence with him. He could not think how important it would be for their cause if the Elector would lend armed assistance, or at least connive at some fine exploit, that is, give them a refuge within his

territory if need were. As soon as he was assured of this he intended to visit Wittenberg. He could contain himself no longer; he must see a man whom, for his virtues' sake, he so dearly loved. At the same time Hutten sent corrected copies of his latest works to Luther, conjecturing that he would have them reprinted, which in some instances he did.

In the same letter Hutten complains that he had not seen Luther's recent works, and wonders that he does not send them to him, as it would be easy to find people who would bring them to Franz von Sickingen. In January of the following year he also complains to Spalatin that Luther does not take the trouble to write to him. Luther did write to him occasionally, but not so often nor so unreservedly as Hutten wished. These letters are lost, but we know the reasons for Luther's reserve from what he said to Spalatin on the receipt of Hutten's letter of the 9th of December: "You see what Hutten wants. I do not wish that we should fight for the gospel with fire and sword. I have written to the man to this effect. By the Word the world has been subdued, by the Word the Church has been upheld, and by the Word it will be reformed; and even Antichrist, as he has not used violence, will be overpowered without violence by the Word.* The two men were agreed as to the object in view, but not as to the means for effecting it. Hutten was chafing with impatience to set about what Luther only considered allowable as a last resort. If it came to violence through the fury of the Romanists, Luther wrote not long after to Spalatin (which would be the case if any attacks on the clergy took place, as in Bohemia), it would not be his fault, for his advice had been, that the German nobles should not seek to restrain these men with

* 16 Jan., 1521. Hutten's Schriften, ii.

the sword, but with decrees and regulations. It appeared, however, as if the Romanists would not be swayed by gentle measures, but would bring ruin upon themselves by their obstinate fury.

Luther, however, did not fail to make vigorous demonstrations in his own way, besides his writings. On 10th of December, 1520, he threw the papal bull against him, together with the decretals, into the fire, outside the Elstergate at Wittenberg—an act which, in its symbolical significance, has had endless consequences, and was for himself the burning of the bridge which made return impossible.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANZ VON SICKINGEN AS HUTTEN'S PUPIL, AND THE HERO OF HIS NEW DIALOGUES.

1520—21.

THE less prospect Hutten found of gaining support for his schemes, even from those princes who were most favourable to the Reformation, to say nothing of the Emperor, the more desirous he was of securing the aid of his host, Franz von Sickingen, whose power at that time nearly equalled that of a prince. There were those who, from family or party interests, sought to prejudice him against Hutten and the Reformation. His brother-in-law, Philip von Flersheim, afterwards bishop of Spire, whose chronicle is the chief source of Sickingen's history, and Dietrich von Handschuchsheim, were probably among those who, Hutten wrote, tried to deter Sickingen from joining so dangerous a cause. They tried to frighten him by misrepresentations of Hutten's opinions and plans, and even quoted passages, as if from his writings, which were not to be found in them.

Sickingen had but a superficial acquaintance with Luther's writings. Hutten now took advantage of the winter leisure at Ebernburg to acquaint his friend further with the works referring to the Reformation. He read and explained some passages to excite his curiosity; his interest was soon

aroused and developed into conviction. He examined the foundations and superstructure of Luther's doctrines, and exclaimed, "And does any one dare to try to undermine them, or think that he can if he tries?" Before long, every day after dinner, Hutten read something of his own or Luther's aloud; conversation ensued, and Hutten learnt to admire his friend's power of grasping a subject, and his gift for eloquently reproducing and enlarging on what he had learnt. Sickingen was now proof against attempts to shake him. When his friends warned him against joining so doubtful a cause, he replied that the cause was not doubtful, for it was the cause of Christ, and of the truth; besides, it was for the common weal of Germany that the admonitions of Luther and Hutten should be listened to, and religion protected.*

Let us linger a little over this picture; it is one of the fairest scenes in our national history. Two German knights sit together in the winter evenings over the hospitable table at Ebernburg, discussing the most vital affairs of Germany—the one a fugitive, the other his powerful protector; but the fugitive, who is the younger, is the teacher, and the elder is no more ashamed to learn, than is his knightly instructor to acknowledge the great master, the monk of Wittenberg, as his teacher. It is from this happy period in the relations of the two men that the beautiful dedication of the German edition of Hutten's works to Sickingen dates, more particular notice of which we have delayed to this juncture. Hutten says, that the proverb, "Adversity proves a friend," was not invented without reason: no man could say that he had a friend till he had proved him in adversity. Happy those whom necessity has never compelled to put a friend to this

* All this is from the above-mentioned letter from Hutten to Luther, 9 Dec., 1520.

test, but let those praise God for it who have one who will stand it. "I," continues Hutten, "have no small cause to thank God and my good fortune; for when my foes had driven me to extremities in body, honour, and estate, and so fiercely that I scarcely had time to appeal to my friends, you came to me, not as often happens with words of comfort, but with helpful deeds. As the saying is, you seemed to 'drop from the skies.' However little mere cheerful companionship deserves the name of friendship, still it is not to be despised, but it is as different from true friendship as food that is merely good to the taste is from that which is wholesome and supporting. Thus at a time when I did not want dainty morsels, but salutary physic, not joyous companionship, but willing aid, as I believe, through divine Providence, I found you, who cared not for what any one said of my cause, but took it up for its own sake. You have not been deterred by my foes from defending innocence, but from pity and love of truth you have protected me from violence. And since it has become dangerous for me to frequent the towns, you have opened your houses to me (for which, and other reasons, I call them refuges of righteousness), and have taken fugitive Truth in the lap of your help, and boldly held it in your protecting arms. It strengthened me not a little in my project to know that you held it to be honest and honourable, and all the learned men and the lovers of the arts in our nation (whom this cause concerns no less than myself) rejoice, and are revived as by the beams of the sun after gloomy weather. The malicious priests and Romanists on the contrary, who thought I was forsaken, and were well nigh triumphing over me, now that they see, as the proverb says, that I have been leaning against a strong wall, have given up their proud boasting, and almost let me alone."

Hutten did not want the will, but only the power, to requite these benefits. Should better times come, he will do all in his power to show Franz his gratitude. Until then, he would faithfully and diligently serve his friend with that which neither force nor fraud, poverty nor misery, can take from him—his mind and understanding; and he could say to him as Virgil said to the two youths, Nisus and Euryalus, "Æneid," ix.,—

> "So far as words of mine can reach
> So far thy praises they shall teach."

Besides the special services which Franz had rendered him, his chivalrous deeds deserved that all who had the gift of handing down past or present events to posterity should raise a lasting monument to his name. "For, flattery apart, now that it seems to all men that the German nobles have lost some of their prowess, it is you who have shown that German blood is still unconquered, and the noble plant of German virtues not quite uprooted. And it is to be hoped that God will cause our Emperor Charles so to recognise your virtue and courage, that in his acts concerning the Roman empire and all Christendom, he will avail himself of your counsel and help, that thus your virtues may be turned to greater account. Verily such a mind should not be allowed to be idle, nor only be employed within a narrow sphere."

It was not Hutten's purpose to sound Franz's praises, but for once to pour out his heart, which was overflowing with gratitude for the benefits which his friend had heaped, and was continually heaping, upon him. He therefore presented him with this translation of his dialogues, executed at Ebernburg, as a New Year's gift. Then comes the noble conclusion which came from the inmost depths of Hutten's

manly and vigorous mind: "And I wish you, not as we often wish our friends, happy and peaceful repose, but earnest, brave, and laborious work, wherein you may exercise your lofty and heroic mind to the advantage of many. God speed you, and grant you success therein."

While Hutten was translating his earlier dialogues into German, he was also working at new Latin ones.* In these Sickingen appears as one of the *dramatis personæ*, and always as the representative of the true and the right, of liberty and moderation. Hutten has put the best that he knew into the mouth of his Franz, as Plato did into the mouth of Socrates. The new dialogues were dedicated to a princely neighbour of Ebernburg, the Palsgrave Johann von Simmern, ancestor of that ambitious Simmern line who adopted the Reformation in the Calvinistic form at a later stage of its course, but this ancestor, an able, cultivated, and much esteemed prince (died 1557), adhered to the old Church system. He had once said in conversation with Hutten, that it was plain speaking that he liked in an author, and that if he ever wrote anything plain-spoken, he should like to see it. Hutten therefore sent his new dialogues as answering to that description, to one who would appreciate them. The Palsgrave would certainly find them plain-spoken, and perhaps also polished and well finished. They were written in this watch-tower which had long been open to liberty, on almost the only theme now open to him, and with the intention of irritating his foes, so far was he from fearing them.

The first of the new Dialogues is the "Bull, or Bull-slayer," one of the most dramatic of Hutten's writings. The Papal Bull and German Liberty scold and fight so naturally that,

* "Dialogi Huttenici novi, per quam festivi." "Bulla, vel Bullicida." "Monitor primus." "Monitor secundus." "Prædones." Schriften, iv.

as in the case of the Fever, you forget you have only personifications before you. German Liberty, ill treated by the Bull, exclaims, "Help, German citizens! Protect oppressed Liberty! Will no one dare to help me? Is there no true freeman there? No one who aspires to virtue, loves the right, and abhors deceit and wrong? In a word, is there no true German there?" This is the signal for Hutten's appearance; for he had called himself on the title-page the Champion of German liberty. This cry, he says, from behind the scenes, concerns me, whoever it may come from. I will see what it is all about. Why, so far as I can see, it is about Liberty. I must hasten out. What is the matter? Who calls? "Liberty," is the answer. "Liberty is being oppressed, Hutten. It is the Tenth Leo's Bull who is oppressing me." Now the Bull is face to face with the hot-headed knight. To her terror he calls himself the Bull-slayer, who, if not a Lutheran, hates Bulls and Rome still more than Luther himself. He sets himself to oppose her progress, and relies upon the assistance of all good Germans, especially of Franz von Sickingen, who long ago built an altar and temple to liberty. He scorns the Bull as an empty bubble (bulla), easily destroyed. No, indeed, answers the Bull, she is not empty, but filled with power, honour, and piety. Yes, says Hutten, she is inflated with superstition, greed, pride, and vain-glory, but contains no real righteousness. The Bull boasts that she comes from Rome, the ruler of the world —— Where, interposes Liberty, mules are valued more than horses, the men have no manliness, human beings are gods, but real gods there are none; where evil is called good, and good evil; where money is worshipped, good faith banished, piety at an end, and honesty rooted out. And he, rejoins Hutten, comes from Ebernburg, the refuge of righteousness, where horses and

weapons are valued, sloth and cowardice despised; where the men are men, and good and evil are called by their right names; where fear of God, and love to man, righteousness, and truth, prevail, and avarice and ambition are banished.

It was Eck who showed the Bull the way here; a stupid, ignorant man, says Hutten, always at hand when there is any mischief in the wind. Hutten will let what the Bull says against Luther pass, but must punish her for trying to enslave German Liberty. She appeals to all pious Germans, the monks, the God-fearing women, and priests, to help her, and promises all those who will help to get rid of Hutten benefices and indulgences to their hearts' content; the greatest villain can obtain pardon for all his past and future sins; the Saxons shall be allowed to eat butter and eggs on fast-days, get drunk twice a day, go on pilfering the Poles, &c. The benefice-hunters come to the aid of the Bull, but Franz von Sickingen and his vassals come to help the knight and German Liberty. The Emperor and princes, too, will soon make their appearance. As Liberty had foretold, the Bull bursts of herself, and amidst mephitic vapours (against which Hutten's medical friends offer preservatives), her contents prove to be indulgences, superstition, ambition, avarice, hypocrisy, cunning, perjury, luxury, &c. In order to preserve their liberties, Hutten advises the Germans to destroy the benefice-hunters who took the Bull's part, and wrote the following epitaph on her:—

> "Look! for the Bull lieth here, the bold Bull of Leo the Tuscan:
> The death she was meant to inflict, on herself she inflicted."

In the two next Dialogues in the collection, called the First and Second Monitor, there are but two interlocutors: in the first, Luther, and in the second, Franz von Sickingen

converses with an expostulating acquaintance. They are not so drastic as the others, but contain rather a quiet discussion of the questions which in those days divided men's minds. In the first, one of the superior clergy, who has been a friend and follower of Luther, tells him why he and many others have resolved to part company with him. Besides fear of the Papal Bull, they were tired of Luther's teaching, which they had at first liked. They could not approve of reducing the Church from her present brilliant position to her original poverty and insignificance. On the contrary, Luther says, he was trying to purify the Church from human additions, to preserve her from secularisation, to restore her original lustre by making divine truth and Christ's precepts the only rule of life. But the truth, replies the Monitor, must be nearer to the Pope, as the successor of St. Peter, and the representative of Christ, than to Luther, who was anxiously clinging to the Scriptures, while the Pope was so one with Christ that he could ordain whatever he chose. Luther then controverts the assumed cession of the power of the keys to Peter, and the doctrine that the Pope is his successor. Christ had not delegated this power to Peter alone, but to all the Apostles; and even if he had, it proved nothing about the Pope. To be the successors of the Apostles means to imitate their lives; to take upon oneself a laborious life of preaching and ministration, not to aspire to honours and privileges. On these principles the successors of the Apostles are to be found wherever apostolic virtues are practised. No one can be further from this than one who, like the Bishop of Rome, is clothed in purple, lives in pomp and luxury, surrounded by armed men, who make war and conquests. The Monitor then expatiates on the contrast between the early imperfect Church and the present triumphant one. But Luther rejoins that the

Church can but be one for all times; if the Apostles held suffering wrongfully to be victory, it shows what their idea of triumph was. The duty of a Christian bishop was to feed his flock by preaching, example, and prayer. But Leo X. (of whose private life he would not speak) did not preach at all, and, instead of saving souls, had ruined many by his wars and indulgences. Such a shameless traffic and imposture as this ought to open his friend's eyes. As for the Papal bulls, the very name ought to be enough. The Papal decretals ought to be burnt and abolished by all Christian rulers as a collection of merely human dogmas. The Monitor will no longer listen to such dangerous talk, and maintains that safety is on the side of the Pope and the majority. The outward pomp of Christ's representative does Christ honour, and he does not at all approve of Luther's dissuading people from making gifts to the Church. The demands made on people by the Papal party were less severe; they allowed you to take life easily; precepts that were hard to practise were lightened by the priests or ignored altogether; if you want to do anything wrong, the good father makes out that it is allowable, which he is sure Luther would never do. Most certainly not, replies Luther; as an upright man, he could never give permission to sin, and would not if he could. The other is quite content with the papal permission to do evil. If any one was to blame, it was the Pope, not he; and he trusts that the Pope will answer for him at the day of judgment. But according to Luther (as Hutten understood his doctrine), no man can live on the responsibility of another, and as every man must answer for himself, so he must act according to his own conscience, and not on the opinions of any other person. The Monitor appears to feel the hollowness of his views, but interested considerations prevail. The diminu-

tion of livings would oblige him to put down his horses and servants, and he was hoping to be rewarded for his devotion to the Papal Chair by a cardinal's hat. He leaves Luther with assurances of continued personal friendship, though he renounces his views, and Luther, sincerely pitying him, seeks to gain over some other people for Christ.

The second Dialogue with the same title appears to have been written just before the dedication to the collection, at the beginning of 1521, as it refers to the Diet of Worms. The Diet was not formally opened till the 28th of January; but the Emperor was already at Worms in December, and the princes were gradually assembling. The attention of Franz von Sickingen is drawn by one of his friends to the evil reports in circulation about him at the Diet. It was said that he was an adherent of Luther, and was harbouring Ulrich von Hutten, a man who would make great mischief some day; besides this, he had taken upon himself to call the bishops and priests to order, in spite of Leo's bull, and the instructions of previous Popes. This was true, answers Sickingen, but it was no reason for speaking ill of him. It was the duty of every honest man to withstand the dominion of the priests; it was no crime to favour Luther, who preached the gospel; Hutten, so far as he knew, had not been condemned for his writings. The other remarks that Luther and his party were innovators; but Sickingen replies that they rather sought to restore old things which had been corrupted, and in this they were like Christ. Let them leave it to Christ, then. But God employs men as instruments, says Sickingen; well, leave it to the priests then; these things did not concern him and Hutten as laymen. But even if such a division of a Christian people into priests and laymen is right, says Sickingen, the priests would not be likely to reform themselves; God therefore called

in the laity to help, and he for one felt moved by the Spirit to protect Luther and Christian liberty. When his Monitor warns him of the danger of such a course, he says that he should rather be afraid of forfeiting Christ's favour if he left it undone. He then, in a long speech, draws the well-known picture of abuses, which were more than could be told, and says that posterity will refuse credence to the historians of the time who depict them.

Franz is reminded of the common saying, that no one who is against the priests comes to a good end. Franz adduces the Bohemian Zisca, and gives us an insight into his own and Hutten's projects. "Did not Zisca free his country from oppression, banish the idle priests and monks, restore their property to the heirs of those who founded the Orders, or apply it to the public good? Did he not put an end to Roman interference and rapacity, avenge the sainted Huss, and all this without enriching himself? Yet he died beloved and lamented by his countrymen." It was only by his enemies, or those who were ignorant of history, that these acts were depicted as crimes. "It seems to me," says his interlocutor, "that you would like to repeathis exploits here?" Sickingen acknowledges that he should have no objection if the priests would not take warning. In that case there must be an appeal to force.

The Monitor is nearly convinced, but reminds Franz of the views of the Emperor, who had threatened Luther's party and promised to uphold the dignity of the Roman see. He surely owed obedience to the Emperor. This consideration, replies Franz with lofty candour, need not deter him. He held it to be his duty to advise the Emperor, and not to do just what pleased him for the moment. If Charles was displeased with him now, he trusted that he would be grateful to him hereafter. He should do his best to serve him

until he was dismissed. There were cases in which disobedience was the best obedience. Charles had other things to do now than to listen to the priests—to abolish pillage and the mercantile monopolies, to limit the power of the lawyers and the number of the clergy and monks, to frame laws about luxury, and to stop the drain of money to Rome by the Fuggers. The Monitor remarks that it would be well for him to have an eye upon the disturbances caused by the Reform movement, to which Sickingen gives the striking answer: "There would not have been any disturbances if Charles had not meddled with it. He should have let things take their course, instead of exciting party-spirit by interference. Then would the spread of the evangelical doctrines by Luther's means soon have transformed the German Church system, put an end to priestcraft, and increased the Emperor's authority; he was now making himself subservient to the Pope in strange blindness to his own interests."

If the Emperor suggests violent measures against Luther, it is Sickingen's intention to protect him, and to warn him not to subject himself to the Pope. Germany wanted a shrewd martial emperor, not a slothful priestly one. Leo first tried to prevent Charles's election, and then surrounded him with his creatures, by whom he is completely ruled. All depends now upon his altering his course. It is all one to Franz whether he employs him or not, so that he chooses efficient men. If Charles does not do this, Franz intends to venture on something on his own account. He has a zealous adviser in Hutten, who hated delay, and was setting everything in train to compass the ruin of these dangerous men.

The Dialogue closes with good wishes from the Monitor, and thanks for Sickingen's teaching.

The fourth and last Dialogue in the new collection, called the "Robbers," also refers to the Diet of Worms. It marks a turning-point in Hutten's ideas and projects. As we have seen, he had imbibed with his mother's milk the prejudices of his class against the cities, and the source of their prosperity—commerce. But at that period both nobles and cities were threatened by the power of the princes. It was, therefore, folly for them to continue at enmity instead of combining against their common foe. There was also nowhere, except among the nobles, more receptivity for the Reformation than in the free cities. Hutten, perceiving this, laid aside his prejudices and sought to bring about an alliance between the nobles and the cities to effect religious and political reform. This is the main object of this Dialogue, which begins with a fray between a noble and a citizen, and ends with a reconciliation.

A few months later Hutten wrote in the same strain to Pirckheimer, and as long as he could, that is up to the time of Sickingen's fall, he did not cease to try and effect an alliance between the nobles and the cities.

During this winter at Ebernburg, Hutten did not neglect to search the library of his "comforting good friend and entertainer," and found something which he thought worth publishing. Among other old books he found one belonging to the later times of the Council of Basle, by an adherent of Felix V., whom the Council elected Pope in 1439 in place of Eugene IV., whom it deposed. It sets forth the necessity of councils, their superiority to the popes, that they should be held in places not subject to the popes, and exposes abuses in the Church. Soon after this discovery Hutten received from Conrad Zärtlin, of Bamberg, a little work of his dedicated to Hans Schott, in which he speaks of the Wittenberg doctrines (Zärtlin was then at Wittenberg) as

the original doctrines of Christianity, and those of Rome as a tissue of human innovations invented by monks and universities. Hutten had these two works printed together, with a short preface, "to all lovers of Christian liberty," and with some rhymes on the title-page. He neglected nothing which might serve as a weapon against Rome.*

* "Concilia wie man die halten soll. Vnd von verleyhung geistlicher Lehenpfrunden. Ermanung das ein yeder bey dem rechten alten christl. Glauben bleiben soll, durch Herr Conrad Zärtlin in 76 artickel verfasst." (How Councils should be held. And on the granting of ecclesiastical Benefices. An exhortation to every one to adhere to the ancient Christian faith, in 76 articles, by Master Conrad Zärtlin.) On the reverse side of the title-page, Hutten's preface. St. Valerian, 1521." Schriften, ii.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIET OF WORMS.—HUTTEN'S THREATS.

MEANWHILE, on 28th of January, 1521, the Diet of Worms had been opened. The question of Church Reform was one of the first to be discussed. But the hopes that had been entertained of the new Emperor in this matter were already much lowered. In November, 1520, Luther wrote to Spalatin, who had been with the Elector Frederic at the coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, that he soon expected him back with much fresh news and some stale, namely, that there was nothing to be hoped from Charles's court. Erasmus, who had also been in the neighbourhood of it, seeing him surrounded by papists and people of the old school, had come to the same conclusion. Hutten had but little hope left; but Franz von Sickingen still believed that at the Diet the Emperor's eyes would be opened, and that he should be able to bring his influence to bear.

On all sides the young ruler was taken for weaker than he was. It is perfectly true that he did not comprehend the spiritual significance of the question, and that he did not regard it from the German point of view, for he was not only Emperor of Germany, but master of the Netherlands, Spain, and Naples, and had to contend for Milan with France. These foreign relations induced Charles to wish to be complaisant to the Pope. Had it not been for this,

Aleander might have harangued the assembly for more than three hours against Luther in vain, and have spent still more money than he did in bribing those about the Emperor to no purpose. But now that the Pope had given up his intention of abolishing the Inquisition in Spain, the chief support of the royal power in that country, and gave Charles reason to hope that he should not be averse to his attacking Milan, Charles gave up the transient favour which, on the advice of his ambassador at Rome, he had shown to the Saxon monk in order to frighten the Pope, and was now ready to help in suppressing him.

Charles's first idea was that the Elector of Saxony should bring Luther to the Diet that he might be tried by learned men. Luther was quite ready; the Elector timid; the papal party opposed it with all their might. The papal nuncio especially spoke against Luther's being heard. Had he not declared that he would not be converted by an angel from heaven? He had not answered the papal summons to Rome. The business did not concern the Emperor or the Diet. Luther was to be made to hold his tongue without a hearing, and the Emperor had been brought round to it; he laid the plan of an edict before the States, by which Luther was to be publicly condemned as a heretic, and the papal bull against him enforced.

Ebernburg was only six miles (German) from Worms, and early information was received there of what took place at the Diet. Spalatin, with whom Hutten had long corresponded, court preacher and private secretary to the Elector Frederic, was at Worms in his suite. Hermann von dem Busch, who, like Hutten, had advanced from the cause of Humanism to that of the Reformation, was also there. Martin Bucer was at Ebernburg, and was a useful medium of communication with Worms. They received a precise account of Aleander's

long speech by nine o'clock the next morning. It was this harangue and the zeal of the Romanists in persuading the Diet to condemn Luther unheard which moved Hutten to write the invective which he issued against the two nuncios and the clergy assembled at Worms.*

Jerome Aleander, who had spoken for three hours against Luther, was the first object of his wrath. He and his party showed great folly in carrying on their trade so boldly in the face of the great change in public opinion, and in supposing that they have intimidated Germany by burning Luther's books in the Netherlands, but it will all tend to their own ruin. Let Aleander give the reins to his rage, the time for vengeance will come. The Germans are not so indifferent as they seem. They are closely watching the Romanists. Every step was noted from Ebernburg as from a watch-tower. Let them not count too much on the Emperor's favour; they take advantage of his youth to mislead him, but he will grow wiser. Aleander is reproached with having said that if the Germans succeeded in throwing off the papal yoke, they would contrive to sow so many seeds of discord among them at Rome that they would fall under a far heavier one. This shameful speech betrayed his blind confidence, but he will be undeceived. The bishops and cardinals on whom he was relying will be helpless themselves. Hutten, for his part, and he hereby gives him due notice of it, will do all in his power to prevent Aleander's leaving Germany alive.

The other nuncio, Marino Caraccioli, he had always taken for wiser, though not better, than his colleague, and wiser

* "Ulrichi ab Hutten, eq. Germ. in Hieron. Aleandrum et Marinum Caracciolum Oratores Leonis X. apud Vormaciam Invectivæ singulæ. In Cardinales, Episcopos et sacerdotes, Lutherum Vormaciæ oppognanteis Invectiva. Ad Carolum Imp. pro Luthero exhortatoria." Schriften, ii.

than he proved himself to be, for he was shamelessly carrying on the traffic in indulgences and dispensations in the face of the Diet, as if they were still in the darkest days of the Middle Ages. The Romanists now possessed the Emperor's ear, but not for ever. "Some day," he exclaims, "I will gain the ear now closed to me. Then I will tell him what a pious legate you were. I will tell him that all you legates whom the Bishops of Rome have sent here for centuries have been traitors, plunderers of Germany, and breakers of law and peace, and you will not be able to disprove it. Begone, then, from here, begone. What do you linger for, you villain? Why do you tarry here longer, you greatest of all thieves, most cunning and shameless of all impostors? This is the final warning. Better make up your mind to yield to the pen lest you should be forced to yield to the sword."

Hutten then turned to the spiritual princes and dignitaries of the Church at the Diet, most of whom were against Luther. Before they attack him he will tell them in writing what he would have sounded in their ears at the Diet, had not the snares they had laid for him prevented his being present. This led him to their unspiritual mode of warfare; instead of persuasion they employed force, instead of seeking to enforce Christ's precepts, they had recourse to the temporal power. They have exalted themselves above Christ and demand obedience, not to the Scriptures, but to their own highnesses. If they were only such pastors and bishops as Christ and Paul described! (Paul's exhortations to them are then quoted.) But they were no true priests at all, for the bishops, one and all, have bought their offices, and they tread the common principles of morality under foot. Very few of them could preach, and were ashamed to do it if they could. No wonder they try to put Luther down, for the truths he proclaimed threw a glaring light on their conduct.

"But the measure is filled up. Begone from the pure streams, ye unclean swine! Depart from the sanctuary, ye infamous traffickers! Touch not the altars with your desecrated hands. What business have you with the alms which our fathers gave to the poor and the Church? How dare you spend the money intended for pious uses in luxury, dissipation, and pomp while honest men are suffering hunger? The cup is full. See ye not that the breath of liberty is stirring—that, weary of the present, men are seeking to bring in a better future? I will spur, and goad, and strive for liberty. I will convince those who do not now approve by perpetual admonitions. I have no fear of the consequences, but am determined either to ruin you or to perish with a good conscience. So long as you persecute Luther and his followers I proclaim myself your implacable foe. You may take my life, but you cannot blot out my services to my country. You may arrest what is in progress, but you cannot undo what is done, nor extinguish the memory of a life with the life itself." They will gain nothing by putting Luther down. If this movement is quelled another will arise. "For it does not all depend on two men: I know that there are many Luthers and many Huttens. And if anything happen to us it will be all the worse for you, for then the champions of liberty will combine with the avengers of innocence."

Among the spiritual princes at the Diet to whom this reproachful epistle was addressed, Hutten's former patron, Albert of Mayence, took the foremost place. He still had a place in Hutten's heart. In the second edition of his invectives, therefore, he added a special letter to him in which he assures him of his personal affection and esteem, and of his regrets if anything he had written against the Diet had offended him; but the assertion of truth and

liberty was above all personal considerations. It was a misfortune for Germany, and the work of the devil, that Albert had withdrawn from the cause of liberty and learning. Christ grant that he may repent and leave this spurious Church. If it were possible Hutten would shed his blood to effect it.

In the Address to the Emperor which Hutten added to his Invectives he sought to convince him that in oppressing Luther and German liberties he was lowering his own dignity. Between his own good sense and evil counsellors the young ruler did not know which way to turn; it was, therefore, a duty to offer him good advice. Above all things, let him dismiss the priests who had always been the ruin of the emperors. They want him to condemn Luther unheard. Even if he were a criminal instead of a praiseworthy man they would have to hear him. All brave and honest men were incensed at it. The priests wanted to get rid of Luther as quickly as possible, because he had spoken and written against them. The Emperor would never be in favour in Germany if he did not dismiss his priestly advisers. He had observed the impression produced on his voyage up the Rhine, when the Emperor was seen to be surrounded by priests instead of soldiers. As a new ruler he must be doubly cautious, and he must uphold the rights of Germany against Rome. In this respect his treatment of Luther was very important. Would the Emperor sacrifice himself and Germany to the Pope, who had done all in his power to prevent his receiving the imperial crown?"

"What has Germany done that she should perish, not for, but with thee? Lead us rather into visible dangers amidst sword and flame. Let all nations combine against us, all weapons be aimed at us, so that we may but prove our courage, and not perish like women, unarmed. The gods grant that this beginning be followed by better things, for how can we feel

confidence amidst such humiliation? Is so great an Emperor, the ruler of many nations, so ready to submit to bondage that he does not even wait till he is compelled to do so? It was said that Charles had as many masters as there were bishops and cardinals about him. This alliance with the Pope could not be of any advantage to him, for no Pope, least of all a Florentine, ever kept his word. Had Charles forgotten his grandfather's experience?"

Whether Hutten heard from Sickingen that the Emperor had received this address ungraciously, or whether he felt that he had gone too far, before long he felt moved to write another, in which, to a certain extent, he apologizes for the first. He acknowledges that it was severe, but it was written with the best intentions. The fear that at Charles's age he might not possess the firmness to withstand evil counsels had perhaps caused him to be over zealous and wanting in respect to the Emperor. In the time of Frederick I. a legate who maintained that the Pope was above the Emperor had had a sword run through his body in the Emperor's presence. Hutten's wrath had been called forth by still more insulting speeches, and if Charles could not pardon this, he would rather be deaf than hear them. He begs pardon and for a token of the Emperor's favour, and, if he desires it, he will write nothing more of the kind.

The Emperor was compelled by the urgent demands of the States of the empire to grant what Hutten had demanded in his first address—a hearing for Luther. He summoned him under safe conduct to Worms, to give an account of his doctrine and writings, and sent a herald to Wittenberg to fetch him. We may assume that what befell Luther on this journey, April, 1521, and at the Diet, is well known, and confine ourselves to those points which have special reference to Hutten's history. One of these is Luther's

reception at Erfurt, in which Hutten's earliest friends, Crotus Rubianus and Eoban Hesse, took a prominent part. The university went solemnly forth to meet him, four men on horseback and a large number on foot, Crotus as rector at their head; and when the Reformer arrived he presented him with an address. Eoban was one of the horsemen, and afterwards celebrated Luther's arrival, his sermon at Erfurt, and his departure for Worms, in a series of elegies. And it is not improbable that about this time Crotus wrote the parody on the Litany, which appeared anonymously. There was a prayer that Luther, who would soon be at Worms, might be preserved from Italian poison, that Hutten, Luther's Pylades, might be strengthened in his good intentions, that the young Emperor might be delivered from evil counsellors, Germany freed from the papal yoke, &c.*

Meanwhile a strange visitor had appeared at Ebernburg. This was Glapion, a Franciscan monk, the Emperor's confessor; he suggested to Sickingen to induce Luther to visit him on his way, as he wanted to speak to him before he arrived at Worms. He had been to Brück, chancellor of Frederic of Saxony, to try to get an interview with him, but Brück would not obtain one for him. He wished to see Luther himself. He thought if he would only withdraw his last repulsive work about the Babylonish captivity of the Church, which was written in anger about the papal bull, some method might be found of arranging the affair. He spoke favourably of Luther to the lord of the castle and his noble guest. Even his enemies must allow that he was the first to open a door to Christendom for the better understanding of the Scriptures. And when Hutten asked, then what great crime Luther was guilty of which this did not atone for, Glapion answered, "None that he knew of." So

* "AITANEIA Germanorum," &c. In Hutten's Schriften, ii.

at least Hutten reports. Whatever the object of this man might be, whom Hutten and Erasmus afterwards agree in describing as the very scum of the priests, whether to cause Luther to take a false step, or to save him as a tool, which the Emperor might some day want against Rome, it is clear that Sickingen did not take him for one of Luther's worst enemies, or he would not have acceded to his proposal. He sent Martin Bucer with some horsemen to Oppenheim to intercept Luther with the invitation. But Luther would neither listen to warnings, nor be turned aside by invitations, and said that if the Emperor's confessor had anything to say to him he could say it at Worms; it was to Worms he was summoned.

On the 16th of April Luther arrived at Worms, and the next day Hutten greeted him and his companion, Justus Jonas, with two addresses which Bucer took to Worms. He calls Luther the invincible preacher of the Gospel, and his saintly friend, and, falling into his theological manner, offers him a cloud of incense in the form of texts, chiefly from the Old Testament. As far as can be made out, he wishes him steadfastness, since so much depends upon him, and promises devotion to him to his last breath. Their projects differ so far as this, that his are human, while his friend, more perfect, leaves all to God. Hutten would like to see the angry looks and knitted brows of Luther's enemies. He had great hopes for the cause, but great fears for Luther's person.

Hutten highly commends Justus Jonas for sharing Luther's danger. He loved him before, but now loves him a hundred times better. He regrets that Crotus is prevented from sharing the danger by the unfortunate rectorship. He wishes he could be at Worms himself and raise a storm. But it was better to keep quiet and protect Luther alive

than to avenge his death. Jonas must keep him informed of all that goes on.

The first hearing of Luther took place on the 17th of April, when, on being asked whether he adhered to all his writings as they stood, or would recant the obnoxious parts, he asked time to consider. The second was on the 18th, when he refused to withdraw his rejection of the authority of the Pope and councils unless he was refuted by the Scriptures. This was after he had been informed by the official of Treves that, if he refused to withdraw this, the empire would know how to deal with a heretic. Luther was then summoned and questioned, but not exactly tried. The disputed points were not gone into; it was not proved that his teaching was heretical, it was assumed; he was called on to recant, and when he declined he was pronounced a heretic.

When Hutten received from Luther himself information of the course things were taking, his indignation knew no bounds. Bows and arrows, swords and guns, were wanted to curb the rage of these devils. His admiration of Luther was unbounded also. He wrote to Luther that many had come to him about that time, saying anxiously: "If he only stands firm!" "If he does but answer firmly!" "If he is not intimidated!" His answer had always been, "Luther will be Luther." And he had not been disappointed: Luther's answer left nothing to be desired. And in the private negotiations of which he wrote, he would know how to act for the best. (Some of the States had tried to induce Luther to give way on some points, and to acknowledge the Emperor and States as judges of his doctrines.) Let him but persevere to the end, and let his foes scream and rage and mock; for it was becoming clearer and clearer that all the best men were on his side; he will not want for defenders or avengers. The fears and caution

of Hutten's friends compelled him to keep quiet, else he would have played a game with these fellows under the walls of Worms. But he will soon come forth, and Luther shall see that neither will he deny the spirit that God has awakened in him. He was burning to see Luther, whom he loved so much, and hoped he would let him know of all that happened to him.

Luther wrote once more to Hutten before leaving Worms, and told him of the Emperor's ungracious dismissal, and the prohibition to preach by the way. Hutten could not read the letter without tears, and all his indignation at the treatment of Luther was renewed. He wrote to Pirckheimer that it was a lie to say that Luther had been summoned to answer for himself; he had not been allowed to do so. And now some of the lawyers were maintaining that the Emperor was not bound to keep to the safe conduct, or rather he was bound not to keep to it. The ungodly bishops would like to play the same game their predecessors had played after the Council of Constance. The Emperor was said to have expressed his determination to defend the Pope and the Church of Rome at all hazards. The priests were delighted, and thought the drama was played out; but the last act was wanting. On the other hand, a notice had been posted up at Worms, that four hundred nobles had entered into a league for Luther, with the words "Bundschuh, Bundschuh!" appended (a term which indicated a combination with the peasantry); a step so fraught with danger for Luther, that it might be conjectured to have proceeded from his enemies. It was now said that a very severe edict was to be issued (the imperial ban followed on 26th of May), but it would meet with great opposition in many parts of the empire. It will now be seen whether Germany has real rulers, or is only governed

by decorated statues. Franz von Sickingen stood firm, and was zealous for Luther. He had sworn not to forsake the cause of truth, in spite of all the dangers that beset it, and his word was like an oracle.

But Franz would not strike the blow, though the ecclesiastics at the Diet were sometimes alarmed at his dangerous proximity. The hope of pay and booty, and of increasing importance in the service of the Emperor, who was sure soon to be at war with France, was not the least of the considerations which kept Sickingen and his adherents among the nobles from hostilities. So Hutten's threats from Ebernburg remained mere threats; and he was open to the imputation of having threatened more than he could perform. Towards the end of the year, Erasmus wrote to Pirckheimer, regretting the increasing vehemence of Luther and his party, and saying that those who indulged in such threats should have an army to back them; this no doubt was aimed at Hutten. But while Erasmus was blaming him on this side, his younger and more hot-headed friends only blamed him for not putting his threats into execution.

Hermann von dem Busch, though Hutten's senior, was almost more fiery than he was. He spoke no less wildly against Luther's opponents at Worms than Hutten wrote. He could not therefore blame Hutten; but he, no doubt, relied upon his promise that, with Sickingen's help, he would soon commence hostilities, and was doubly disappointed that it was not carried out. On 5th of May, when Luther's business was almost finished without any disturbance (he had already been gone a week), Hermann Busch sent a letter to Hutten, in which he did not conceal his displeasure, and tries to goad him on. He says that the Romanists at the Diet, who at first feared Hutten, now made sport of him, and said that he only barked but did not bite. The

nuncios said that if there were no worse dangers for them than Hutten, they were safe enough; they had only to go on with their work the faster, and they would soon lay it completed at the Pope's feet. Hutten was reproached with being the cause of Aleander's intimate relations with the Emperor, of the subordinate part assigned to the German princes, of the haughtiness of the Spaniards who cut out the Germans with their mules, and get Hutten's "Commentary on the Bull" and Luther's "Babylonish Captivity" from the printers and trample them in the dirt; if Hutten thought he could do any good, he should have done it long ago. It was very unwise to wait for Charles's departure, for then Hutten's and Luther's worst foes, the nuncios, would go too. If Hutten allowed these men to leave Germany with whole skins, it would be a blot on his reputation. Instead of firing random shots at Rome, he should punish her emissaries.

About the same time, Hutten received a poetical admonition from Eoban Hesse to the same effect, though in a more friendly strain. It was now time for the German knight to protect Luther and German liberties with the sword, since the pen had failed. He might expect aid from every part of Germany, especially from Franz von Sickingen. These two will put an end to the abuses of Rome; but he was especially placing his hopes on Hutten, whose courage and valorous arm he has known from his youth. Let him display these qualities to the nation. Destiny had called him to restore to Germany her liberty and fame. He would thereby lend lustre to the brilliant name of Hutten, while the name would aid him in the struggle. Let him fulfil the hopes he had raised, and take his friend's appeal kindly as a signal for action.

Hutten says in his answer that his friend might have

spared such an appeal if he had judged him rightly, still he welcomed it as a proof that there were still free men in Germany. If all were but of his way of thinking, but his allies fail and flag. He will never swerve from his purpose, whoever leaves him in the lurch. He had hitherto laboured by writing; now the time was come for an appeal to arms, and he grasped them. The report that he had given up his project was false. He despised the Papal threats. Not a drop of Luther's blood should be shed in his presence with which his own was not mingled. He would support his fellow-labourer with the fist as he had done with his mind. Neither exile nor death alarmed him. It was not worth while to live in an enslaved Fatherland, and death would set him free. But he hoped for the best. Perhaps Franz would take up arms, and the nobles who had forsaken him return; at all events he foresaw the fall of the Papacy and the victory of the Gospel. It was not his fault that the nuncios had escaped; he had left no stone unturned; had had the roads occupied, and ambushes laid for them; but the Emperor's army had protected them.* Perhaps some other time they will fall into the snare. It must be accepted as the will of God. Hutten submits entirely to Christ's will: if it be his will that Leo should seize him, it would be vain to try to escape; and the same with his foes, if Christ willed to give them into his hands. But he hoped for Christ's help; for it was only the oppression of the Christian faith that moved him to this struggle. Let Christ give the signal for battle, otherwise Eoban would sound the trumpet in vain. Meanwhile, he will continue to urge on the people; many need it, though he himself was ready. His labours had not been quite ineffectual.

* Böcking refutes the trace of a story that he stabbed one of their attendants.

Rome had not sent any bulls for some time, nor legates, nor dealers in indulgences, and the benefice-hunters were somewhat restrained. Not that this was enough; the whole brood must be exterminated. Hutten will do all he can to effect it; if he fail, his country must take the will for the deed.

"And so will I join in the combat, the die is cast, once and for ever;
Fighting, my way shall be won, or I fall in the struggle."

CHAPTER VIII.

PETTY FEUDS, AND ATTEMPTS TO EFFECT AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE NOBLES AND THE CITIES.

1521—22.

THE Diet of Worms was a crisis in Hutten's career, and not a favourable one. His onset had failed; he discovered that he had gone too far; he had to acknowledge, now on this point and now on that, that his actions had come short of his words. In his writings his promises of deeds had become more and more definite, and as these were not performed, an embarrassing pause naturally took place in his authorship.

The peaceful time with Sickingen at Ebernburg was also at an end. In the summer of 1521, Sickingen was at Wildbad, when he received an Imperial call to arms. Franz was to furnish two thousand cavalry and fifteen thousand infantry, and to be with them at Diedenhofen by the 1st of August, to fight against the Duke of Bouillon, Robert von der Mark, and France which was supporting him. He accomplished it; and, with Count Henry of Nassau as second in command, he entered Bouillon and France. But this campaign, which it was expected would strengthen Sickingen's position with the Emperor, ended in mutual dissatisfaction. The two commanders did not agree, and therefore did not succeed; and the Emperor was short of money. Sickingen, who had

not received back his loan of twenty thousand gold gulden from the Emperor, had now also to be responsible for some of the arrears of pay to the troops. Thus he was out of humour with the Emperor, and the Emperor with him.

Towards the end of May, we find Hutten still at Ebernburg; but it appears that he had visited Franz at Wildbad. But he doubted whether he should long be able to remain with him, desirable as it appeared to him that some one should be at Franz's side to counteract the perpetual attempts of the opposite party to detach him from the cause of the Reformation. Hutten was therefore much displeased with Martin Bucer, who, in spite of a prospect of being provided for by Franz, had accepted the office of chaplain to the Imperial Stadtholder, the Count Palatine Frederic, from whose lukewarm attitude nothing was to be hoped. Hutten would have liked to take the field with Sickingen, but his health had failed again, and he was compelled to keep quiet. In the beginning of September we find him "in this hiding-place," as he calls some spot which he does not name: a few intimate friends knew it, and it was doubtless near Worms or Landstuhl. He says he meant to stay there twenty days longer, and then, if his health permitted, to join Franz in camp. He would like to take Martin Bucer with him, who was already beginning to tire of his chaplaincy: and the magnanimous Franz promised him the next living that should fall vacant, and if he would like a year's study at Würtemberg, he would be at the expense. Hutten was still more displeased with Capito than with Bucer, for he had given credence to reports that Capito had renounced the Gospel and written against the Lutherans under a feigned name. But he was before long convinced that these reports were groundless, and their former friendly relations were renewed.

It is doubtful whether Hutten carried out his purpose of joining Sickingen. Otto Brunfels relates that the Emperor had paid him two hundred gulden a year, but that he renounced it on account of the Emperor's anti-Protestant views. But it almost appears as if Brunfels referred to the Würtemberg campaign, thinking that Hutten's service had continued.

We now find him engaged in a number of insignificant personal feuds, in which he gave vent to his ill-humour at the failure of his great schemes in a way which it is difficult to excuse. At the hiding-place before mentioned he gave shelter to Otto Brunfels, who had escaped from the Carthusian monastery near Mayence. This displeased the Mayence Carthusians, and their brethren of Strasburg accused him of having, with the printer Hans Schott, enticed two of the monks away from the monastery. Besides this, they regarded him as a heretic and a champion of Luther; and as they could not reach him, the prior avenged himself by an insult to his portrait, still more shameful than that offered to the portrait of Erasmus by the priest at Constance, who spat upon it as he paced up and down the room. Our knight could not brook an insult even to his portrait; and he would not have been a knight of those days, and a poor one to boot, if he had not made it a pretext for extorting compensation money out of the monks, which should for a time replenish his purse. Towards the end of October, Sickingen was expected with his army on his return from France, on the Upper Rhine. It appears that Hutten came beforehand to Dürmstein, near Worms—unless this was the "hiding-place"—and on the 21st of October he issued a challenge to the prior of the said monastery, demanding the sum of ten thousand florins, in good Rhenish gold, within one

month, and a written assurance that he would abstain from further insults.

Burgomaster and council of Strasburg undertook to negotiate the matter, and promised that their emissary should be at the castle of Wartenberg in the course of a week. The project for a reconciliation lies before me, which speaks of an apology to Hutten, but says nothing of a money payment.* Still, as Sickingen threw his sword into the scale, the Carthusians had to submit, and though they paid only one-fifth of what Hutten demanded, it was a pretty good price for the prior's jest.

The beginning of 1522 brought with it an event which revived Hutten's hopes. The death of his father offered the prospect of the possession of his property, especially of the castle of Steckelberg, jointly with his younger brothers; and from its inaccessible position, it seemed to him a desirable point in case of war. There were, however, difficulties in the way of his entering on these possessions on account of his revolutionary attitude towards the ruling powers, and they were not overcome during the short remaining period of his life; still the prospect of independence revived his courage, which was also supported by the position Sickingen was gradually taking.

Sickingen might now be said to be decidedly gained over for the cause of the Reformation.

In gratitude for his repeated offers of protection, Luther dedicated his work on Confession to him; and in the midst of his martial exploits, Sickingen appeared as an author, to advocate the principles of the Reformer. Dietrich von Handschuchsheim had been dissuaded from adopting Luther's cause, and wished to be a "bulwark" of the ancient teach-

* The documents are in Hutten's Schriften, ii.

ing. Sickingen addressed a long epistle to him, in which he instructed him that the Reformation was not an innovation, but rather a restoration of a former state of things; then argued that the communion should be distributed in both kinds, mass read in German, that celibacy and monasticism were not divine institutions, while marriage was so; that worship should not be offered to saints, but to God alone; that images easily attract the attention from devotion, "and appear to be of more use to ornament handsome apartments than they are in churches." Finally he tells Dietrich that those who will not make up their minds, but wait to see which turns out to be right, will not find out "till they find themselves in Klepperlin's house, where hell-fire darts forth from the windows." *

Among those of Sickingen's own class who had attached themselves to him was Hartmuth von Cronberg. His interest had been awakened by Luther's "Address to the German Nobles;" and not long after he received a special missive from the Reformer. He was a good, upright, but somewhat narrow-minded man, and therefore the more easily gained over as an enthusiastic partisan. He became all at once a prolific theological author, issued addresses not only to Sickingen, but to Luther, the mendicant monks, the Pope, and the Emperor, and gave the latter the somewhat difficult commission, "to have the goodness to convince the Pope that he was the devil's stadtholder, aye, Antichrist himself." He and Sickingen agreed that Œcolampadius, who was at Ebernburg from April till November, 1522, should reform divine service there in accordance with Cronberg's address.

* "Bis sie kommen in Klepperlins Haus
Da schlägt das höllisch Feuer zum Fenster hinaus."

Klepperlin, or Klapperbein, is one of the many names for death, and represents him as a skeleton rattling his bones.—*Tr.*

The gospel or epistle at the mass was read in German, and the priests were married.

Hartmuth von Cronberg was a near neighbour of Frankfort, and Hutten now joined him in a fray with an old enemy of the Reuchlin times who had again offended him. This was Peter Meyer, priest of St. Bartholomew's, at Frankfort. Besides maligning Luther's doctrines from the pulpit, he had informed against Hartman Ibach, and his *protégé*, Otto Brunfels, as Lutherans, to the Dean of Mayence, whereby he had drawn down a persecution upon Otto from which he only saved himself by flight. After Hartmuth had affixed a warning to the Main-gate at Frankfort, with obvious allusion to Meyer, against wolves and false prophets, Hutten issued a challenge to him from Sickingen's fortress of Wartenberg, which ran as follows:—"Know, Dr. Peter, that since thou wilt not desist from annoying my good friends and patrons, but art more and more filled with unchristian hatred and devilish poison against us, and art always ready to sting us like a scorpion, and likewise those pious, Christian, and learned men, Master Otto Brunfels and Master Hartman Ibach, two evangelical preachers, and hast treacherously brought them into danger:—know, therefore, that henceforth I myself, with all my might, and with all I can get to help me, will attack thy life and property in all possible ways. And this being my final warning to thee, it is for thee to act accordingly."

On the same day he issued an address to the Burgomaster and Council of Frankfort, at the beginning of which, in order to gain a favourable hearing, he says that "from his childhood, and especially since he came to years of discretion, he had been of opinion that the differences between some of the cities and the nobles of the Holy Roman Empire should be put an end to (Sickingen had had a spar

with Frankfort), and the two classes on whom the power of Germany depended be united in friendship." He then complains to these gentlemen of the asp-like spirit of their parish priest, Peter Meyer, and suggests that they should get rid of him as a wolf in the fold. If not, they shall suffer for it; and he threatens them with their neighbour of the Cronberg.

A fortnight later Hutten had two challenges affixed to the door of the Liebfrauenkirche at Frankfort, one against the mendicant monks, the other against the benefice-hunters; and if they did not come to terms with him, all soldiers were challenged to aid him in attacking them at home and abroad.

The correspondence about Meyer continued some time. He denied the accusations against him; the council referred to the ecclesiastical authorities, as it was not for them to depose the priest. Hutten said they should let him bear the brunt of his attack; to which they rejoined that Hutten must be aware that it did not become them to permit violence to any one in their city. Soon after Hartmuth von Cronberg so persecuted Meyer with threats, and attempts to convert him, that he appealed to the council for protection. A few years later, however, the Frankforters themselves expelled the quarrelsome priest.

It seems strange to see the fraternisation between the nobles and cities inaugurated by a quarrel like this, and we may well be surprised at the relations into which Hutten entered, a few months later, with the city of Worms. On the Sunday after St. James's day, from Sickingen's fortress of Landstuhl, he issued an address to the same city of Worms,* which during a long series of years had been injured by Sickingen more than any other city in a most

* "Ein demütige Ermanung an ein gemeyne Statt Wormbss." Schriften, ii.

unwarrantable manner, and they were so far still unreconciled, that Sickingen had not ventured to appear there during the Diet. This finds no place in Hutten's address, indeed it admitted of no excuse, and the only way was to ignore it in the common interests of the knight and the city, if such there were. Hutten was of opinion that the Reformation furnished these interests, and, in enlisting the sympathy of the good people of Worms for it, he might think that he was also doing his best to settle their quarrel with Sickingen. There was at Worms a Lutheran preacher named Ulrich, much in favour with the populace, but he was a great offence to the Romish party, and especially to a priest named Daniel. Hutten's purpose in the address was to congratulate the city on the light it had received, to encourage it to persevere in the truth, and to resistance in case of attack. Let them take him and others for examples, who suffer great persecution for the truth and yet stand firm. With God's help, he will be steadfast to the end. "No entreaties," he says, "can persuade me out of this resolve, no threats alarm me, no money bribe me; for I know in whom I have believed, and that God will not forsake me." May they partake of the same consolations, and acknowledge the bonds of brotherhood with one who was so full of good-will to them in Christ.

Notwithstanding all this, Hutten's projects were not carried out; but, ill as he was, it seems to have been a necessity to him to indemnify himself for the impossibility of working on a large scale by knightly exploits on a small one. It was no doubt about this time that, as Erasmus repeatedly cast in his teeth as a well-known circumstance, Hutten attacked three abbots on the highway in the Palatinate, for which the Elector beheaded one of his servants, and threatened him with vengeance. Whether the report

of Erasmus that he had the ears of two Dominican friars cut off is also true, we cannot say. It recalls the passage in the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," in which Hutten is reported to have said, that if the Dominicans treat him as they have treated Reuchlin, whenever he found one of them, he would cut off his nose and ears.

In May, 1522, the Emperor was recalled to Spain by disturbances there, leaving an Imperial Chamber, to which, on the urgent demand of the electors, he had, in accordance with his election-bond, most unwillingly consented. The electors each sent a representative; the domains of the princes, spiritual and temporal, the prelates and counts, were divided into six districts, each of which was represented; the imperial cities sent two deputies, but the nobles were not represented at all. No wonder that they were discontented, and tried to incite the cities to discontent also; for they were not represented in proportion to their importance, and were alarmed at the project of the Imperial Chamber to surround the German Empire with a customs line. The Chamber had offended the Lutherans on its first assembling. While Luther was at the Wartburg, those violent changes had been introduced into the Church under the auspices of Carlstadt, which caused the Reformer to take upon himself to reappear on the scene. But Duke George of Saxony, who was taking his turn at Nuremberg, had in January obtained an edict from the Government, ordering the bishops of Naumburg, Meissen, and Merseburg to oppose the innovations at Wittenberg, and to maintain the ancient usages.

This position of affairs seemed to favour Hutten's idea of a combination between the nobles and cities, to effect an ecclesiastical-political reform in the empire, and he again gave utterance to it in the effective form of a German poem,

which he called "The Wrongs of the Free Cities of the German Nation."* It begins—

"Ye pious cities give your hand
To the brave nobles of our land;
If for their friendly aid you'll sue,
I swear the league you ne'er will rue.
Both cities free and noble knight
Groan 'neath the tyrant princes' might;
The nobles' substance they devour,
And rob you of your rights and power.
Full well I know their purpose sly
To stifle German liberty.
Singly 'gainst them 'twere vain to fight,
But if our forces we unite
Soon these long-suffer'd wrongs we'll right.
Join hands! there is no other cure
For woes like those we now endure."

The poem goes on to say that at one time the imperial power was the protection of the weak against violence in Germany, but it is now so degraded by the disgraceful bargains made by the Emperor with the princes for their votes at the last election, that they do just what they please. Some of them are even too indolent to attend to business themselves, but leave it all to their corrupt secretaries, so that the administration becomes more and more costly, and the people more and more oppressed. Now, owing to the absence of the Emperor, the country is altogether in the power of the princes.

"In solemn conclave now they meet,
With looks demure and words discreet,
Discussing how to rule.
'The Kaiser's gone, and long may he
Remain, or ne'er come back, that we
The people may befool.'

"The first presumptuous thing they did
Was Luther's teaching to forbid,

* "Beklagunge der Freistette teutscher Nation." Schriften, iii.

As it were something wrong.
They put it down, for such as they
Whose lives must shun the light of day,
Truth's light is all too strong."

Seeing that stress of circumstances had so far brought down Hutten's pride that he proffered his hand to the cities, to the traders whom he so despised, it may be asked whether, looking on a few years, he would not have gone a step further and have appealed to the peasantry to aid in the reform of public affairs. We have seen that he thought that the continued resistance of the authorities to reform might occasion rebellion among the common people, and have noticed a passage in his "Apology" which might be called a prophecy of the Peasants' War. In the "Apology" Hutten says, that if he is attacked it will be seen that it is not a loose rabble that he has collected. Whether he alluded to the peasantry, and whether even if he spurned them then, he would not have accepted their aid after the Diet of Worms, are questions which lead us to consider the German Dialogue, "Neu Karsthans,"* which, though it appeared without his name, has by many been ascribed to him.

The title has reference to an earlier Dialogue called "Karsthans," also anonymous; it was a satire, taking Luther's side, on the "Defence of the Papacy," by Thomas Murner. The Dialogue is carried on between Mercury, a student, Luther, and Karsthans,† a typical figure in the literature of those days, representing the peasantry, zealous for reform and the Bible, sturdy and pugnacious when occasion required. Murner is represented amongst the others on the title-page with the head of a tom-cat. This Dialogue is

* "Gesprech biechlin neüw Karsthans." Schriften, iv.
† Karst—mattock, or hoe; Hans—Jack.—*Tr.*

not at all in Hutten's style, but the "New Karsthans" has a striking similarity to it.

As in most of Hutten's later Dialogues, Franz von Sickingen is one of the speakers, and there is but one other, Karsthans the peasant. Hutten himself does not appear, but Sickingen refers to him as the source whence he had derived the instructions he gives to the peasant. The Dialogue is supposed to take place in the summer of 1521, for Sickingen says that last winter he read Luther's works with Hutten at Ebernburg.

The peasant is asked why he looks so downcast, and says it is because of the priests' extortions. It is the old grievance of the Synodal Courts, which, instead of being organs of Church discipline, have long been turned into a source of gain to the priests. Karsthans had been for some trifle brought up before the court and fined, and, because he could not pay at once, excommunicated. Franz promises to speak for him to the bishop. The peasant says, when a day of reckoning comes with the priests, as he hopes it will come, he shall not forget this, and many other things. "All we want," he says, "is a leader, then we shall succeed." They want a captain from amongst the nobles, and it soon appears that it is to Sickingen himself that they are looking. Four years later, when Sickingen was no more, the rebellious peasants pressed his counterpart on a small scale, Götz von Berlichingen, into their service as their leader.

The Sickingen of the Dialogue does not at first accede to this suggestion. He is convinced that it will come to a revolt of the people, but wishes to avert such a catastrophe, because the multitude act without reason, and punish the innocent with the guilty. The peasant is therefore advised to wait patiently, and warned if he should take part in such a struggle not to do so to serve his own ends, but in a

Christian spirit, and to serve God and righteousness. As to commanding them, he must leave the matter to God. The peasant reminds him that he had promised to protect Luther as he had protected Hutten. Sickingen rejoins that Luther's writings, so far as he had read them, are Christian and good, and if wrong or violence is done him, he will come to his aid. He entertained Hutten as his good friend, and one who had sought refuge with him; so far as he knew, he also had written nothing but the pure truth, at his own peril, and no one shall harm him so long as he is with him. But the imaginary Sickingen goes beyond this defensive attitude, and says he considers that the time is come to punish evil-doers, and if God calls him to such a task he is ready. It is strange that after the Diet of Worms the author should make Sickingen express a hope that the Emperor will not long remain a Papist, but take reform in hand himself.

All the other ideas of the Dialogue are entirely Hutten-like, and may be found, sometimes almost verbatim, in writings that are undoubtedly his. The way in which the imaginary Sickingen refers to Hutten as his learned authority is very artistic. When the knight describes the true calling of the clergy, in which he shows himself to be conversant with the Pauline epistles, and contrasts it with their actual worldliness, Karsthans exclaims: "Noble sir" (Junker), "I wonder where you learnt these things; I am not used to hear you prove things from the Holy Scriptures!" Thereupon Sickingen relates how last winter he and Hutten generally read Luther's books after dinner, and discussed the apostolic writings. At another time Sickingen speaks of ceremonies. "Noble sir," asks Karsthans, "what are ceremonies?" To which Sickingen replies: "Hans, ceremonies, as Hutten tells me, mean outward gestures, &c."

But these relations between Hutten and Sickingen were well known beyond the Ebernburg circle, and it may be thought it better became a third party to bring Hutten up as an authority in this way. The Scripture quotations also, although Hutten had lately given enough of them, are at much greater length than usual, and the patristic learning displayed seems rather to point to one of the theological guests at Ebernburg—Aquila, Bucer, Œcolampadius, or Schwebel. There is much to be said for Böcking's conjecture, that Œcolampadius was the author.

We are again reminded of an observation we have often made in the course of our narrative, that when all classes of a nation are agitated by some great mental movement, the gift of writing on the subject becomes comparatively common; there is never a Homer, but little Homers appear whose writings are sufficiently similar to be taken for his.

We have purposely left unnoticed until now the appendix to this Dialogue, in which Junker Helferich, Reiter Heinz, Karsthans, and their followers swear to hold fast the Thirty Articles. It is appended to the only ancient edition of the "New Karsthans" extant, but it can scarcely be of the same date. For we hear nothing of Junker Helferich or Reiter Heinz in the Dialogue; the tone of the Articles is also more vehement. They seem like a prelude to the Twelve Articles in 1525, only that they are restricted to religious questions. The priests as they now live shall no longer be called spiritual fathers, but carnal brothers; no more heed shall be paid to their bans than to the cackling of geese; the Pope shall be called Antichrist, his cardinals the devil's apostles, the Court of Rome the antechamber of hell. The members of the League will admit no one belonging to the religious Orders into their houses, will throw stones at any mendicant monk who begs of them, set dogs

at priestly officials and envoys, and treat all benefice-hunters as mad dogs, who may be beaten, caught, and killed. Hutten and Luther are to be specially protected. Eternal enmity is sworn to papal decrees and bulls, and those who are the bearers of them shall have their ears cut off. All holidays shall be abolished except Sunday, images shall not be worshipped, confessions shall be regulated according to Luther's suggestions, no priest shall be tolerated who cannot preach the Gospel and does not live a respectable life, and no one shall hold more than one benefice, to be administered by himself. Finally, the conspirators swear to stake life and property on these articles, and call God to witness that their aim is not their own advantage but divine truth and the good of the Fatherland, and that they act with Christian and honourable intent.

Whoever it was who thought to advance the cause of Church reform by a fraternisation between the nobles and peasantry, and sought to prepare the way for it by the two writings in question, Sickingen's next enterprise had not purely ecclesiastical ends for its object, nor did he rely on any other forces than those to which he had been accustomed in his former feuds.

CHAPTER IX.

SICKINGEN'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST TREVES.—HUTTEN'S DEPARTURE FROM GERMANY.

1522.

SICKINGEN was far from any thought of renouncing his ambitious schemes because the ill-success of his campaign in France had brought him into disfavour with the Emperor. He was all the more desirous of strengthening his position among his compeers. The Emperor's departure for Spain and the weakness of the Imperial Chamber gave him scope for his projects. In August he summoned a convention of the Rhenish nobles at Landau, which was largely attended. Their minds were prepared for it, for there was not one of them who did not think he had cause to complain of the Imperial Chamber and Court of Judicature, or of oppression from the neighbouring princes or bishops. Many also were in favour of Church reform, and were dissatisfied with the attitude of the last Diet in respect to it. On the 13th of August a "Brotherly Agreement" was signed by those present, to which those not present could afterwards send in their adhesion. The chief purpose of it was to make the nobles more independent, by inducing them to refuse to submit to any jurisdiction but their own. Not only were disputes between members of the Agreement to be decided by special courts composed of the nobles,

without right of appeal, but the allied nobles could only be cited by members of any other class before a court of their equals. Each member of the Agreement was to render aid to any other member, threatened with an appeal to arms by his foe, after he had offered this mode of settling a quarrel, but no help was to be given to any member who declined such mode of settlement. It was inevitable that, in feuds between princes, counts, and cities, members of the bond should serve on different sides; in these cases they were to spare each other as much as possible, and when the dispute was settled to be bound to each other as before. The Agreement was for six years; Franz von Sickingen was chosen captain, and he appointed twelve trustees for the twelve districts in which the members lived.*

The day before the Treaty of Landau was prepared, Sickingen had entered into a treaty with Franz von Sombrief to obtain and lead some horsemen for him. He had fortified and provisioned his castles anew, especially Ebernburg and Landstuhl. His standing as imperial captain and councillor, his personal reputation as a general, and the idea which he favoured, if he did not set afloat, that he was collecting forces for the Emperor against France, soon caused a numerous army to be collected under his banners.

Sickingen's object in these warlike preparations was certainly not, as the good Hartmuth von Cronberg thought, "to open doors for the word of God," for in Sickingen's less enthusiastic character personal ambition, class feeling as a noble, and pious zeal for the Reformation, were jumbled together in very human fashion. He wanted to strengthen his uncertain position, which was as to his possessions that of a noble, and almost that of a prince in power, and, with

* For this and other documents on which this chapter is based, see Münch's "Franz von Sickingen."

the help of his compeers, to make a breach in the chain of the German principalities, which were becoming still more firmly linked. For these ends the religious changes were to serve him on the one hand as a lever, on the other as an end which was to crown the new order of things.

He selected the enemy who was to be the first object of his attack advisedly. Had he merely followed his personal inclination he would have attacked Hesse, whose nobles, under the protection of the Landgrave, had refused to fulfil the engagements they had entered into after Sickingen's attack four years before. But Philip of Hesse was too strong, and although he had not then decidedly joined the cause of the Reformation, he was not a spiritual prince at whom a blow could be struck as prince and priest in one. Everything seemed to point to the Archbishop of Treves. Richard von Greiffenclau-Volraths was indeed connected with Sickingen by a family tie, but at the Diet of Augsburg, in 1518, no one had spoken more strongly against Sickingen's campaign against Hesse, then proceeding, than he did. He said that Franz was really getting too bold: first putting down the cities, then the princes, one after another; the princes and electors had better look to it. He (Richard) was the first and probably the last of his race; it concerned the born electors more closely. As spiritual elector, Richard was one of the heads of the German ecclesiastical principalities, and as to the Reformation, to quote Hartmuth's expression, "He had closed the doors against the word of God as securely as it was possible for a man to do." His hard, statesmanlike, and martial character was quite impervious to the ideas of the Reformation. If his neighbour of Mayence was a Leo X. on a small scale, Richard of Treves might be compared to a Julius II. Franz did not take these characteristics into account, or thought that they

would not suffice to protect him in the isolation in which he hoped to find him. As usual, in the episcopal cities, some of the inhabitants were opposed to the ecclesiastical rule, and this party gained strength by the advance of the Lutheran doctrines. Sickingen had nothing to fear from Albert of Mayence, and Richard would hardly get military aid from his peace-loving colleague at Cologne. He looked for help from the Palatinate, and hoped to have settled with Treves before Philip of Hesse advanced. He hoped also that the Emperor, who was absent from Germany, would be by no means inclined to take up the cause of the agent and advocate of his rival for the crown. Indeed the idea prevailed that Sickingen was secretly commissioned by the Emperor to attack Treves.

But, on the other hand, warning voices were not wanting. Sickingen must have known that he should get no help from Wittenberg, as Luther was entirely opposed to war for promoting the Reformation. He and Melanchthon afterwards spoke of Sickingen's proceedings as only likely to make the good cause hated. Martin Bucer said, at any rate afterwards, that Sickingen had undertaken the war with the best intentions but without the right call. And Balthasar Schlör, the man whose claims on the Council of Worms Sickingen had made a pretext for his feuds with that city, warned him against the campaign. Schlör said that even if he took Treves he would not be able to keep it, for the empire would be down upon him. He was also risking his advances of sixty thousand florins to the Emperor. Let him set some one else upon Treves. He should also consider his health (for though only forty-one, Sickingen suffered from gout), and the warning prognostications of the astrologist Johann Hassfurt for the years 1522 and 1523.

But Franz had made up his mind to attack Treves, and a

pretext was not far to seek; in accordance with the fashion of the times, a gap was made in the hedge on purpose to pick a quarrel. A fellow whom Sickingen harboured, Gerhard Börner, took two magistrates of Treves prisoners. At their request Franz interposed, and paid Börner five thousand Rhenish gulden as a ransom and set them free, on the customary engagement that they would pay him within a given time or surrender themselves to him. But the magistrates, instead of this, appealed to the Imperial Chamber at Nuremberg, and when Sickingen complained of this to the Elector of Treves he declined to forestall its decision. This was probably just what Sickingen wanted to give him a pretext for declaring war.

The first to whom the Elector turned for help was his neighbour at Mayence, whom he asked for one hundred armed horsemen. But Albert regretted that he required them himself, partly for the Swabian League and partly for his suite at the autumn fair at Frankfort. He had at once summoned his retainers, but only twenty came instead of two hundred, and they refused to serve under any one but himself. Then he tried to enlist hired soldiers, but "they really were not to be had just then." At last, on being admonished of his duty by the Imperial Chamber, Albert offered two hundred infantry and the cavalry which he had placed at the service of the Swabian League; but this was not until so late that Richard of Treves wrote that he had defended himself, and Albert might keep his men at home. And not only had he no aid from Albert, but the ferryboats of the Rheingau took over men and horses for Sickingen's forces. Subjects and retainers of Mayence served under him, and some of Albert's chief officials, his chamberlain, Frowin von Hutten, the Marshal Caspar Lerch, and some of the canons, favoured Sickingen's enterprise.

On Richard's appeal to the Imperial Chamber at Nuremberg, it issued a mandate to Sickingen, ordering him, under pain of ban and a fine of two thousand marks, at once to desist from his attack on Treves, as contrary to the golden bull and the internal treaty of peace (Landfriede). But Sickingen had already entered the territory of Treves, taken Bliescastle, and had encamped before St. Wendel. He had issued an address to his troops and allies, in which he declared that he had not undertaken the campaign to increase his wealth or power, but for God's honour, for it was directed against the enemies of the Gospel, the bishops and priests. He had therefore thought that Christian princes would help him, but they do not. But God will help him and his followers, and either grant them a blessed death or a glorious victory. But to render themselves worthy of this some points must be observed. His troops were admonished to conduct the war in a humane manner, to spare the innocent, and to abstain from needless devastation, which Franz had not always done himself. These admonitions were fortified with examples jumbled together in true old Renaissance style from Scriptural and Roman history, so that, as at the Ottoheinrichsbau at Heidelberg Castle, Joshua and Horatius, David and Titus, stand side by side.

Franz expressed himself to the emissaries of the Imperial Chamber in a somewhat less tame and godly style than in this manifesto, which was written for him by Heinrich von Kettenbach, formerly a Franciscan. "Tell the Stadtholder," he said to the bringer of the letter, "that he need not trouble himself; it will take something more than letters." He was as much the Emperor's servant as the gentlemen in the chamber; he was not attacking them, but the Archbishop of Treves, and he was sure his lord the Emperor would not be angry if he punished the priest a bit, and served him out

for the crowns he had taken. (From the king of France before the election of Emperor.) He meant to introduce more law and justice into the Empire than the Imperial Chamber had done; if he succeeded, the Emperor would find more money and land in the empire (probably by confiscation of Church property) than he was seeking abroad. As to the demand that he should leave his quarrel to the Court of Judicature, he had a court about him occupied by troopers, and which made itself heard by means of guns and cannons.

The Chamber issued similar warnings, and with as little effect, to Franz's army. After being repeatedly stormed, St. Wendel fell into his hands. Success loosed his tongue as to his real projects, for he is said to have said to the nobles who defended St. Wendel: "You are prisoners, and have forfeited your horses and armour. You have an elector who can recompense you, wherever he may be; but if Franz becomes elector of Treves—as he may and intends to, and not only that, but more—he will take care of you."

Instead of attacking Saarbrück, which he saw was prepared for a vigorous defence, Franz advanced to Treves, and the elector, who had been looking round for aid from Pfalzel and Ehrenbreitstein, and had received promises from the Palatinate and Hesse, now returned to his capital to put it into a state of defence. And Richard von Greiffenclau displayed a martial skill not exactly appropriate for a bishop. He mustered his forces in the market-place, animated them and the people by an address, and himself inspected the walls and towers. He was quite in his element in his doublet of elk's skin among his soldiers, and when on the advance of the enemy he was about to set fire to a barn himself, a soldier took the brand from him saying, that such work better befitted him than the archbishop.

On the 8th of September, Sickingen and his army marched down the Marsberg and encamped before the town. The scared inhabitants gave up all for lost. But the archbishop told the two horsemen whom Sickingen sent to demand surrender, that if Franz wanted anything of him, he would find him in the city. Sickingen then began to fire; the besieged came out and spiked his guns; besides red-hot shells he shot letters into the city with the intent of causing dissensions, but the firmness of the archbishop suppressed them. Emissaries from the Elector of Cologne made vain attempts to mediate. Richard said he should get from Franz as indemnity, the two hundred thousand gold guldens he demanded as the price of withdrawal. Sickingen's troops were enthusiastically attached to him; but, after five murderous assaults, his powder ran short, and the reinforcements he expected did not come, while they did come to Richard. So on the 14th of September Sickingen raised the siege and retreated in good order; in imitation of Zisca, churches and monasteries were burnt to the ground on principle, but, as the injured princes asserted, villages were not spared, which was contrary to Sickingen's manifesto.

We have told the story of Sickingen's ill-fated campaign against Treves, without a word about Hutten, for the simple reason that just at this juncture we know nothing about him. We know not whether he accompanied his friend into the field, whether he remained to protect Ebernburg with Hartmuth von Cronberg, or whether, detained by the state of his health, he was in either of his friend's other houses. Still it was necessary to give the history of the Treves campaign, for it was doubtless planned by the two knights in concert, and its failure had a decisive effect upon Hutten's projects and fate, no less than upon those of his protector. In many places it was reported that Hutten was dead, so entirely

had he disappeared from the scene. Veit Werler at Wiesenstieg so often heard the report that he began to believe it, and wrote a memorial of the noble and talented young man. It was three-quarters of a year too soon.

But Hutten was now compelled to leave his country; the exile began for him which he had long foreseen. It is a misrepresentation to say, as Erasmus does, that Sickingen sent his *protégé* away in order not to incur hatred himself. After the attack on Treves, his protection of Hutten was the least of his burdens, and he knew well enough that it would be futile to dismiss him then. Otto Brunfels, an intimate friend of Hutten's later years, appeals to the testimony of Sickingen's surviving sons, that his feelings towards Hutten never changed, and a son of one of the preachers to whom Sickingen had given shelter relates, that when the allied princes were preparing to besiege Landstuhl, the knight, not wishing to involve those dear to him in danger, dismissed those who were least capable of bearing arms, and among these would be Hutten on account of his health. It agrees with this also that Martin Bucer left Sickingen's castles in November of this year, in order to escape the turmoil of war, and accepted an office as preacher at Weissenburg.

The allied princes of Treves, the Palatinate, and Hesse, did not think it advisable to attack Franz immediately after his retreat, but avenged themselves on his abettors and relations. They took Cronberg, drove Frowin von Hutten from his estates, fined the Elector of Mayence twenty-five thousand gulden, and Sickingen's brother-in-law, Friedrich von Flersheim, five thousand, &c. But Sickingen foresaw that he would be attacked, and sought to fortify himself by seeking help from knights and cities as far as Bohemia on the one hand, and Switzerland on the other.

It may have been about this time that, as Otto Brunfels

asserts, Hutten received an invitation from the king of France to be his councillor, with an income of four hundred crowns and free choice of residence. The persecution to which Hutten was exposed in Germany, would have excused his acceptance of it, but he declined it, not choosing to take any office out of Germany.

We have no certain information when Hutten left his protector's castles, or Germany itself, or which way he took. All we know is, that at the time of his appeal to Worms, in July, he was still at Landstuhl, that, in November, Bucer and Œcolampadius left Sickingen's castles, that on his way to Basle Hutten spent some time at Schlettstadt; that, towards the end of November, Hutten, Œcolampadius, and Hartmuth von Cronberg were at Basle, and possibly travelled together. Hutten lived at the inn Zur Blume and intended remaining at Basle, where he sought safety and repose till spring; safety which, now that the "strong wall" on which he had leaned was tottering, he could no longer find in Germany, and repose on account of his health. His safety was no longer endangered by the Romanists only, but also by the princes, who persecuted him as one of the most active instigators of the revolt against their dominion. He appealed to the Council of Basle for protection, as many thought, needlessly, and it was promised him. People of all classes visited him; invitations and dinners were not wanting. But to Erasmus, the very man for whom Hutten cared more than for any one else at Basle, his stay there was unwelcome.

CHAPTER X.

HUTTEN'S CONFLICT WITH ERASMUS.

1522—1523.

IN the early part of our narrative we have frequently mentioned Erasmus, and Hutten's relations with him. On the one side were the sentiments of reverence and admiration for the older master and model, on the other, of satisfaction in a gifted disciple, to whose homage the master was not insensible, and whose stormy passion he excused on the plea of youth in the hope that it would tone down in the future. The difference in their characters was apparently reconciled by the common standpoint of Humanism; if either deserted it, the difference was sure to re-appear. During the last few years, Hutten had from a Humanist become more and more of a Reformer, while Erasmus remained a Humanist. It was impossible that Hutten should regard Erasmus in the same light as before; he could but become aware of many blemishes in the brilliant model of his youth.

In unfolding the memorable quarrel between these two men, we must bear the greatness and historical significance of Erasmus in mind. It is easy to say that compared with Luther he was shallow and weak, and compared with Hutten even cowardly and double-faced. These two men were the representatives of the historical forces which left Erasmus

behind. When a crisis of this kind is culminating, its precursors always appear at a disadvantage in comparison with its representatives. To do Erasmus justice we must recur to an earlier period, compare him with the standpoint from which he rose, consider the superstructure he raised, and what he achieved. We shall then behold in Erasmus the living representative of all that the Western nations had gained by the revival of the study of the ancients, during a period of over a century. It was not merely knowledge of languages, not only the formation of style and taste; men's minds had attained a wider scope, were cast in a finer mould. In this comprehensive sense Erasmus may be said to have been the most highly cultivated man of his time.

He also understood the age, knew its wants, and met them by his writings. His critical editions of the classics and the Fathers; his collections of adages, metaphors, and apophthegms; his translations from the Greek; his "Method of Study," "Method of True Theology," and of writing and speaking correct and elegant Latin, of which his letters were models, were very opportune, and produced an effect in wide circles. His Greek-Latin edition of the New Testament, in which the Greek text was printed for the first time, appeared, with a dedication to Leo X., a year before the beginning of the Reformation. It was followed by his paraphrases of the New Testament, in which it is characteristic that the Apocalypse is omitted. Little as there was of the mystical element in his nature, he was by no means wanting in practical religion, as is shown by his "Instructions to a Christian Soldier;" his writings on prayer, Christian marriage, &c. In religion he always lays stress on the real meaning and significance of things, apart from which the outward ceremonies of the Church were worthless. He laughs at the

superstition of the people, the ignorance and barbarism of the clergy, especially of the monks, and the absurdity of scholasticism, complains of the vexatious fasting rules, and speaks pretty openly against the ambition and greed of the Court of Rome.

In his "Praise of Folly," all classes are passed under an ironical review. In accordance with the taste of the time, which certainly does not commend itself to us, folly personified boasts of her services to mankind; and as she musters each class in turn, praises its special absurdity, often however forgetting her part, and falling from simulated praise into direct blame. This work went through twenty-seven editions during the author's lifetime.

His "Colloquies" were received with scarcely less favour. From an introduction to Latin conversation, it grew in the later editions into a collection of dialogues, in which Erasmus described the manners or abuses of the age, or delivered his sentiments on important questions of life and religion. We shall best indicate Erasmus's way of thinking by giving a summary of one or two of these dialogues. In the one called "The Corpse," two dying men are described. The one, a soldier, who possesses much ill-gotten gain, sends for the mendicant monks, dies with a Franciscan cowl on his head, directs that he shall be buried in the church, and advises his wife and children to embrace the religious life; the other, a sensible and upright man, dies without any ceremony, trusting on the merits of Christ alone, leaves not a penny to the monks or the poor, for he has done what he can for the poor in his lifetime, receives the communion and the last unction, but does not confess, since he has nothing on his conscience. The legacy-hunting of the monks, the jealousy between them and the priests, and of the different Orders amongst each other, are de-

scribed. In the dialogue about eating fish, a story is told of a person who in mortal sickness refused, even on the advice of his physician, to eat eggs, but had no scruples about disowning a debt by perjury. In the "Shipwreck," while the rest of the passengers call upon one saint and another, the sensible speaker addresses himself to God, believing that no one hears the prayers of men more quickly or grants them more willingly.

During the decade which preceded the appearance of Luther, the fame of Erasmus was at its height. He was considered, and really was, the most brilliant literary star of the West. Aspiring young men, as well as the learned of more mature age, took long journeys to his place of abode, and considered themselves happy to have seen his face. Rulers, temporal and spiritual, sued for letters from him, and rewarded him for his dedications. When on his travels, he was received in the cities where learning flourished like a potentate; deputations met him with addresses and poems, and the authorities testified their esteem.

After returning from his travels in France, Italy, and England, Erasmus lived in agreeable leisure without any special office, first at Louvain, and then at Basle, until the disturbances consequent on the Reformation induced him to remove to Freiburg. After 1516, he enjoyed the title of Councillor to King Charles of Spain, with a pension of four hundred florins, besides smaller pensions from some of his distinguished patrons; but in those days of scarcity of money they were often intermitted.

The trial of Reuchlin was to a certain extent a prelude to Luther's appearance; and from the attitude of Erasmus towards the former, his probable attitude towards the Reformation might be foreseen. As the Reuchlin contest

arose out of the Talmud, and other Jewish books, which Erasmus did not understand, he could in some sense say, with truth, that it did not concern him; then the vehemence with which it was carried on on both sides was repulsive to him. He considered that the friends of the revival of learning should go to work persuasively rather than polemically, should ingratiate themselves as guests rather than attack as enemies. Considering the combative attitude which Reuchlin's party had assumed, he was displeased that, in Pirckheimer's vindication of him, he had placed his name among the list of Reuchlinists. What learned and upright man was not dear to him? he said; but his friend should not have involved him in a conflict, of which, as later in the Lutheran tragedy, as he called it, he wished to be only a spectator. But privately he was friendly to Reuchlin, exerted himself diplomatically for him with the Pope and cardinals, and, when death released him from the strife, he celebrated him in an apotheosis which he incorporated with his Dialogues. A student of Tübingen describes a vision which a pious Franciscan had had at the time of Reuchlin's death. On the other side of a bridge he saw a beautiful meadow; Reuchlin, in bright raiment, was walking on the bridge, attended by a cherub, his good genius. Some black birds, like vultures, pursued and screamed at him; but he held up the cross to them and bid them begone, when they flew off, leaving an indescribable stench behind them. On the bridge he was met by that learned linguist, St. Jerome, who greeted him as a colleague, and gave him a garment like his own, adorned with tongues in three different colours, to signify the three languages they understood. The air and the meadow were filled with angels; a pillar of fire came down from heaven, and in it the two saints locked in each other's arms, and amidst the songs of the angelic

choir, ascended to heaven. The departed will now be placed among the saints by the side of St. Jerome, and invoked as the patron saint of linguists.

When Luther first appeared he enjoyed the sympathy of Erasmus, and he did not fail to speak a diplomatic word for him. When Frederic the Wise questioned him about Luther, at Cologne, just before the Diet of Worms, he told him in confidence that Luther had made two mistakes, in seizing the Pope by his crown and the monks by their bellies: it made a deep impression on the Elector, and recurred to his mind shortly before his death. Erasmus had previously given a very favourable report of Luther to the Cardinal Albert of Mayence; but he was greatly displeased when Hutten ventured to have it printed without his knowledge. He also desired to have the "Axiomata" back from Spalatin, which he had written to the same purport at Cologne, but it did not prevent their being printed. Erasmus was perfectly aware that Luther had not acted without urgent cause; he had himself complained of the very same abuses. The burdens laid upon the people by human dogmas; the obscuration of theology by scholasticism; the scandals caused by the confessional and indulgences; the deterioration of preaching, which, instead of being about Christ and the Christian life, was mostly about the Pope and lying miracles; a ceremonial worship, which surpassed that of the Jews, and threatened to stifle all vital religion. The shameless extent to which all this was carried, stirred up Luther to oppose it, and even in the opinion of Erasmus, it excused some extravagance on his part. He gave Luther credit for seeking neither gain nor honour, and found that the best men took the least exception to his writings. Luther appeared to him to have a rare gift for ascetic, practical interpretation of Scripture, which had been too

much neglected in those days of hair-splitting scholastic questions, and he wrote to that effect to the Pope himself. He saw in Luther an effective instrument for the discovery of truth, and the restoration of Gospel liberty.

Still there was, from the first, something in Luther's writings (he did not know him personally) which was uncongenial, and almost repulsive, to Erasmus. Their vehemence, bluntness, and passion became more and more disagreeable to him. He foresaw that disturbance and schism must result from his proceedings. When Luther wrote to him, he warned him in his answer to be more moderate. But as, instead of this, Luther, in the course of the conflict, became more vehement and reckless of consequences, Erasmus became more and more estranged from him. He began to question by what spirit the man was actuated. The more unpleasant a business it was to oppose deep-seated abuses, the more gently it should be done. What was the use of insulting those whom your object was to cure? What was the use of extravagances which were sure to give offence? He thought that the wisdom, the urbanity, which we find in the sermons of Christ and Paul, were entirely wanting in Luther's preaching. Sometimes Luther seemed to him like a physician who was compelled to resort to the knife and the cautery, only he thought that the remedy was sometimes worse than the disease. To Erasmus, war and strife were the worst of evils; he preferred to give up a portion of truth rather than disturb the peace by insisting on the whole of it.

Erasmus gives a striking description of Luther's character and proceedings from his own point of view. He found in him the wrath of Pelides, which never yields. He pushes his opinions to their utmost extreme. If you try to moderate him it only excites him the more. This gives rise to

the paradoxes in his teaching, which, in the opinion of Erasmus, were sure to occasion misunderstandings. Among these paradoxes he reckoned Luther's chief dogma of justification by faith alone, his opinions on free-will, good works, &c.

Nothing could be more opposed to the views of Erasmus than that Luther should, as he considered, repulse the authorities by his recklessness. The idea of Erasmus was to reform the Church in concert with the Pope, the bishops, and the spiritual rulers—to sugar the bitter pill as much as possible, and he would sooner give up a considerable part of the demand than cause them to oppose reform altogether. Desirable as it was that things should take this course, it was so contrary to all experience, that it was only Erasmus's unconquerable aversion to violence, even under Clement VII., which made him think it could possibly succeed.

When he found that the cause he had most at heart, that of Humanistic culture, was damaged by the projects of Luther and his party, he was still more set against them. For many of its former patrons had deserted it for the Reformation movement, which they considered had arisen out of it; their reforming zeal had displaced Humanistic aims as the centre of their interests. There is no end to the complaints of Erasmus about the hatred with which the Lutheran party had caused the revival of learning to be regarded. He tries to show that the two movements have nothing to do with each other; asserts that Luther is personally unknown to him, and had far too little classical learning to be reckoned amongst the Humanists. Nevertheless, his opponents made him answerable for the whole Reformation movement. The mendicant monks preached that Erasmus had laid the eggs, and Luther hatched the brood. Yes, retorted Erasmus, he had laid a hen's egg, but Luther had hatched

quite a different bird. He who had only gone as far as the shore, could not be the forerunner of those who were plunging in mid-stream. It was only in apparent contradiction to this when, at another time, in consequence of the contempt with which Luther and his followers thrust him aside, he said, that he had taught nearly all that Luther taught, only in a milder form and without insults and paradoxes. He was for a long time averse to openly opposing Luther, partly because he was afraid of disturbing the seeds he had himself sown.

But each progressive step of the Reformation was more disturbing to Erasmus than the last. It was not only that he found himself displaced from the foremost rank into the second; the Reformers assumed that he belonged to their party, their opponents called upon him to declare himself against them, and as he did not wish to do either, he was between two fires. The one party considered him cowardly, the other false. He saw old friendships broken up, and strife everywhere, which soon became a fierce conflict. He regarded the Reformation as the misfortune of his life, and thought that a universal relapse into barbarism would ensue. And the more so because, besides the attacks from without, Humanistic zeal appeared to be on the wane within its own ranks. Philological zeal cooled down as religious zeal increased. Grammatical and rhetorical studies seemed to have fulfilled their purpose by rendering a revolution in theology possible. One after another the Humanists went over to the Reformer's camp, and just those upon whom Erasmus had reckoned the most—Hermann Busch, Justus Jonas, Hutten, Melanchthon, whom he was as little pleased to see at Wittenberg as Reuchlin had been. He soon discerned that wherever Lutheranism prevailed, there was an end to Humanistic studies.

If Erasmus regarded Hutten especially as one of those who had forsaken the cause for which they had laboured together, Hutten regarded Erasmus as one who was denying the principles which had previously actuated him. He had already written him two letters to this effect from Steckelberg and Ebernburg, one of which was the one of the 15th of August, 1520, which we have already noticed, so far as it related to the papal attack upon Hutten, but we purposely deferred considering that portion of it referring to his relations with Erasmus. He lets him know what he expects from him in the present position of his affairs, and does not conceal from him what has displeased him in his previous conduct. In the Reuchlin affair he had been weak and timid. He had at first approved, but afterwards condemned, the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." As to Luther, he had tried to persuade his opponents that Church reform was nothing to him. It was quite useless, for his real sentiments were well known from his writings, and so no one gave him credit for sincerity. He had injured the Reform party, and done himself no good. He had before now heard with regret what was said about his friend, but had defended him, although not satisfied with him himself. He hopes that he will be good enough not to speak of him as he has done of Reuchlin and Luther to those who entertain a high opinion of him, and are still ready to serve him. Approbation he will not ask, though nothing would do him more honour; only let him not from fear of man speak ill of him, considering how injurious a single unfavourable word from Erasmus would be to Hutten. He has written freely, as to a friend.

Hutten did not then give Erasmus up for the cause of reform; he took his real concurrence with it for granted, and thought circumstances would soon give him courage to confess it, if he did not involve himself too deeply with the

enemies of progress. Might it not be well to take advantage of his timidity, and to persuade him that his life was not safe among the Romanists? He was still living at Louvain. In the early part of the winter of 1520, the presence of the Emperor and several princes took him to Cologne. But these places were the chief seats of the Obscurantists, and it was just at the time when Luther's writings were burnt. Hutten took advantage of this circumstance to frighten Erasmus. What could he be thinking of, he wrote to him three months after the previous letter, to stay at places where their party (to which he takes for granted that Erasmus belongs) was held in the greatest abhorrence, and where the papal mandates were literally carried out? Did he imagine that he could be safe where Luther's books had been burnt? He of whom their enemies had said that it was he who had originated all this agitation against the Pope? It was not so, Hutten concedes (for Erasmus did not like to hear it), but he knows what sort of people they have to contend with, and can imagine that their abhorrence of culture will incense them still more against one who has filled Germany with learning. Erasmus must now see that the attempt to gain the Pope over to the cause by flattery was of no avail. Let him escape before it was too late. The attack which Hutten and Sickingen were projecting would make the position of Erasmus still more perilous, and he would have to fear not only open attack, but poison and the dagger. Hutten therefore advised him to exchange Louvain for Basle, where he had long been held in esteem, where men's minds were by nature more liberal, and had been stimulated by Luther's writings and a German poem of his own ("The Lamentation and Appeal"). Common friends besought him, through him, to take care of himself for the public good.

During the course of the winter, Erasmus really did leave Louvain for Basle, and besides his desire to superintend the printing of his works in Froben's office, no doubt the other reason had some weight, and he was glad to escape the perpetual attacks of the Obscurantists from the pulpit and the professor's chair. But he by no means intended to go over to the camp of the Reformation; he looked upon Basle as neutral ground, and when—eight years later—it decidedly adopted the Reformation, he exchanged it for a city which had adhered to orthodoxy.

Two years had elapsed since this letter was written; Hutten and Erasmus had not met for three and a half, when, towards the end of 1522, Hutten appeared at Basle as a fugitive from Germany.* On his way thither, he said to Beatus Rhenanus and others at Schlettstadt, that when he got to Basle he should inspire Erasmus with courage, for it was timidity which prevented his being more favourable to Luther.

Erasmus received the first news of Hutten's arrival from Heinrich von Eppendorf, a previous acquaintance of Hutten's, who was studying at Basle at the expense of Duke George of Saxony. We may reasonably doubt the sincerity of the pleasure Erasmus expressed at the news, for after the first inquiries as to Hutten's health and circumstances, he commissioned Eppendorf to warn the knight in a friendly way not to compromise him by his visits. This was certainly the meaning of what he said, even if, as he afterwards asserted, he qualified it by adding, unless he had anything particular to say to him; and that if he could

* For what follows see Hutten's statements in his "Expostulatio" on the one side, and those of Erasmus in his "Spongia" on the other, in Hutten's Schriften, ii. For which, also, see various letters relating to the subject.

be of any service to him, it would give him pleasure. The impression this message made upon Hutten may be imagined, and Erasmus could not have been quite easy about it, even if, as he says, Eppendorf told him he had taken it very well. Some other persons must have given Erasmus hints to the contrary, which accounts for his repeated questioning of Eppendorf. Thus pressed, he at length said that perhaps Hutten did wish to see Erasmus, whereupon he states that he declared himself willing to see him if he very much desired it; only he doubted whether Hutten could bear his cool rooms in his state of health; (there should be a fire, however). If he could have borne stove heat, he would have called upon the knight himself.

We could not be surprised if Hutten had refused this ungracious invitation with scorn; but by his account it never reached him,—whether it was that the messenger suppressed it, or that Erasmus never gave it. As to the warm rooms, Hutten says that Eppendorf could have told Erasmus that he often walked for two or three hours up and down the market-place, and many times purposely passed Erasmus's house. At Christmas Erasmus wrote to a friend that he had not seen Hutten, and did not now wish it. He was friendly to Hutten so far as he was so to him, but he had other things to do.

The principal motive for this behaviour was, as Erasmus confessed, lest intercourse with Hutten should compromise him with his exalted patrons. "News of this visit," he says, "would have reached the Pope at Rome, the Emperor in Spain; would have been carried to Brabant, where I have eager accusers; to England, where there are people who make me a Lutheran whether I will or no." Besides, it would not, he says, have been a question of a mere interview; intercourse once begun, he must have taken the sick and

distressed knight into his house; he should have feared being asked for a loan, being overrun by Hutten's Protestant followers; he had a horror of his bitterness and boastfulness, which must have increased with his misfortunes.

We learn from Erasmus, that while Hutten was at Basle he wrote something very fierce against the Elector of the Palatinate, for having had his servant executed for his attack on the three abbots. But he could not find any printer willing to print it. He, however, published a satire on a doctor at Basle, who had probably betrayed his ignorance in treating him. Erasmus expressed his surprise to Eppendorf that, sick and wretched as he was, he should have the heart for such things. But Eppendorf said that that was just why he did it, to beguile the time.

He must also have occupied himself with more serious machinations against the Church, for, at the instigation of the clergy, the Council of Basle withdrew their promise of protection. Hutten was, therefore, compelled to leave Basle after a stay of less than two months. On the 19th of January he turned his steps towards Mülhausen, which afforded him hopes of protection from the German princes, and the council were in favour of Reform.

Before he left Basle, besides the personal affront, sundry things had come to light which were not calculated to increase his veneration for Erasmus. He now learnt that he was about to attack the Lutherans with his pen. He warned him, through Eppendorf, that if he attacked Luther they could no longer be friends. About March he saw Erasmus's letter to Laurinus, dean of the College of St. Donation at Brügge, in print, and it caused the storm which had long been threatening him to burst over Erasmus's head.

The main purpose of this letter to his friend in the

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Netherlands, with all its discursive descriptions of his travels, was to contradict the unfavourable reports as to his relations with Luther. These reports were in opposite directions, according as his critics belonged to one party or the other, and Erasmus contradicted both, but it is plain that he is much more concerned to clear himself of the suspicion that he holds with Luther than that he is unjust towards him. His departure from Louvain and residence at Basle lent colour to the first suspicion, so he gives his reasons, and says that he has no intention whatever of remaining at Basle. He was not out of favour with the Emperor or the new Pope, Adrian VI. ; there was not a word of truth in the report that Hochstraten had burnt his books. It was now said that Lutherans were flocking to Basle in order to consult him. Would to God that all Lutherans and anti-Lutherans would consult him and follow his advice, and then the world would go on better. Among the many strangers who visited him there might be Lutherans for all he knew, and he had not given up one of his old friends, either because he was too zealous a Lutheran, or because he was too much opposed to Luther, if he saw that his intentions were good. Thus Hutten had been a few days at Basle without their having visited each other ; and yet if his old friend, whose fine talents he must still admire, had come to see him he should not have declined an interview, for what else he might be doing did not concern him. But as Hutten, on account of his malady, could not dispense with stove heat, which Erasmus could not bear, it happened that they had not met.

As to Luther's doctrines, he had hitherto, from various reasons, not formed any opinion about them, chiefly because it was a matter which belonged to a higher tribunal ; he had not read nearly all Luther's works, and those which were

written in the Saxon (*i.e.*, German) language he could not read. But he had from time to time said in printed letters, that with the Lutherans as a body he had nothing to do, and he found too little Christian humility and too much bitterness in Luther's books. But, at the same time, he did not deny that Luther had called attention to many things that were intolerable and ought to be reformed. But since Luther did not hesitate to contradict, not only the teachers of the Church, but even Councils, he could not object if others contradicted him; and as every one was writing against him, it must not be taken amiss if, in obedience to the commands of those whom it was dangerous to disobey, he also should, at a suitable time, deliver his opinion about Luther. It has been, he continues with genuine Erasmian irony, simply a matter of modesty with him to keep aloof from this business. Since many exalted personages had held him to be the originator of Luther's doctrines, and even the author of several of his works, he must disclaim so great an honour, and say, like John the Baptist, "I am not he." Luther and his followers often call him a weak Christian who knows nothing of spiritual things. Then let them bear this in mind, when he adheres to the opinions of revered fathers and does not trust himself to take part in Luther's innovations. Let him to whom the Lord has given greater spiritual gifts employ them in his honour; he will not fly so high, but will walk all the more securely. His wish was for Gospel unity, for peaceable reform of the evils of the Church. He who treads this path will not lack countenance from Erasmus. But he who prefers to turn everything upside-down will have him neither for leader nor follower. In conclusion, he says, "They allege that they are moved by the Holy Spirit. Then when the spirit of the Lord comes over them, may they dance to good pur-

pose among the prophets. This spirit has not yet seized me: if ever it does, perhaps I also shall be called a Saul among the prophets."

Everything in this epistle was repulsive to our knight. The cool irony about a cause which set him on fire; the assumed impartiality, which was but a veil to hide his partisanship; the caution and love of peace, which was but lukewarmness in a great cause. Then the passage about Hutten contained various palpable untruths by which he tried to soften down the conduct for which his conscience obviously condemned him. It was not true that he had only been a few days at Basle; it was not true that the question of warm rooms had prevented their meeting, nor that it was Hutten's place to call on him.

On the third day after this letter came into Hutten's hands, he prepared to settle accounts with Erasmus in detail, and the latter received timely notice from Eppendorf, who travelled between Mülhausen and Basle, of Hutten's sentiments towards him, and of the threatened attack.

This Heinrich von Eppendorf (whose assumed nobility is questionable) was a travelling scholar, who, at first the obsequious friend of Erasmus, afterwards attached himself to Hutten. In the whole of this business he plays, to say the least, a doubtful part. We should not like to adopt Erasmus's accusation that he was actually the cause of the quarrel by his double-facedness, but when Hutten had begun to write against Erasmus, it appears that he took advantage of it to extort money from Erasmus or his friends, and subsequently, when Erasmus gave a bad character of him to Duke George, he fell upon him like a highwayman. But Erasmus goes too far in accusing Hutten of attempting to extort money. It is clear that in the controversy with Erasmus he was thoroughly in earnest in the cause, even if he

afterwards allowed his officious follower to turn what he wrote to account as a money speculation.

On learning from Eppendorf that Hutten, embittered by the repulse he had received, was writing against Erasmus, a correspondence ensued between them. Erasmus wrote that he could but be surprised to hear it, considering that his friendship for Hutten remained unchanged, though circumstances had for a time made intercourse impossible. He had not repulsed Hutten, he had only asked him in a friendly way not to embarrass him by a visit which could be of no use to himself. Yet he had afterwards sent a message to him through Eppendorf that, if he could dispense with stove heat, he would be willing to see him. He had done nothing to offend Hutten either now or ever. He wished him no worse enemy than himself. Perhaps he was instigated by people who wanted to misuse his pen to vent their hatred of Erasmus. Let him remember that he could give no greater pleasure to his own worst enemies than by writing against him. It would be more prudent to communicate to him in a private letter what he had against him. He must be much changed if Erasmus cannot succeed in giving him satisfaction.

So far the letter was adapted for its purpose; but it now took a turn which would have made the fiery Hutten grasp the pen, even had it not been in hand already. Regard for his own reputation should restrain Hutten from his project. For not only would an attack upon his innocent friend be thought inhuman, "there would perhaps be some," he continued, "who, considering the present state of your affairs, would suspect that it was done for the purpose of gain, and it would be no wonder if many gave place to this suspicion, against one who is a fugitive, deeply in debt, and in want of the mere necessaries of life. You must know what things are said of you; you know why the Count Palatine is in-

censed against you, and what he threatens you with, having already had one of your servants executed. I hope, therefore, that you will not attribute my remonstrance to fear or an evil conscience, but rather to affection for you, and it is far more for your sake than my own. You may write as fiercely as you will, but it will not be against one who is unused to such attacks, nor yet dumb. But even if I am silent, you will do yourself more harm than me. Look well to it then, my Hutten, and take counsel with your own prudence, instead of with the passions of foolish men. Farewell. I await your challenge."*

Erasmus meant by this an enumeration of Hutten's grievances in a private letter. This reached him, he says, in a very defiant epistle, which Hutten announced was to be followed within three days by the accusation itself.

Erasmus sent an answer to this, in which he went into Hutten's reproaches point by point, and once more tried to convince him how much it was for the interests of both to settle their differences privately. But the worst of it was, that Hutten's "Accusation" had already come into the hands of many persons at Basle in MS., and had been sent to Zurich, so that Erasmus heard from other persons what Hutten had said of him. In his answer to Erasmus's second letter, Hutten said that the MS. was already in the printer's hands, but that if Erasmus did not reply, peace and friendship should be maintained between them. Erasmus attributed the gentler tone of this second letter to the fall of Sickingen, which had occurred meanwhile.

A copy at length reached Erasmus, but not sealed, and Eppendorf now pressed him and his friends to buy off the attack by a sum of money. Johann Froben, the publisher of Erasmus's works, offered fifty florins, the canon of Constance, Johann Botzheim, who came over in alarm, talked

* Erasmus to Hutten, 25 March, 1523. Hutten's Schriften, ii.

of seventy ; but Erasmus did not incline to be taken in, for he foresaw that the work would be published after all, so he would neither give anything, nor allow his friends to do so. Meanwhile Hutten had betaken himself to Zurich, whence he wrote to Erasmus, that they would put down what had happened to the Homeric Até (the demon of hasty misdeeds), and in future he would be more prudent. He also told Eppendorf that Erasmus had advised him against circulating the work, which probably meant had persuaded him to be bought off. But as this had failed, Erasmus says that Eppendorf went to Strasburg and persuaded the printer Johann Schott to undertake to print the work, which was completed before the middle of July.*

Although an attack from Hutten could not be unexpected to Erasmus, he was taken by surprise by the mode of it. He wrote to Pirckheimer that he did not suppose that there was so much inhumanity, audacity, conceit, and animosity in all Germany, as in this attack of Hutten's. He considered it to be base ingratitude, thus to requite his repeated commendations of him to the Cardinal of Mayence and other princes, honourable mention of him in letters, writings, and all his good-will. He hesitated, or seemed to hesitate, a moment whether he should answer it, and then surprised his Basle friends by a rejoinder, which he says was completed in six days. It was called, "A Sponge to wipe off Hutten's Aspersions."†

Hutten's "Expostulation" is a work of considerable size in comparison with most of his others, and Erasmus desired to answer it with laconic brevity, but his "Sponge" was nearly

* "Ulrichi ab Hutten cum Erasmo Roterodamo Presbytero Theologo Expostulatio." With the German translation, Hutten's Schriften, ii.

† "Spongia Erasmi adversus aspergines Hutteni." Hutten's Schriften, ii.

as large again. He also intended to be cool, in contrast to Hutten's passion, and to act chiefly on the defensive; but he was led into attacks upon the character and conduct of his adversary, which were the more cutting because he chiefly confined himself to insinuations, and he did not abstain from cruelly mocking his misfortunes. We must try to give an idea of both works.

Both begin with setting forth the origin of the quarrel, and Hutten asserts, in reference to the misrepresentations in Erasmus's letter to Laurinus, that the conduct of Erasmus at Basle was an insult to a true friend and admirer, while Erasmus thinks to show that he neglected none of the duties of friendship or humanity. He is not successful; he has nothing to say which blunts the edge of Hutten's reproaches.

Erasmus serves up as a sort of side-dish an offence of which Hutten had been guilty, about which he also might have raised a storm. In 1519 Erasmus wrote the letter before mentioned to the Archbishop of Mayence, in which, without adopting Luther's cause, he defended him from the charge of heresy by the theologians of Louvain. It was sent under cover to Hutten, to be delivered or destroyed as he deemed best, instead of which he at once had it printed. When three months later, the archbishop inquired for the MS. original, it came soiled and torn from the printer's, at which he naturally took offence. It was a truly Hutten-like indiscretion, intended to advance Luther's cause, and to urge Erasmus on, and it was exceedingly unpleasant to him; still it was not to be compared to the accusations Hutten had to bring against him.

The personal affront, Hutten says, he might have overlooked if the defection of Erasmus from the cause of the Gospel had not become so evident, particularly in the letter to Laurinus. It was indisputable that he had either shame-

fully altered his views or was shamefully dissembling from fear of man. What had induced this defection? Envy of Luther's fame? Fear of the opposite party? Bribery? Or had he really altered his mind? Hutten thinks cowardice is the chief source of the evil. The conspiracy of so many rulers against the cause of the Gospel makes him doubt its success, and so he thinks it best to withdraw from it, and thus to court their favour. He wishes to do them a service, and the most appropriate seems to be to write against the Lutherans. He hits them so hard to frighten them and make them give in, for could he succeed, no doubt much fame and favour would accrue to him. But he may find himself out in his reckoning. His vacillation has long been disliked, but so long as it was only about immaterial things it was atoned for by his merits; but when it is seen that he is swayed by his weaknesses and inclinations in important affairs great will be the indignation excited.

Hutten then goes into the points on which he would have liked to call Erasmus to account had he seen him at Basle. They are partly of a personal nature. In some of his recent writings he has insulted Hutten's friends and praised his enemies. He adduces a letter from Erasmus to Hochstraten, in which he diplomatically remarks, in speaking of the bitter letters of Reuchlin, Nuenar, Busch, and Hutten to him, that he regrets that Hochstraten had given cause for them by most bitter letters against them, and thus given people reason to think that what they said was not undeserved. To think that Erasmus should use these smooth and almost flattering words to such a scoundrel. On referring to the letter, we find that, though in the most polite style, and sometimes concealed under soft words, Erasmus really tells Hochstraten some bitter truths. Ought he, he asks, to have addressed him in the true Hutten

language: Infamous wretch, dost thou dare to cast dirt at great men with thy dirty books, &c.? In many cases Erasmus can only justify his flatteries by sophistry, and as we mostly know, from other sources, what different opinions he really held, we can but feel them to be repulsive. His principle was that you were by no means bound always and everywhere to tell the truth, that it was sometimes even a duty to repress it. Hutten cannot sufficiently express his disgust at such sentiments, though as a Humanist he had once held them himself; but this inflexibility had brought him into collision with all existing circumstances, while Erasmus, in his anxiety never to come into collision with any of them, not seldom lost sight of all truth and dignity. Thus these two men confronted each other, holding fixed and opposite views of this question. From a one-sided point of view both are capable of justification, but from this very one-sidedness both fall under condemnation.

But Hutten's chief accusation against Erasmus was his attitude towards Luther and his cause. "O disgraceful spectacle," he exclaims, "Erasmus has submitted to the Pope. The Pope has charged him not to let the dignity of the Papal Chair be attacked. It is like Hercules in the service of Omphale. Into the service of what a contemptible reprobate he has entered! What a transformation! You who but lately exhumed buried piety, brought the Gospel to light again out of holes and corners, and restored religion, now lend a helping hand to its destruction, banishment, extinction." Could he be in his right mind? He himself gives as the reason of his actions, not dissatisfaction with the cause, but the importunity of an Aleander and Glapion, a Mountjoy and Duke George of Saxony; even the Emperor, he says, considers him the most suitable man to refute Luther. "This shows," Hutten exclaims, and these words strike at one of the worst weak-

nesses of Erasmus, "how pleased you are, how it tickles you when great folks greet you and converse confidentially with you, mystify you with their princely airs, and are pompously gracious to you. Had you not hankered for this nonsense they would have laid snares for you in vain, and you would never have turned away from us had you not felt it to be a great honour that the Roman Curia breathes freely again on hearing of your conversion."

Erasmus gives as a reason for his devotion to the Papal Chair that the Church of Rome is the Catholic Church. "May I be lost, body and soul, at this moment," exclaims Hutten, "if you do not know perfectly well what a great difference there is between the Catholic Apostolic Church and this Church of Rome. Where are the apostolic writings in which it is said that there is to be a Church at Rome at the head of the others, and to have a bishop who may tyrannize over the rest and abrogate the Gospel?" Erasmus says, that every good man is friendly to the Pope. In Hutten's opinion no good man can be friendly to one whose very nature is hypocrisy, with which no true piety can exist.

Erasmus had given the reins to his contemptuous spirit in speaking of Luther; but if you ask him to say upon his conscience what it was that the Pope was so angry with Luther for that he desired to have his life, he would have to answer, It is this, that he, though not the first to do it, has most resolutely opposed papal tyranny, revealed the papal imposture to the world, annihilated the power of bulls, closed Germany against indulgences and all such jugglery. Hutten had opposed these things before Luther; Luther was not his teacher, nor were they now acting in concert; but since it was the fashion to call every foe of the papal supremacy and friend of the Gospel a Lutheran, he preferred to accept the title rather than let it appear that he wished to

deny the cause. But in this sense Erasmus was a Lutheran, for he had eloquently pleaded the same cause before either Hutten or Luther was heard of. He wanted to ignore this now, but unless the greater part of his works were annihilated every one must reckon him to belong to the party he was now opposing, but which Hutten would defend, even against him. He was sorry to do it; "and yet," he says, "if you prefer to side with these parasites we must part. May you live secure among the great, who make presents to you, and who, if you will but write against Luther, will confer bishoprics and fat livings on you. As for me, I will remain here in the midst of danger, amongst earnest, upright, sincere, pure, steadfast, and free men, who are unshaken by bribes, unmoved by honours, fearless amidst danger; whose righteousness is saintly, whose faithfulness inviolable, whose religion is an affair of the heart, whose truthfulness of their conscience. What are the considerations to me by which you say you are bound to the Roman Curia? I will as steadfastly oppose it for the public good as you will defend it for your own advantage. And I shall have the easier task and the better conscience, for I can speak the simple truth, while you, in your unhappy position, must feign, invent, dissimulate, lie, and deceive."

Erasmus is again reminded, in conclusion, that he may be deceiving himself in reckoning upon the gratitude of the party whose service he has entered. They will regard him rather as a prisoner who has surrendered than as an ally. They imagine that by detaching Erasmus from the cause of the Gospel they deprive it of its mainstay, but they will find that truth needs no such prop. They will find that Erasmus will still labour for the cause and against the Romish tyranny by his former writings, and they will never forgive him for it. They will hate him as the man who struck the

first blow at them. He will forfeit his former fame without gaining it anew. He even says himself that with the suppression of the Lutheran party much will be suppressed for which he has laboured; and yet he fights against it! The Lutherans are the less dismayed at the contest with him because the former Erasmus will be fighting in their ranks against the present one.

We must now listen to Erasmus's defence and countercharge. Hutten accuses him of having once belonged to the Lutheran party, and of now opposing the cause of the Gospel. The one charge was as false as the other. He had always been averse to the party, and had never ceased to be a sincere promoter of the cause of the Gospel. He was not a party man; he loved his own independence too well. He had told the knight three years before, during their interview at Louvain, that he did not wish to belong to the Lutheran party. The whole business had been undertaken against his advice. He had said from the first that Luther was wanting in Gospel humility and gentleness, had blamed him for his obstinate assertions, and had expressed doubts by what spirit he was actuated. These views had been more and more confirmed by Luther's later writings. He was not conscious of any change.

Neither was he aware of any about the Papal Chair. He had never taken papal tyranny and rapacity under his protection. He had neither rejected indulgences in the lump, nor approved of the shameful traffic in them. He had said that he would never desert the Papal Chair, but only so long as it did not desert Christ. He had said that every good man was friendly to the Pope. But it was those who loved to see him adorned with apostolic virtues who were friendly to him. You might hate Leo (he was dead) and yet love the Pope; he who countenances the Pope's misdeeds is no

friend to the Pope himself. These were, indeed, empty words. For it had then been recognised that evil and depravity were inherent in the papacy, and that even if a better man, like Adrian VI., happened to be Pope, he would either be spoilt, or his hands so tied that his personal merits would be of little avail to the institution.

The strife and disturbances introduced by the Reformation were among Erasmus's chief objections to it. Hutten referred him to the words of Christ, that he came not to send peace but a sword, and reminded him that these disturbances must be laid to the charge of those who would not tolerate the Gospel. But Erasmus thought he knew how the cause of the Gospel could be advanced without any commotion. He was only waiting until rulers and learned men should come to his opinion. But he did not altogether withhold his proposals now. Things were carried too far on both sides. What would it lead to if the one party thought of nothing but violence, strife, and insults; the other of bans and the stake? They should seek reconciliation. They were agreed about the ancient articles of Christian faith and life. The contest was mainly about certain paradoxes which were partly unintelligible, partly unessential. Let the rulers, temporal and spiritual, sacrifice their private interests to the public good and the glory of Christ, and be advised by an insignificant individual. Let the learned consult together peaceably how to allay these dissensions, and how to promote Christianity, and communicate the result of their discussions in private letters to the Pope and Emperor!—This, then, was the arcanum of Erasmus. First preaching moderation to both sides—very reasonable, but unhappily totally useless in agitated times; then a proposal so childish that we fancy he must secretly have smiled at it himself, if we did not know how the dread of revolution blinds the wisest

men of his temperament as to the futility of the means they propose to substitute for it.

Erasmus considers his calling to be the advancement of letters and the revival of a purer and more simple system of theology. And for these ends he means to work as long as he lives, whether Luther likes it or not. Hutten himself does not like to be called a Lutheran; and in this he is right, for Luther does not acknowledge him, and he is very much mistaken if Luther does not prefer an opponent like Erasmus to a follower like Hutten. Whom did Hutten mean by "we" and "us"? Did he mean all, without exception, who stand by Luther and bear ill-will to the Pope? According to Erasmus's opinion, they are divided into distinct sets. First learned and well-meaning people, who approve of most of Luther's doctrines, and wish to see the power of the Pope restrained. They desire that the popes and bishops, instead of being temporal rulers, should be teachers of the Gospel; instead of tyrants, fathers, &c. But not one of these approved of Hutten's enterprises any more than Luther did. A second class of Lutherans consists of men without education or judgment, and of impure lives, who adhere to Luther without accepting his teaching or even knowing what it is. They love best to form their evangelical alliances over their cups. Their seditious projects must be opposed by force. It is their fault that the real grievances are not redressed. Erasmus will have nothing to do with people of this sort; nor does Hutten appear to wish it either. Then there is a third class, whose only object is booty and plunder, and who only make a pretext of the Gospel. Their principles are very different from those of Luther: they hold that any one who can make his nobility a pretext may attack and rob a traveller on the open highway; that when he has spent all his money on wine, harlots, and play, he may declare war

on any one out of whom he thinks he can get anything. Perhaps some, when they have squandered everything, give themselves out for Lutherans in order to gain patrons. It would be obvious that this is aimed at Hutten and Eppendorf, even if, in another passage, Erasmus did not say that it might be an advantage to Hutten to call himself a Lutheran, as the Lutherans gave him protection and support.

The following passage is also full of concealed darts at Hutten. He sees, says Erasmus, many Lutherans, but few evangelicals. If Hutten knew of people who spent their time in reading the Scriptures and pious converse, instead of with women, in drinking and play—who, instead of cheating about debts, freely gave to the needy—who, instead of insulting those who have never harmed them, would give a soft answer to an angry word—who, instead of making disturbances, promote peace and good-will; do not boast of exploits they have never performed, but give the glory of their good deeds to Christ;—if Hutten would show Erasmus Lutherans like these, he would joyfully join himself to them. If there were any such they were extremely rare.

Hutten had said that Erasmus was giving the German youth a bad example by his fickleness; and Hutten would, therefore, warn them to avoid his morals, as he had always advised them to emulate his studies. Well then, rejoins Erasmus, let them take Hutten's morals as their example. To Hutten's suggestion that he should lift up his voice and proclaim the Pope's vices to the people, Erasmus replied that he was too deeply conscious of his own faults to set up for a judge of other people's. Let Hutten, the perfect, against whom no accusation could be brought, lift up his.

Hutten no longer possesses anything to lose; perhaps it is this which makes him so brave. For himself, he fears for his works; to the value of which even Hutten had borne

witness. He was sparing himself in order to be of further use.

As to the dedications of his works, for which Hutten had accused him of seeking gain, from private persons he had not received so much as thanks, and very few of the princes had given him anything for them; he had never asked for anything. Yet it would be more allowable than to borrow without repaying, to buy what you did not mean to pay for, or to extort money by threats from those who owe you nothing. He did not know, he says in another place, whether those have any ground for it who say that Hutten wrote works like that against him for pay, and, indeed, double pay; first from those who have employed him to do it, and then from the objects of his attack, to prevent their being printed. It was said that the printer has already paid him something for his "Expostulatio." It is noteworthy that Otto Brunfels, Hutten's defender against the "Spongia," zealously refutes this charge. He says the printer swore that he had not paid him anything for it. But if he had, does not Erasmus live chiefly from such profits? It is known that his publisher, Froben of Basle, gives him upwards of two hundred florins a year. Erasmus as zealously contradicted the statement. It was then considered to be quite in order for an author to live on gifts and pensions from the great, in return for flattering dedications, but not quite honourable to receive payment from a publisher. It is some evidence of progress that these ideas are now reversed.

Erasmus dedicated his "Spongia" to Zwingli, with whom, although he disapproved of the part he had taken in the Reform movement, he was on friendly terms. As the poison (Hutten's libel) had gone first to Zurich, it was well that the antidote should go there too. Hutten had also betaken

himself from Mülhausen to Zurich, and, in a private letter to Zwingli, Erasmus expressed his dissatisfaction at the relations between him and Hutten, and gave him to understand that he considered him answerable for the appearance of Hutten's "Expostulatio."

The impression which this controversy made on contemporaries was on the whole a painful one. Erasmus was of opinion that Hutten's attack on him gave great satisfaction to the Obscurantists, the enemies of the revival of letters; in the camp of the Humanists it was altogether disapproved. Even Hutten's oldest ally, Eoban Hesse, could not forgive him for it, so high was the esteem in which Erasmus was held. Among the Lutherans there were many who preferred Hutten's plain speaking to his adversary's diplomacy, and were glad to see doublefacedness unmasked. But in Luther's immediate circle Hutten's work was disapproved. Melanchthon wrote in all directions that it must not be supposed that he or Luther approved of it; and he wrote to the printer, Schott, calling him sharply to account for printing it. Melanchthon was of opinion that though the conduct of Erasmus with regard to the Reformation was open to much blame, it should have been overlooked, in consideration of his merits and his age. Such a course was also dictated by prudence, for a challenge like this might embitter him still more against the Lutherans.

But it almost appears as if those who at first strongly disapproved of Hutten's accusation, began to think less hardly of it after the appearance of Erasmus's answer. The vehemence of the attack seemed harmless when compared with the malice of the defence. "I wish," wrote Luther, "that Hutten had not made the aspersions, but still more that Erasmus had not wiped them off. If that is called wiping off with a sponge, what is abuse and slander?" Luther

thus doubtless expressed the feeling of the best of his contemporaries.

As Hutten had meanwhile disappeared from the scene, pens were soon set in motion in his defence. The fiery Hermann Busch projected a work against the "Sponge," but, as Erasmus believed, was dissuaded from it by Melanchthon. It would doubtless have been more successful than that of Otto Brunfels, whom gratitude and Protestant zeal induced to defend Hutten, but his powers were too inferior to those of both combatants. It is a well-meaning work, to which we owe many valuable biographical notices of Hutten; but, compared with the writings to which it refers, it cuts a sorry figure, and not from its bad Latin only. While Erasmus and Hutten fight in the open field of Humanism, and expatiate within the wide range of reason, law, and fitness, Brunfels's vision is bounded by a merely religious, almost sectarian, horizon. It only remained for the vindication of Erasmus to be tried by the standard of Luther's doctrines, a standard which was utterly unsuited for it. This was done by Erasmus Alber.

Thus the spirit of the age became straitened; but in the process it rallied its forces, and this was necessary for the task it had to perform. Humanism was large-minded, but faint-hearted, as we see in no one more plainly than in Erasmus. It was not to him that the change which had taken place was due. Luther was more narrow-minded, more limited than Erasmus, but this concentrated force, which swerved neither to the right hand nor the left, was necessary to success. Humanism is the broad, mirror-like Rhine at Bingen; it must become narrower and more rapid before it can make a way through the mountains to the sea. What made Hutten so unique was, that he united Humanistic breadth with the Reformer's strength of will.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST DAYS OF SICKINGEN AND HUTTEN.
1523.

IT may well be imagined that the fate of Sickingen, on whom Hutten's last hopes were fixed, was anxiously watched by him in his republican asylum. But the news from Germany was not encouraging. On the 13th of February, Otto Brunfels wrote from Neuenburg to Zwingli:—"There is no news just now, except (evil omen) that Sickingen's eldest son has been taken prisoner by the tyrant of the Palatinate, with some other people of high rank, on whom Sickingen had placed all his hopes. We looked for a great deal from this man; but his affairs are in a bad way, and not his alone, but those of all the adherents of the Gospel. Our Hutten is ill, and the rest of us depressed. We are insulted in every country, and I forebode I know not what disasters."

This misfortune which had befallen Sickingen's son (it was not the eldest, but the second son, Hans), heroically as he received the news, was in fact the beginning of the end of the Sickingen tragedy.* Wartenberg, where Hutten had been staying during the previous year, fell into the hands of the princes, and Sickingen, hoping for reinforcements, asked

* The following account of Sickingen's end is derived from the "Flersheim Chronicle" in Münch's "Franz von Sickingen."

for an armistice. But the three princes who were allied against him refused, doubtless seeing through the object of the request; they had also declined the offers of mediation of the Imperial Chamber. Immediately after Easter they assembled a strong force of horse, foot, and siege artillery, at Kreuznach, near Ebernburg, but hearing that Sickingen was at Landstuhl, they proceeded thither to besiege it. In vain his friends besought him to fly. What would his servants think of him, he said, if he left them alone in danger? He, however, sent away his youngest son, Franz Conrad, with his most important papers, in charge of his faithful Balthazar Schlör, and an escort of horsemen, and although attacked by the enemy, they succeeded in making their escape.

Sickingen gave a jesting answer to the messenger who brought him the princes' declaration of war; he hears that his master has new artillery, and he has new walls; let them be tried against each other. But it soon appeared that it would be the worse for the walls. On the 29th of April the firing began, and was continued so murderously during the following days that the strongest tower of the castle was soon in ruins, and a breach made in the walls twenty-four feet long. Sickingen, who was suffering from gout, was led to an embrasure, behind which a gun was posted, to watch the siege. Just at that moment a shot was fired which threw the gun upon his feet, and he fell backwards upon some sharp pieces of wood, which inflicted a terrible wound in his left side. With the heroism which never forsook him he ordered his servants not to cry out, and to carry him away on a litter; he felt that his end was near. He therefore requested an interview with the princes in a letter which he signed with his own hand. They at once ceased firing, and ambassadors from both sides met before the castle. The besiegers demanded that Sickingen

and the rest of the nobles and horsemen in the castle should surrender themselves prisoners of war, that the rest of the soldiers should surrender arms and leave the castle, and that Landstuhl and all its contents should be given up. Franz agreed to the articles, and remarked, "I shall not be your prisoner long." On the 7th of May the common soldiers left the castle, the princes then entered, and, Ehrenhold leading the way, were at once conducted to Sickingen, whom they found lying in a dark vault, where alone he had been safe from their firing. In presence of the Count Palatine, his old feudal lord, Franz took off his red cap, and gave him his hand; the archbishop of Treves asked him why he had so grievously injured him and his bishopric, to which he replied that he had done nothing without cause, and he had now to answer for himself to a greater Lord.

When the Prince of Hesse was about to reproach him, the Count Palatine reminded him that you must not quarrel with a dying man. Louis von Fleckenstein, the count's chamberlain, approached his couch and addressed some comforting words to him. Franz answered: "Dear chamberlain, it is of little moment about me; I am not the cock round which they are dancing;" meaning, perhaps, that the real object of this war was to suppress the whole order of nobles. The princes withdrew, and, at the suggestion of the Count Palatine, Franz's chaplain made preparations for confession and the communion. But he said he had confessed to God in his heart; the chaplain could give him absolution, and show him the host. The chaplain did so, and meanwhile Franz breathed his last. It was at noon on the 7th of May, 1523. His brother-in-law, the author of the "Flersheim Chronicle," says: "And as, during his lifetime, his character was manly, honourable, and brave, he preserved the same in his death."

Within a month all Sickingen's castles were taken, and most of them burnt down; one of his sons was a prisoner, the others fugitives; the edifice of power, which, during his active life, he had reared to a princely height, was in ruins. His fall inspired the papal party in Germany with fresh courage. "The mock emperor is dead," they said, and as about the same time Luther fell ill, "the mock pope will soon be dead too." The knight's fate made a deep impression upon Luther; he had generously offered him protection, and he acknowledged Sickingen's good intentions, though he disapproved of his mode of carrying them out. When he first heard the report of Sickingen's death, he wrote to Spalatin that he hoped it was not true; and later: "Yesterday I heard and read the true and melancholy history of Franz von Sickingen. God is a righteous but wondrous Judge." It confirmed him in his opinion that the weapons of war should not be used in the cause of the Gospel.

Latin poets and German historians celebrated Sickingen's deeds and end. When Hutten's and Sickingen's enterprises appeared hopeful, a Latin poet sung their praises in an alternative song between Clio and Calliope; now another was written in honour of the Archbishop of Treves, representing Sickingen's enterprise and end as a warning example. On the other hand, a popular Dialogue in German represents the lord of Ebernburg appearing before the gate of heaven as the administrator of justice, who made war to succour the oppressed and to make way for the Gospel, in which he staked his life and property, and before he died repented of his sins and placed his trust in God. In consideration of his good end St. Peter opens the gates of heaven to him.*

* Münch, "Franz von Sickingen." Also Oscar Schade, "Satiren und Pasquille aus der Ref. Zeit."

When the news of Sickingen's death spread through the country, Hutten was still at Mülhausen, but he soon found himself no longer safe there. His zeal for the Reformation was no secret to the adherents of the ancient Church. Some busybody proposed to storm the Augustine monastery, in which he had taken refuge, with a mob of rabble. The council averted the danger, but signified to Hutten that he had better leave the town. If we may believe Erasmus, he fled by night to Zurich. This was in May or June, 1523.

Zwingli was then actively engaged in his reforming labours at Zurich. Having grown up amongst a free, martial people, he had more in common with the pugnacious knight than the Thuringian Reformer. With him Hutten sought and found protection, help, and comfort. The magistrates hesitated openly to protect a man persecuted not only by the ecclesiastical, but political authorities, and accused of acts of violence. He was utterly destitute. He received nothing from his estates; whether it was that his brothers (his mother was now dead) shunned the responsibility of supporting one who was practically under a ban, or that, as Otto Brunfels asserts, he had voluntarily renounced his share, or that, when turned into money, it had melted away. Thus he had to try to obtain loans from friends and acquaintances, and even to permit or connive at extortions by such people as Eppendorf. Play also was said to be another resource.

The state of his health was no less melancholy; he was ill when he came to Basle, and was no better at Mülhausen nor Zurich. The friends of the good cause at Constance were grieved to hear how ill this man was, when he needed an iron constitution. The abbot of Pfeffers was a friend of Zwingli and of the Reformation, and he sent Hutten there to try the waters, with an introduction to him. But Hutten wrote that all the danger and trouble he had gone through

had been in vain. At that time invalids had to climb down hanging ladders into the gloomy gorge, or to be let down by ropes. The evil was too deep-seated to be cured by baths, and the summer was specially unfavourable for the cure. There were incessant rains, and wild torrents poured from the rocks. The little bath-house was often in danger of being washed away, and the torrents cooled the springs. But the abbot showed the sick knight much kindness, invited him to spend some weeks at his house, and to come and try the cure again, which, he said, had only failed because of the rains. He provided him with horses and all necessaries for his return to Zurich.

On the 21st of July, Hutten wrote once more to his old and beloved friend Eoban Hesse, at Erfurt, and as this, and a note written a week later, is, to a certain extent, the swan-like song of the dying knight, we preserve it entire. "Will the unhappy fate, O Eoban, that pursues us so bitterly, ever be checked? I do not think it will, but we shall have courage to stand its assaults. He who has given us over to this inimical power, has left us this belief as our sole comfort and hope. Flight has brought me to the Swiss, and I am looking forward to a still more distant exile. For Germany, in its present state, cannot tolerate me; but I hope to see this happily altered soon by the banishment of tyrants. I have withdrawn from the tumult of war into learned leisure, and devote myself entirely to writing. In this one point fate has used me well, in leading me back from severe storms to peaceful study. The bearer of this brings a work of mine, which he is to get printed. I pray you help him and me in it. It can be managed privately, and nowhere better than in your town, where nobody will suspect me, especially as I am so far away. But once and again I pray you not to delay in a matter which is most important to us. Let

a protest be at once and openly made against a new and unheard-of misdeed. Future ages shall know what sort of men they were who maliciously set themselves to oppose honour, law, justice, truth, and piety. But you will not need to be persuaded to do a kindness for a friend. I very much want to know where Crotus is, and how he is. For I have not been able to write home for a long time, as the tyrants have possessed themselves of everything, and lately, to my great injury, letters have been intercepted. May it be well with him, wherever he is! I do not give up all hope that a time will come when God will assemble good men again after the dispersion; do not you give it up either, for He has vengeful eyes, which nothing escapes. Erasmus is shamefully fallen away from the cause of the Gospel; but he now repents the bad exchange he has made. I have called him to account (I could do no otherwise, as it concerned a public matter,) in a printed work which I now send. Do you all do what you can that it may not look as if you had withdrawn from the common cause. Greet Eberbach from me and all our party, and write to me as soon as you can. When you write, send it to Zwingli or to Œcolampadius, and farewell." *

When Hutten commissioned his friend to get his work against tyrants printed, namely, the princes who had annihilated Sickingen's power, and which seems to have been an extension of the work against the Count Palatine, written at Basle, he did not know that Eoban had expressed his satisfaction that Philip of Hesse had punished the robbers (*latrunculi*). He afterwards celebrated in song the victory over Sickingen as one of Philip's great deeds. The good Eoban meant no harm; there were two sides to the question, and he was wishing for a post at Marburg, as he was

* Hutten's Schriften, ii.

threatened with want at Erfurt. This explains why he did not get Hutten's work against tyrants printed, even if it reached his hands. Others also might have hesitated on account of the impetus which Sickingen's fall gave to the power of the princes; and thus the work was lost.

A week later, Hutten wrote a letter to Nicolas Prugner, with whom he had formed a friendship either there or at Mülhausen. Hutten writes that he had expected to find him at Zurich, but had now heard of his appointment as reformed preacher at Mülhausen. He had given his books, which he seems to have commissioned Prugner to sell, to some one else. "For," he continues, "I have determined to keep myself concealed for a few days with a doctor three miles from here. Whatever fortune may have in store for me, I shall remember your kindness and hospitality 'as long as the spirit animates my limbs;' * if it favours me you shall have a full share, if not you will partake of the common fate. Do not fail to remember me to your council, and especially to the clerk and Hagenbach. And write to me, and whatever it may be, send it to Zwingli. When I am well again I shall have no reason to complain of destiny. And some time I hope 'a God will make an end of this.' † Farewell."

Although the handwriting of this letter, the original of which was at one time preserved in the Strasburg library, compared with other memorials of Hutten's vigorous hand, betrays his fatal weakness, so little was his spirit extinguished, that he begs Prugner in a German postscript to get for him, and have copied, "a little book on how to make fireworks." ‡

The learned divine to whom we are indebted for this and

* Virgil. † Ibid.

‡ This letter first communicated by Röhricht, in Hutten's Schriften, ii.

some other letters of Hutten's, remarks that it is melancholy to find that, even when dying, Hutten was still looking to Fortuna. In this, and in his quotations from the classics instead of from the Bible, we see only a return to his original character and his Humanistic training. His thoughts had acquired a Christian theological hue in intercourse with Luther and his party, which they lost again when he was alone and in misfortune.

The doctor to whom Hutten intended to go, was the Pastor Hans Schnegg, who was skilled in medicine, and the place the Island of Ufnau, in the Lake of Zurich. This pleasant little spot of pasture land with its ancient church and chapel, near Rapperschwyl, belonged to the monastery of Einsiedeln, where Zwingli had been curate for two years, and he was doubtless acquainted with Schnegg. Thus in Hutten's last days, we seem to see Zwingli's firm and kindly hand extended to him. The German Reformation had disowned the knight, the Swiss one had adopted him. Whether had he lived longer he would not have been disappointed in this also, is quite another question.

In his loneliness and weakness at Ufnau, Hutten was once more painfully disturbed by Erasmus. A friendly hand from Basle warned him that Erasmus had written a letter to his prejudice to the council of Zurich, similar in style to the dedication of his "Sponge" to Zwingli. He had no objection that they in their kindness should permit Hutten to live there, only he hoped that having nothing more to lose, he would not abuse it by some wanton and impudent writing. If they could curb his impudence a little, they would not only render a service to him, Erasmus but to learning and their country.

On hearing of this, Hutten begged the burgomaster and council, his dear masters and friends, on whose sincerity

love of Christian truth, and evangelical doctrine he could rely, if they had received, or should receive, such a letter, to permit him to have a copy that he might answer it. For he could declare that never since his childish years had he acted or lived otherwise than as beseemed a virtuous, pious knight and noble. Should any one, which he hoped would not be the case, accuse him of the contrary, he should know well how to defend his honour and moderation on the ground of truth: and so he begs them to trust him, and to be firmly assured that, now as ever, he bore a friendly good will to them and the confederation, and was heartily disposed to love and serve them.*

But Hutten did not require any human protection much longer. A severe attack of illness threw him on a sick-bed. Physicians were called in, but neither their skill nor that of the good priest were of any avail. On one of the last days of August, or the first of September, death released him from all the troubles that oppressed or threatened him. His age was thirty-four years and four months. He only survived Franz von Sickingen about three months. The hope of seeing Germany politically as well as ecclesiastically renovated by means of the Reformation went with them to the grave. Two years later the peasants attempted, with still less success, what the nobles had failed in. Since Imperialism had rejected the Reformation, it could only be accomplished by the principalities, that is, at the cost of the political unity and power of the German nation. But better so than not at all; better that Germany should become German piecemeal than continue altogether Roman; and we are doing our best to make good the political mischief.

There is no doubt that Hutten died of the disease from which he had long suffered. In many places in Germany

* Hutten's Schriften, ii.

poison was suggested, but unhappily no other poison was needed to kill him than that already in his veins. It was also said that his early death was to be attributed less to the disease itself than to the murderous guaiacum cure to which he had been subjected.

As may be supposed, he died in the utmost poverty. Zwingli gives us an inventory of his possessions. "He left," he writes, "nothing of any value. He had neither books nor furniture, nothing but a pen."* Zwingli and other friends lent him books which were returned after his death. In Germany he had possessed a fine collection of MSS. and printed books, which he sought to increase by exchange and purchase. But, if not already lost, they had not been latterly at his disposal. Joachim Camerarius afterwards mentions that a physician, of the name of Locher, had bought Hutten's library "from the booty." If this means warlike booty, Hutten's books must have fallen into the hands of the princes, perhaps at Ebernburg, and have been sold by auction with the rest of it. This agrees with what Otto Brunfels says of a collection of Hussite works which had been returned to him from among Hutten's books; "a business," he adds, "of which it is neither profitable nor advisable to say more, for a long story might be told about it." At another time he says that it is a miracle of Divine Providence that this part of Hutten's treasures was preserved.

Zwingli found among Hutten's MSS. a bundle of letters from and to friends; and Otto Brunfels had seen in Germany a collection of two thousand, from princes, lords, ecclesiastics, and learned men of all nations, to Hutten, partly expressive of concurrence with his enterprise against Rome. He used to arrange them in leisure hours, and intended to

* Zwingli to Boniface Wolfhart. Hutten's Schriften, ii.

publish them under the title of "Confidential Letters." It is a great loss for the history of those times that this collection perished. Besides these, there is said to have been a collection of printed copies of his own works, which he was correcting for a new edition. These copies are in the library of the Waterchurch at Zurich, and comprise the Steckelberg collection of the writings against Duke Ulrich, the "Aula," the "Letter to Pirckheimer," the "Address on the Turks," and the Invectives and Letters referring to the Diet of Worms. The corrections evince the care which Hutten used to bestow on the form of his writings, and some of the alterations are a sign of a great change which had taken place in the taste of the times, during the short period since Luther's appearance. The heathen element in the Humanist style had become unpalatable, and so Hutten Christianized it; the gods of his earlier writings give place to the one God and Christ.

Hutten's debts must be reckoned amongst what he left behind him. They amounted to about one hundred and fifty florins. It was said at one time that there were two hundred florins left (perhaps from his patrimony in Germany), which were assigned to Eppendorf, and he did afterwards boast of having paid Hutten's debts after his death. But as he was deeply in debt himself, Erasmus was justified in doubting the fact. Zwingli, who had nothing to spare, was therefore wise as well as generous in writing, "I do not ask about my claim; if anything is paid I shall take it, but if not I give it up." *

Under these circumstances Hutten's friends in the neighbourhood had nothing to spare for a monument over his grave. A few years afterwards a Franconian noble had

* Zwingli to Wolfhart, &c. Hutten's Schriften, ii.

a stone erected over it, but it soon disappeared, and with it all knowledge of the spot. The priests of Einsiedeln could not turn a heretical sanctuary of that sort on their island to any account.

It soon came to the ears of Maurice von Hutten, a young cousin of Ulrich's, that part of his library was in the possession of the physician Locher. Maurice belonged to the Birkenfeld branch of the Stolzenberg line, had entered the Church, was provost of Würzburg and afterwards bishop of Eichstädt. He early took an interest in the fame and remains of the cousin who had made his great uncle and his murdered son immortal, and wished to purchase the library from the stranger. But the printers had also got wind of the treasures, especially in MS., and Froben, of Basle, was already negotiating with Locher for the works of Quintilian, Pliny, and Marcellus Med., which Hutten had found in the library at Fulda. The printer Setzer, of Hagenau, thought he could make thirty gold gulden out of Marcellus alone. At the suggestion of Setzer, who hoped to get it to publish through Camerarius, in the spring of 1529, Camerarius informed Maurice how the matter stood, and advised him to carry out his project of buying Hutten's library before it was dispersed.

One thing, which was probably a portion of it, had been published the year before: the anthology from Sallust and Curtius, published in 1528 by Johann Herwag, of Strasburg.* It is a collection of passages which the Humanists used to cull from the classics to enrich their Latinity, and was certainly not intended by Hutten for publication.

One feels still more strongly tempted to conjecture that the Dialogue "Arminius," which appeared in 1529 as a work

* "C. Sallustii et Q. Curtii Flores selecti per Hulderichum Huttenum, eq. ejusdemque scholiis non indoctis illustrati." Schriften, v.

left by Hutten, formed part of Locher's collection.* It looks like the first-fruits of the negotiation between him and Maurice Hutten, only a poem prefixed by Eoban Hesse bears the date of 1528, when the transaction had not taken place. It is probable that Maurice did buy his cousin's library, for it appears from Burckhard's researches that at the beginning of the last century the episcopal library at Eichstädt contained several books with Hutten's autograph.

However, wherever the Dialogue may have been found, it is impossible to doubt its genuineness. Both contents and form bear the true Hutten stamp, but there is something still more decisive. In his letter to the Elector Frederic of Saxony (1520), he recalled Arminius to his memory, who, even according to the testimony of his enemies, was the best and bravest of all generals, and had freed his country from the yoke of the Romans when at the highest summit of their fame. What would our liberator in the lower regions think when he sees that his posterity are subject to luxurious priests and effeminate bishops, while he would not suffer even the brave Romans as masters?

The Dialogue "Arminius" is but an amplification of this idea. Arminius appears in the lower regions, and protests before the judgment-seat of Minos against the decree by which (in one of Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead) the first place among generals in Elysium is given to Alexander, the second to Scipio, the third to Hannibal, and none to him. Minos blames Arminius for not having made himself known before, but is not unwilling to reconsider the question, and sends Mercury to summon the three generals and Tacitus. Tacitus calls upon Arminius to read the passage about him (end of Book II.) aloud; whereupon Arminius makes a

* "Arminius Dialogus Huttenicus." Schriften, iv.

long speech about his claim to the first place among generals, upon the ground that he who, amidst great difficulties, conquered the greatest nation of the world at the period of their highest renown, must be the greatest. When he says that he used to consider those to be no Germans who paid tribute or were subject to the foreigner, that it was a disgrace that Roman fasces or togas were ever seen between the Elbe and the Rhine, that he desired to blot even the memory of the Roman power from Germany, we need not remind our readers that Hutten referred to Papal Rome and to the conflict going on in his days. Arminius declares that the accusation that he had aimed at the supreme power in Germany is a calumny, still it would have been no more than he deserved had it been offered to him. This may have been suggested by Sickingen's schemes, and the ideas of both Sickingen and himself are unmistakable in the following peroration of Arminius:—"It was not for fame, riches, or dominion, that I fought; my aim was to restore to the Fatherland the liberties which had been wrested from it. I lived in the practice of the highest virtues until I was attacked by envy and the knavery of my own kin, and I sent my free and unvanquished spirit to you conscious of having rendered the greatest services to my country, and of having led in all things a meritorious life." Minos, well pleased with his speech, admits his claim to the first place among generals; but since he cannot reverse the former sentence, he has Arminius proclaimed by Mercury as the first among liberators of their country, the freest, most invincible, and most German.

There is no express reference to contemporary circumstances, and many of the accustomed rhetorical aids are dispensed with, so that the Dialogue has a less lively colouring than most of Hutten's writings. But it would be a

mistake to suppose that it was therefore written in Hutten's last days when his strength was failing. If we really have here a portion of the library bought by Locher "from the booty," it is more likely that it was written at one of Sickingen's castles, and was left there when Hutten left Germany.

CHAPTER XII.

SENTIMENTS EVOKED BY HUTTEN'S DEATH, AND THE LAST DAYS OF HIS OLD FRIENDS.

IT is uncertain whether the dying Hutten saw Erasmus's bitter refutation. Erasmus thought not, for the printing of it was not finished till the 3rd of September, when Hutten was already in his grave. He might have received it in sheets through the mediation of friends before it came out. But the news of his death so far preceded the circulation of the "Sponge," that a report arose that Erasmus had written it against a dead man. Although he was able amply to refute this, he was well aware that it would make an unfavourable impression on its readers that the foe against whom it was aimed was no more.

When, after a few weeks, a new edition was called for, Erasmus might have counteracted this by a conciliatory preface. Having defended himself, and by no means spared his foe, now that he had fallen, he might have recalled his good qualities to mind and taken a magnanimous farewell of his former friend, whom circumstances had turned into an enemy. But instead of this he boasts of having dealt gently with Hutten, and touches up the glaring picture he had drawn of him to satiety. Youth should learn, he says, from Hutten's example, not to neglect the cultivation of character for that of the intellect, and to curb their passions

by means of reason. "For many," he continues, "cherish their failings, hanker for youthful debaucheries, and consider gambling and extravagance to be noble. Meanwhile property decreases, debts increase, reputation suffers, the favour of princes on whose beneficence you lived is forfeited. Want leads to plunder, first carried on under pretext of war, then when nothing suffices for the expenditure, like the leaky bowl of the Danaides, shameful deeds are perpetrated, and no difference made between friends and foes when any spoil is to be got; until at last, passion, like a horse that has thrown its rider, hurls its victim to destruction." Erasmus also defends himself from the reproaches that had been made to him on account of the "Sponge," by saying that he had not said a word in it about Hutten's repulsive life, which is only so far correct in that in such passages he had preferred unmistakable hints to direct mention of his name.

A year before, Veit Werler, who had never forgotten Hutten after meeting him in early life at Leipzig, on a premature report of his death had pronounced a more just and reasonable verdict on him. After regretting the premature loss of a man of so much talent, of an author so successful in prose and verse, and recalling with tenderness the origin of their acquaintance, he continues: "He was often reproached with having written too bitterly, with having heaped abuse upon abuse, and with having pursued many people with more than tragic hatred. It is true. But he was irritable, he was young, and only did it in the heat of composition, and incurred more hatred by it himself than he brought upon any one else. If this is a fault, he shares it with many others. We cannot all be like our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, but gave us his saving doctrines in return for bitter

scorn. However this may be, may the earth rest lightly on Hutten's grave, and fragrant crocuses bloom on it."*

When Hutten's friend, Eoban, received the news of his death his grief knew no bounds. He wrote to Draco, who had once belonged to the Erfurt circle: "O my Draco!—what is it?—a misfortune without parallel. What bad news have you to tell me, Hesse? Why do you disquiet your Draco?—No, Erasmus is not dead, thank God! but *He* is gone. Who?—Our own one. What one; Jonas?—No, not he, and yet one of our own—our Hutten is no more. Judge now whether my sighs come from my heart—our Hutten has died of poison. Who was, I am tempted to say, the cruel god who envied us this gifted spirit? . . . . But I must take refuge in poetry, for a mere letter cannot contain my grief. But, O my beloved Hutten, hast thou left us? . . . . Thou wert thoroughly lovable. No one was like thee, so hostile to the bad and gracious to the good. I can scarcely keep myself from melting away altogether. Let me solemnly bear testimony to thee, my beloved Draco, that I heartily loved Hutten." Eoban soon after wrote the poetical lament to which he refers; he represents Hutten parleying with death, and tries to damp his triumph over him by pointing to his immortal fame.†

In the following year Melanchthon made a journey to his native place, with Camerarius and some others, and at Fulda visited Crotus Rubianus and Adam Kraft, from whom they heard the particulars of Hutten's death. They celebrated his memory together, and Melanchthon, who had never liked Hutten's vehemence, his martial bearing, nor his love of innovation, and had expressed himself severely about his attack on Erasmus, now wrote an epigram to protect his memory from

* Hutten's Schriften, ii.

† Both letter and poem in Hutten's Schriften, ii.

the insults of a certain Othmar Nachtigall or Luscinius. In relating this, Camerarius remarks that the lines about Demosthenes had often occurred to him in relation to Hutten, which express that had the resolution and ardour of the Macedonian been backed by power and means he would have been master of Greece. For if Hutten had not wanted support in his enterprises, especially a military force, a general revolution would have resulted, and the state of things would have been altogether different from what it was.

Melanchthon and his companions also visited Gotha, where Mutianus Rufus still lived. But many changes had taken place in the quiet house behind the church. Years and vicissitudes had made its inmate more serious and gloomy. He had exchanged Virgil for the Psalms. Not that he did not recur to the classics, but the words escaped his pen that a priest should not read any heathen poet. He was now diligent in the performance of the ecclesiastical offices which he had formerly delegated to others. He felt the need of deeper religious instruction, and complained that he could not find any priest whom he could take as a guide. As we know, he was lenient towards the existing Church, had no wish to see the shortcomings of the clergy exposed, and desired to uphold the distinction between exoteric and esoteric teaching. Luther's proceedings therefore, which disregarded all these considerations, could not be pleasing to him, still less Hutten's efforts to incite to war and revolt. In 1519, Hutten had complained of his silence, and it was not likely that the course of events since could have given him a more favourable opinion of the Reformation and its champions. They began to threaten his "blessed repose." Luther had scarcely passed through Erfurt on his way to Worms in 1521, when the attack upon the priests was made, which was specially directed towards

the canons' houses. Similar scenes took place three years later at Gotha, in which Mutian seems to have suffered. He had been very lenient in collecting his revenues; had often said, "If you give me half, it will do;" but now the peasants, excited by the Reformation, were unwilling to contribute any more to the bishopric.

The next year brought a still worse fate. The Peasants' War penetrated to Thuringia, and although Gotha itself was spared, it was surrounded by disturbances and devastation. The sources of Mutian's income were entirely dried up. He wrote a letter to the Elector, which shows how completely his spirit was broken: "My high and mighty prince and lord! My soul is troubled unto death. . . . . We are the sheep of thy pasture. Under thy exemplary rule, we pray the Almighty day and night to honour thy name." After describing the state of things, he says, "Perhaps the bishoprics, and even that of Gotha, will never be restored. But in that case may it be granted me as an insignificant person to remain, as long as I live, in this abode of peace which I bought and adorned with my books and chose as my refuge in my old age. . . . . But the means of living fail me. Most serene prince! a little would suffice. Let me have bread and something to eat with it. . . . . I humbly fall at your feet and embrace the knees of your mercy; it lies with you to rescue me. . . . . I will testify to posterity that I was supported by the beneficence of the illustrious Elector, the pious Frederic, and his philanthropic brother."

When Mutian addressed this petition to Frederic the Wise, he was on his death-bed at Lochau, where, on the 5th of May, he died, also weary of a world from which it seemed to him that love and truth had vanished. His brother and successor, John, was for a long time engaged in putting down the revolt of the peasants. And so it

happened that the good Mutian continued in bitter distress. But his release was at hand. About Easter he fell ill and foretold the day and nearly the hour of his death, which took place on the 30th of March, 1526. He died with the words, "Thy will be done," on his lips.

Thus Mutian in his latter days, like Erasmus, was at variance with the age and the Reformation, only that his recluse life spared him collision with it. Erasmus's skirmishes with Hutten were followed by the great engagement with Luther. Having been long urged by his princely patrons to write against Luther, in 1524, he published his treatise on "Free Will," which Luther answered just in the style which Erasmus had described, by his on "Unfree Will," or "Man's Will not Free." War was now declared by the Reform party against Erasmus, and he almost preferred this to being approved by it, because this caused him to be suspected by the other side. For it was just as Hutten had said, the papal party did not really trust him. Cardinal Adrian had denounced him to Leo X. as the real originator of the Reformation, and now Albert Pius, Prince of Carpi, said that his works were the arsenal from which Luther and his followers had taken their weapons. And while he was defending himself from attacks from this quarter, Eppendorf once more stormed into his room and extorted a humiliating bargain from him by presenting a copy of a letter to Duke George of Saxony in which he thought that Erasmus had injured his reputation. Erasmus took his revenge, among other ways, by introducing the counterpart of Eppendorf in his "Colloquies." Though without his name, there is no doubt that it was well understood by contemporaries that "The Knight without a Horse, or Fictitious Nobility," was aimed at him.

Erasmus is also said to have introduced Hutten into his

"Colloquies," and in a far more damaging way. In the "Unequal Marriage," we are certainly reminded of the terms in which he elsewhere speaks of Hutten.

The progress of the Reformation at length disturbed Erasmus at Basle. Now that the majority of the inhabitants were attached to it, instead of enjoying their esteem as at first, he was annoyed by obtrusive letters, libels, and caricatures. When mobs assembled, brought guns into the market-place, and stood there for several nights under arms, Erasmus thought his life and property were in danger. The decree of the council to abolish the mass and to remove images from the churches, averted an outbreak; but Erasmus was attacked by his contemptible fears about his exalted patrons, who would think that he was a party to these innovations, if he remained at Basle. He therefore resolved, in the spring of 1529, to remove to Freiburg in the Austrian territory, which had remained orthodox. Here, while continuing his other works, he laboured especially to allay the disputes in the Church. In 1533 he devoted a work to it which he dedicated to the theological diplomatist, Julius von Pflugk. We must not, because of its futility, find fault with his reasonable advice to both sides to be moderate and not to insist on non-essentials, but we may blame him for depriving himself in this work of the right of being so reasonable. For, if what he here concedes is true, that he is a worse man who rejects the teaching and communion of the Church, than he who lives a vicious life, but adheres to them, compulsion in matters of faith must be not only justifiable but enjoined. Erasmus formerly sought to account for his submission to the Church by the desire to secure a firm support against the shifting-ground of reason in an infallible authority, and, for a mind like his, there might be some truth in it. But in considering dogmatic agreement

with the Church as more essential than moral conduct, he decidedly forsook the Humanistic stand-point, which on this question was the same as that of later rationalism.

Freiburg did not suit Erasmus, either physically or mentally, so well as Basle, at least during the early part of his residence there. So, in 1535, he resolved to accept the pressing invitation of Queen Mary, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, to come there. But at Basle, where he stopped on his way to superintend the printing of a book, he was attacked by gout. Other maladies supervened, which indicated that his end was near, while he continued his learned labours. He died on the 12th of July at the age of seventy, his mind being clear and composed to the last. His labours were abundant, he had achieved much, had paid dearly for his weaknesses, and took a not untarnished but rich garland of merit and fame with him to the grave.

Pirckheimer, the friend of Erasmus and Hutten, during the last few years of his life was in a position similar to that of Erasmus. The days of his prime, when he wrote the vindication of Reuchlin, and the satire on Eck, were over at the time of Hutten's death. The latter was written after the disputation at Leipzig, and published in 1520.* It was written in the polished Latin of the Humanists, interlarded with Greek quotations, except in a passage where he mimics the dog Latin of the "Letters of Obscure Men." It is conceived in the coarse and fantastic fashion of the German pasquinades of this period. Though published under a feigned name, its authorship was surmised, and Pirckheimer was to pay dearly for it. Eck, who soon afterwards returned to Germany with the bull against

* "Eccius dedolatus autore Joanne Francisco Cottalambergio." Hutten's Schriften, iv.

Luther, included Pirckheimer in it, in virtue of powers conferred on him by the Pope. To avoid involving his fellow-citizens in difficulties, he had to make up his mind to a sort of recantation, which, however, did not entirely absolve him.

The last letter that we possess from Pirckheimer to Hutten dates from 1522. It betrays uneasiness, if not ill-humour. He had been subjected to persecution, more on account of his adherence to Reuchlin than to Luther, and the satire on Eck. But God had helped him hitherto, and would help him. Still, in those days, Pirckheimer was a warm friend of the Reformation. When Adrian VI. ascended the papal throne in 1522, he thought of sending an address to him (probably prevented by his death), in which the disturbances in the Church were attributed to the Dominicans, to their attack upon Reuchlin, their blasphemous abuse of indulgences, &c., and Luther is highly commended, while his opponents, Cajetan, Eck, &c., are mentioned with contempt. But the more the Reformation gained ground in his immediate neighbourhood, the more Pirckheimer withdrew from it, particularly after 1524. As a statesman, he regarded with uneasiness the violence, the disorder, the abolition of ancient customs, the unbridled passions which were at first inseparable from it, and rose to a fearful height in the Peasants' War. Those who took the lead in the ecclesiastical changes at Nuremberg were repulsive to him, especially the brutal Osiander. Neither did he approve of Luther's vehemence, and his often needless coarseness. Then family affairs lent their influence. Several of his sisters and daughters had devoted themselves to the Church. His eldest sister, Charity, who was mentally equal to her brother, was abbess of the convent of St. Clair at Nuremberg. But the ill-will of the populace was

from the first especially directed against convents, and the treatment the poor nuns were subjected to, embittered him, not only against the persons, but the party from whom it proceeded. Then came the schisms in the Reform party itself, the advance made by the Swiss Reformers, which was so repulsive to Pirckheimer, that he got into a bitter correspondence with Œcolampadius on the communion, in which, to the vexation of Erasmus, he adhered mainly to the Lutheran point of view. He makes a characteristic remark in the preface to the first of these letters: while acknowledging his opponent's superiority in learning, he knows that he has the advantage in knowledge of affairs and the world. If many people possessed as much of the latter as of the former, Christian people would have more peace, and many disturbances would have been avoided.

Increasing ailments and isolation (in 1528 he lost Albert Dürer) added to his dissatisfaction, for though he turned away from the Reformation, he could not regain confidence in the old system. In a letter written not long before his death he says, that he had at first been a good Lutheran like the departed Albert, for they hoped to see the Romish knavery checked; but now things were worse than before, and in comparison with the evangelical knaves, the others seemed pious. They practised hypocrisy and cunning, but the present ones openly lead disgraceful lives, and delude the people by saying that they must be judged by their faith and not by their works. The common man is taught by this Gospel to look for a community of goods, and were it not for the severe penalties there would soon be a general plunder. It is not that he in any way approves of the doings of the Pope and his priests and monks, but it is obvious that the present state of things is no improvement,

as Luther and many good learned men acknowledge with pain.

Pirckheimer, then sixty years of age, was too old and ill to rise above these moods, and to hail the germs of better things in the ferment of the present, and the vital forces of the future. He died in the year when the Confession of Augsburg was drawn up, and his last sighs were for the good of his country and the peace of the Church.

Of all Hutten's old friends no one remained so true to the course they had once pursued together, and so true to himself, as Eoban Hesse. He was not a politician like Hutten; with all his love of liberty and country, he felt no impulse to influence public affairs. He was thoroughly the poet and teacher, and study, lecturing, the imitation of the classic poets, and harmless joviality over his wine were enough for him. But he was deeply attached to the cause of the Reformation. We have already mentioned the poems inspired by Luther's halt at Erfurt on his way to Worms. He afterwards wrote an epistle from the captive Church to Luther in the form of the "*Heroides*" of Ovid, which Luther took pleasure in getting printed. Still he was sometimes troubled with Humanistic doubts whether the pious zeal called forth by the Reformation would not be inimical to culture; and when religious questions began to be discussed in German, the Latin scholar feared that that language would soon be looked upon as superfluous. In 1524, Eoban published three satirical dialogues against these tendencies, and during the previous year he had had letters printed from Luther, Melanchthon, and other leaders of the movement, in which the necessity of the study of poetry and rhetoric was insisted on.

Eoban's circumstances were not improved by the Reformation. The University of Erfurt fell more and more into

decay after it. The peasants' war altogether dried up his resources, and if he had not had a generous Mæcenas in George Sturz, he and his family must have lived on bread and water. In the following year Melanchthon procured him a post in the gymnasium at Nuremberg. Here he produced his translation of Theocritus into Latin hexameters, and began a similar one of the Iliad.

But wealthy Nuremberg was expensive for a poor poet, and he was not a good manager. He did not feel in his element in the great commercial city. He wrote to George Sturz that he did not like having to do with these merchants, who dream of nothing but pepper, saffron, and gold, and are destitute of learning. So, in 1533, he was persuaded to return to Erfurt; but he had cause to repent it; for the university could not be revived, and he did not find the generosity of Nuremberg in the decayed and factious town.

When Philip of Hesse established the university at Marburg, in 1526, Eoban the Hessian wished for an appointment at it. He kept the landgrave in view, and, in 1534, sang his victories in Würtemberg. In 1536, he received the call which gave him a scanty maintenance for the rest of his life. But the old pecuniary difficulties accompanied the poet to Marburg, and he more than once threatened to resign if he were not better provided for. He attached great importance to his fame as a poet, and his works were read not in Germany alone, but in Italy, France, England, and Spain, only they brought but little in. But by degrees his position improved. Philip not only valued him as a learned man, but liked him personally, and used to invite him to his table. They sometimes played chess together; but the poet was not a match for the landgrave's strategy.

Eoban had often been ailing; he himself attributed it to

his drinking, but yet did not leave it off. In 1540, his health entirely gave way. He prepared for death, and wrote to Melanchthon to pray for him. He had not spoken for a long time, when all at once he said he wished to go up to his Lord. They thought his mind was wandering, and that he meant the landgrave's castle; but it was another Lord he was thinking of, and not long afterwards he died; it was on the 4th of October, 1540, in his fifty-second year. It would be a mistake to think lightly of his influence because he has no place in the history of German literature. He laboured as an instructor and author in sustaining Humanistic learning when it was on the decline; he made Homer and Theocritus accessible to the educated in their own tongue (Latin), while he preserved their artistic form; and it was of great importance to the Reformation that the acknowledged first Latin poet of the age was its zealous advocate.

The life of Crotus Rubianus, who next to Eoban was the most intimate friend of Hutten's youth, took a totally different course. Hutten, Eoban, and Hermann Busch, adopted the cause of the Reformation with the ardour with which they had fought under the banner of Humanism; Erasmus displayed the same diplomatic reserve in the Lutheran cause as in that of Reuchlin; the retreat was still more marked in the case of Pirckheimer, though made with statesmanlike dignity; but Crotus is open to the charge of having retreated further than Erasmus after having advanced nearly as far as Hutten, and of having taken the step under circumstances which cast a doubt on the purity of his motives. After Crotus, although anonymously, had dealt the heaviest blow, from a Humanistic standpoint, by the "Letters of Obscure Men," he had not merely crossed the threshold of the Reformation hesitatingly, like Erasmus, but with firm and rapid

tread, and then turned round. When Luther's battle with Indulgences took place, Crotus was in Italy, and became convinced of the necessity of some such action as Luther's. When he was chosen rector of the University of Erfurt, in 1521, he informed Luther of it, and entreated him to guard his invaluable life from the machinations of his enemies. He congratulated Melanchthon on his marriage, and declared himself in favour of married life. As before mentioned, when Luther came through Erfurt on his way to Worms, Crotus went forth at the head of the students to greet him with an address. But this ceremony had unpleasant consequences. Within a few days the students and rabble of Erfurt stormed the houses of the priests. The investigation which Crotus had to make as rector was a most unpleasant business to him, and gave rise to doubts in his mind about the Lutheran movement. He withdrew as soon as possible, in an uneasy state of mind, to Fulda, though without forsaking the Wittenberg circle. In 1524, Melanchthon and his travelling companions visited him as one of their party. About the same time Albert of Brandenburg, Grand Master of the German Order, was in Germany, and invited Crotus to Königsberg. There he was intimate with the prince, and assisted him in founding a library; and when Albert joined the Reformation, and changed his grand mastership into a secular dukedom, their relations remained unchanged. But it seemed a serious step to the cautious Crotus: the absence of congenial society did not suit him mentally, nor the northern climate physically, and in 1530 he returned to Germany. He went first to Breslau, then to Leipzig, and the next year we find him as canon at Halle and councillor to Archbishop Albert, of Mayence and Magdeburg. Hutten and Capito had both felt obliged to leave his service if they wished to remain true to the Reformation; and since then times and circum-

stances were still more changed: to enter the archbishop's service now, signified to be against the Reformation.

How this change came about cannot now be shown in detail. From the few letters* from Crotus that are extant while he was in Prussia, we learn that he disapproved the violence on both sides. In the controversy between Erasmus and Luther on Free Will he found traces of vain glory on both sides, though he expressed himself warmly against the contemptuous treatment of Erasmus which was becoming the fashion. He had at first some hope of good result from the Diet of Augsburg.

After Crotus had entered the service of Archbishop Albert, he had to excuse himself to the duke, whom he had promised to come to Prussia again. He did so partly on the ground of health, partly on that of change of sentiment. "I confess," he wrote, "that for several years I was devoted to the Lutheran party; but when I saw that they would not let anything alone, even though it had been handed down to us from the time of the apostles, and that one sect was growing out of another, I began to think that the devil might be introducing evil under the guise of good, and employing the Scriptures as a shield. I therefore resolved to remain in the Church in which I was baptized, brought up, and instructed. Although there are many shortcomings in it, still, in the course of time, it may be reformed sooner than the new Church, which has split up into so many sects in a few years."

In this Crotus was greatly mistaken, and his new master had just interfered to prevent the administration of the cup in his diocese of Magdeburg, one of the points which Crotus would have had conceded. Luther had just called attention to this in two valiant prefaces which he had written

* They are to be found in the collection of Letters of Camerarius.

to two sermons by Alexius Crossner, and a friend of Crotus, whose name is not given, took occasion to banter him on the subject in a private letter. At whom did he suppose the attacks upon tyrants in these prefaces were aimed? If at Archbishop Albert, of whose treatment of those who partook of the communion in both forms, sad stories were told, the praises of him which were sounded so loud in some quarters were very ill bestowed. Crotus will be able to inform his friend on these points, as he lived at Halle, where these things were said to have taken place. Let him also give his opinion about confession; was it necessary to enumerate particular sins, or was a summary confession enough?—then a burning question between Papists and Lutherans.

It was highly unpleasant to Crotus to be met by these knotty questions on his return to his native country, and he gave expression to this in his answer, which, as it was also a vindication of Archbishop Albert, he had printed. We already know what Crotus had to say against the Reformation. His position was, What has been ordained by the Church can only be abrogated by the Church, or we lose all firm foothold. Yet the author of the "Letters of Obscure Men" knew as well as we do, that from what the papal party called the Church, namely, the hierarchy, no real Reformation could be expected. He said that many of the things so warmly debated were mere forms, while the essential moral element was neglected. But Crotus must have known, that from the principles which underlaid them these forms had a real significance, and that the year after the Confession of Augsburg was issued, for the Reform party to have given up the cup at the communion would have been to stultify themselves altogether. Crotus considers that the conduct of the archbishop towards the innovators was lenient i

comparison with that of some of the Protestant princes towards their Catholic subjects. There was, in fact, little to choose between them, and yet there was an essential difference. The Protestant princes, notwithstanding all their mistakes, acted in unison with the spirit of progress, which then permeated all parts of the nation, and which, as true sons of the nation, they shared; the others did not share it, but thwarted it, and thereby injured irreparably, not only those parts of the nation which had the misfortune to be subject to them, but the nation at large.

When this work by his former admirer came into Luther's hands, he sent it to Justus Menius, then preacher and superintendent at Eisenach, with the words: "See how this epicurean Crotus venomously attacks us and flatters the Bishop of Halle. We send thee the book, and do thou take care and send it back to us well picked to pieces, and painted with the colours of his epicureanism; for that is thy business."*

This was written on the 18th of October, 1531; in the following spring, the anonymous answer to Crotus's "Apology," before mentioned, appeared. Crotus was spoken of as an epicurean in Luther's sense, namely, as one who laughed in his sleeve at the dogmas which he advocated, which renders it highly probable that Menius was the writer. He holds up the mirror of his past life to Crotus, and assumes that his convictions are unchanged, though he denies them for the sake of outward advantages. He must take care that the shrewd archbishop did not see through him. For in what he wrote against the Protestants an accusing conscience was obvious. It was so flat, the style so halting and confused, that it was evident that he was not thinking of the subject, but of the salt-pans of Halle, which

* Hutten's Schriften, ii.

he had his eye on. A passage in which the writer invokes the shade of Hutten is very caustic. He represents Crotus swinging the censer at high mass—with outstretched arms and earnest brow holding the bishop's mitre, kissing his shoes, or bending the knee with the choir; could Hutten come to life again and witness this, would he not, fiery as he was, and the sworn foe of all hypocrisy, shame the base dissembler while yet in the temple?

Luther henceforth called him Dr. Krote (toad); toad-eater to the Cardinal of Mayence.

Crotus did not reply to these attacks from the Protestants. He sank into obscurity, and it is not known in what year he died, but probably about 1541.

We expect a hero to be brave in combat; if he is also reasonable and fair in his opinions, so much the better, but we cannot always expect it. We must not therefore always accept the judgments passed by Luther and his comrades on those who deserted their camp. And the good company in which we find Crotus should dispose us to caution. Although in a more repulsive way, he only took the same course as Reuchlin and Erasmus, Mutian and Pirckheimer. And in the utterances of them all we find the same grounds for dissatisfaction with the Reformation. On the one hand they dread revolution, on the other the retrogression of culture. To be driven from a stage of culture that has been reached, even if felt at last to be an oppressive yoke, seems at first like wandering in the wilderness, with the flesh-pots of Egypt left behind. And there are flesh-pots of an intellectual as well as of a material kind. What Crotus really cared for was learned leisure—comfort, but not luxury. He had never been well off, and when he complained, it was chiefly because he could not afford to buy books. After his return from Prussia he wrote to the duke: "It is my

chief desire to be at peace, with my beloved books; they are at Leipzig, and must be quite fusty. I know not when I shall be reunited to them." It came to pass soon after, when he was made canon of Halle. But if he thought he had regained the blessed tranquillity of the old times at Gotha and Erfurt, he was mistaken. It had departed with the innocence of those golden days.

Goethe also, decided Protestant as he always declared himself to be, reproached Lutheranism with having formerly, like the French revolutionary spirit afterwards, "retarded peaceful culture." For in his days a new and fairer culture grew out of the Protestantism which had once interrupted the process of Humanistic education. The old Humanists were far from having attained to it; they were separated from the future dawn by two centuries and a half of night, and we must judge them leniently if they turned wistfully to the fading glow of the departing day; if they were ready to wear their old fetters a little longer, rather than see the advancement of learning arrested by the storm and stress of the Reformation, and the quiet intellectual enjoyments disturbed which made these fetters endurable. Still they were to blame, they did not choose the better part. Jonas, Menius, Bugenhagen, Brenz, and the rest of Luther's body-guard, are not to be compared as to mental powers and learning with Mutian and Crotus, Reuchlin and Erasmus; but they were far beyond them in recognition of the one thing needful, in the brave resolve not to allow that which they recognised as false to prevail any longer; not to permit things which were intolerable to go on, in forecasting the new life still hidden in the womb of futurity.

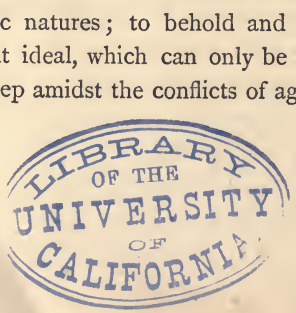
It was obvious, from the fact that it spoke a foreign tongue, that it was not Humanism that could meet the wants of the nations who were breaking their mediæval chains.

In this respect it was just like the mediæval Church. The priest read his masses in Latin, and, though in a better style, in Latin the Humanist wrote his poems, his letters, and his treatises. The hierarchy was confronted by an intellectual aristocracy; the masses had no more part in the culture than they had in the religion. The German language was not ready to be an instrument of Humanistic learning; it was still far too rough and clumsy. But the same may be said of the nation as a whole, and it was only together, and by means of one another, that the nation and the language could be made capable of receiving the impress of the modern civilisation. The Reformation took both by the hand; it taught our people to reflect upon their own affairs, and to speak German. The German pulpit and the German Bible achieved more than all the exercises of the Humanists. The Lutheran preachers were not Erasmuses, but they performed a task which Erasmus could not perform. The German classical literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is Humanism regenerated by the Reformation. But this fruit could not ripen till the time was come when every grade of the nation was leavened by Protestantism. The parts of it which are not thus leavened will always retain something of the character of heavy dough, which will long prove indigestible to our new German Empire.

If the men whom we have just been contemplating kept two of the threads in hand which were being unravelled in their times, that of Humanism, and at first of the Reformation, but (with one exception) soon let go the latter, because they got entangled, that they might grasp the former more firmly—it was the distinctive merit of our hero, that besides these two, he also kept hold as long as possible of the political thread. It slipped from his fingers with the disappointment of the hopes he had placed upon Charles V., and was

finally broken off with the fall of Sickingen. His early death precluded him from having to make choice between the two others, as well as his more vigorous character, which prevented him from taking alarm, like Mutian and Erasmus, at the first clang of arms occasioned by the Reformers' efforts. But, had he lived, he could not have been spared the painful choice. Had he survived Luther's contest with Erasmus on Free Will, in which Luther, in order to exalt divine grace, denied to man's nature any independent impulse to good; had he seen how, at the religious discussion at Marburg, the German reformer entrenched himself behind a word, and denied the Swiss reformer the name of brother—Hutten would have turned away deeply pained from the man whom he once called his saintly friend, the invincible evangelist. External circumstances at last placed him on the side of the Swiss Reformation; but when, after the death of the liberal-minded Zwingli, the austere Calvin piled the stake for Servetus, and evolved the doctrine of predestination, Hutten would not have found it possible to remain in this camp. He would never, like his friend Crotus, have returned to the Romish Church; he felt too keenly how incompatible the mental bondage which was inseparable from her was with real progress; her foreign centre of gravity with national prosperity. But it is difficult to imagine what his attitude at this later period would have been, and we must consider him happy in having been released by death from cruel conflicts. Possibly, had he lived two years longer, he would have grasped the broken political thread again, and have rushed from his republican asylum into the vortex of the Peasants' War on the Swiss frontier. But no good would have come of this; we can only think of him as meeting death, taken prisoner by his enemies, or at best, the victim once more of exile and persecution.

Hutten and his enterprises made shipwreck; not because the latter were wrong or preposterous in themselves, but because he wanted to effect all at once and immediately, things which could only be accomplished one at a time and at long intervals. Luther and German Protestantism confined themselves to the religious sphere, ignored the political, and only availed themselves of so much of the achievements of Humanism as was indispensable for their purpose; Protestantism, in its conflict with Catholic reaction, destroyed the unity and power of the German empire, limited the morals and culture of the German people to a narrow sphere, and clothed them in coarse raiment. But within its own sphere it attained its object—the liberation of the purified Church from Rome; the education of the German people, so far as they would receive it, to independent religious life. And when the time was come the hard rind burst, liberal Humanistic culture, and our German classic literature, sprang out of the Protestant training. And again, when the time was come, political unity and power have sprung out of this permeation of the German people with Humanistic culture. Now we see that Hutten was right; he would not have one without the other; all the parts, in fact, belong together—there are, however, properly speaking, only two: Humanistic culture rooted in Protestantism, and the political unity and power of the nation so trained—and Hutten's error was only that of all prophetic natures; to behold and try to realise at once a brilliant ideal, which can only be realised by mankind step by step amidst the conflicts of ages.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